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OCTOBER 1994

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## JOE FRAZIER: WHAT'S WRONG WITH TODAY'S FIGHTERS

## TONEY-JONES BACK-TO-BACK POSTERS

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# CHAVEZ-TAYLOR II

## UNFINISHED BUSINESS

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PLUS

## JUAN COGGI vs. FRANKIE RANDALL

WBA JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

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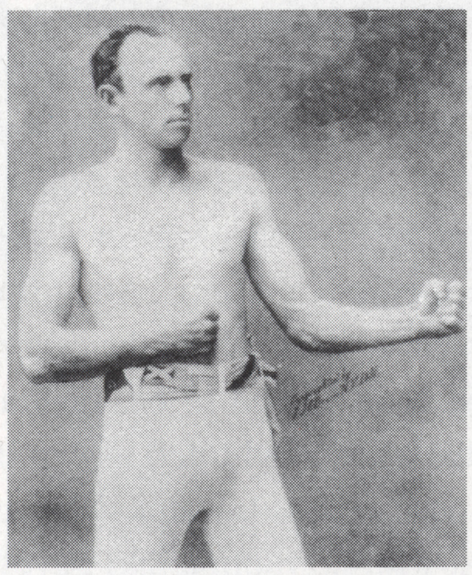
# IF YOU DON'T READ BOXING ILLUSTRATED YOU DON'T READ BOXING. PERIOD.

Vol. XXVIII
NUMBER SIX
OCTOBER 1994

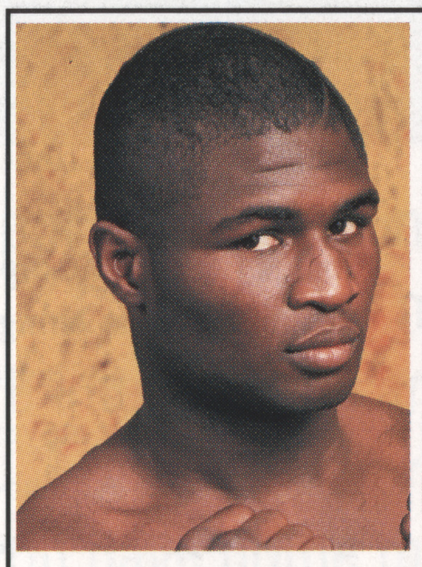
BOXING ILLUSTRATED

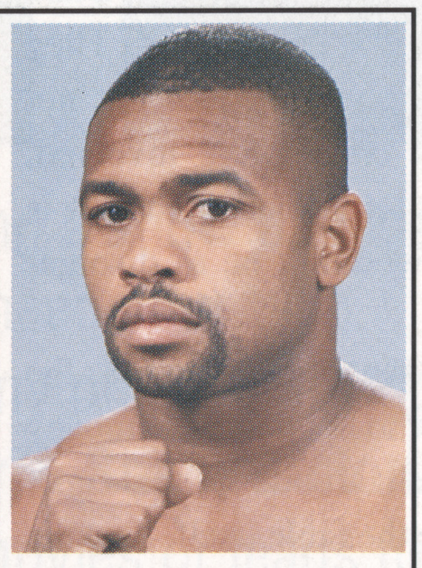
**JOE FRAZIER WAS ONE OF THE HARDEST WORKERS BOXING HAS EVER SEEN,** both in and out of the ring. Now, looking at those who came after him, he wonders what happened to the work ethic, the dedication, the discipline that not only characterized him but his entire generation. Here, in a *Boxing Illustrated* exclusive, "Smokin' Joe" asks: Where's the fire in the belly of the new generation of fighters?

**GEORGE CHUVALO WAS WELL-NIGH INDESTRUCTIBLE IN THE RING,** impervious to injury and unfloored in 91 fights. But life after boxing has taken some pretty good shots at him. In one of those rare moments that best defines the sport of boxing, Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier and others rally together to help the man who was never off his feet get back on them.



**"RUBY ROBERT" FITZSIMMONS WAS ONE OF BOXING'S** most unlikely-looking champions, tall, skinny and with shoulders so wide you could serve a sit-down dinner for six on them. John L. Sullivan called him "The Fighting Machine on Stilts." But could he hit ! Here is the story of the man who remade boxing history with his famed "Solar Plexus" punch.





**JAMES TONEY AND ROY JONES JR. WILL SQUARE OFF IN WHAT MAY BE THE BEST FIGHT IN YEARS.** And *Boxing Illustrated* gets the jump on this big fight by featuring two of today's best fighters in its four-color "Gallery of Champions," an all-new feature that will be part of the All-New *Boxing Illustrated* each and every month.

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# A CRIMINAL IS ONLY A CRIMINAL IF—AND WHEN—HE'S CAUGHT

Rumors...we hear rumors. Like the rumor that the going price for Riddick Bowe getting the WBC's blessing to fight Lennox Lewis is somewhere in the neighborhood of $500,000; some neighborhood. Like the rumor that one of the WBA's top officials asked for a 5% cut of Michael Moorer's contract to continue doing business with its champion. Like the rumor that when Rock Newman asked an IBF officer why his fighter, Riddick Bowe, was only rated fourth by the sanctioning group, behind three Don King fighters, he was told to "go make a deal with Don King."

One of the greatest misconceptions about boxing is that organized crime is still involved in the sport. Back in the days mirrored in Budd Schulberg's masterpiece, "The harder They Fall," such may have been the case. But not now. Hell, if organized crime were involved, boxing would be run a lot smoother than it is now. And the thievery wouldn't be as disorganized.

Now we have three sanctioning bodies, the Alphabet Soup Group, who not only take money under the table, they take it around the table and, in most cases, even take the table itself. And the promoters pay for everything: ratings, title bouts, mandatories, everything. And in all in bulging white envelopes stuffed with green pictures of dead presidents.

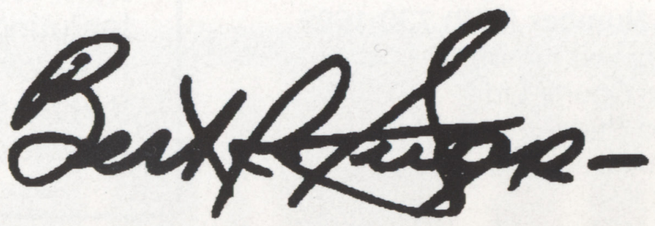
The reason for these financial fandangos is the big bucks being bandied about. What with pay-per-view and the ancillary rights attached to most championship fights—especially the heavyweight championship—there is, literally, millions at stake. And everyone wants their piece of the action, a little take-home vigorish.

Back in 1957, Albert Anastasia went into the Park Central Hotel barber shop for a shave. Two hitmen walked in and wasted the gangland boss. Apparently 10 cents wasn't a big enough tip. Today the tip is millions. And growing.

What can we do about the cancer now sweeping the sport? Used to be, in Frank Costello's day, that anyone who fell asleep in the trunk of a car deserved to be shot. Now boxing is half riddled with corruption and payoffs and everyone doing it deserves the same treatment before the sport itself becomes half-shot.

It's time Congress, instead of looking into a handful of fixed fights at the bottom rung of the so-called food chain looks instead into a sport that is fixed at the top. The fans are being cheated, the sport is being sapped and the Alphabet Soup Groups are getting bolder by the minute.

Boxing has never stooped so high. And before these, Alphabet Soup banditos pull off another heist somebody's going to have to prove to them that crime doesn't pay or we'll all wind up paying for it in the end.



**—Bert Randolph Sugar**

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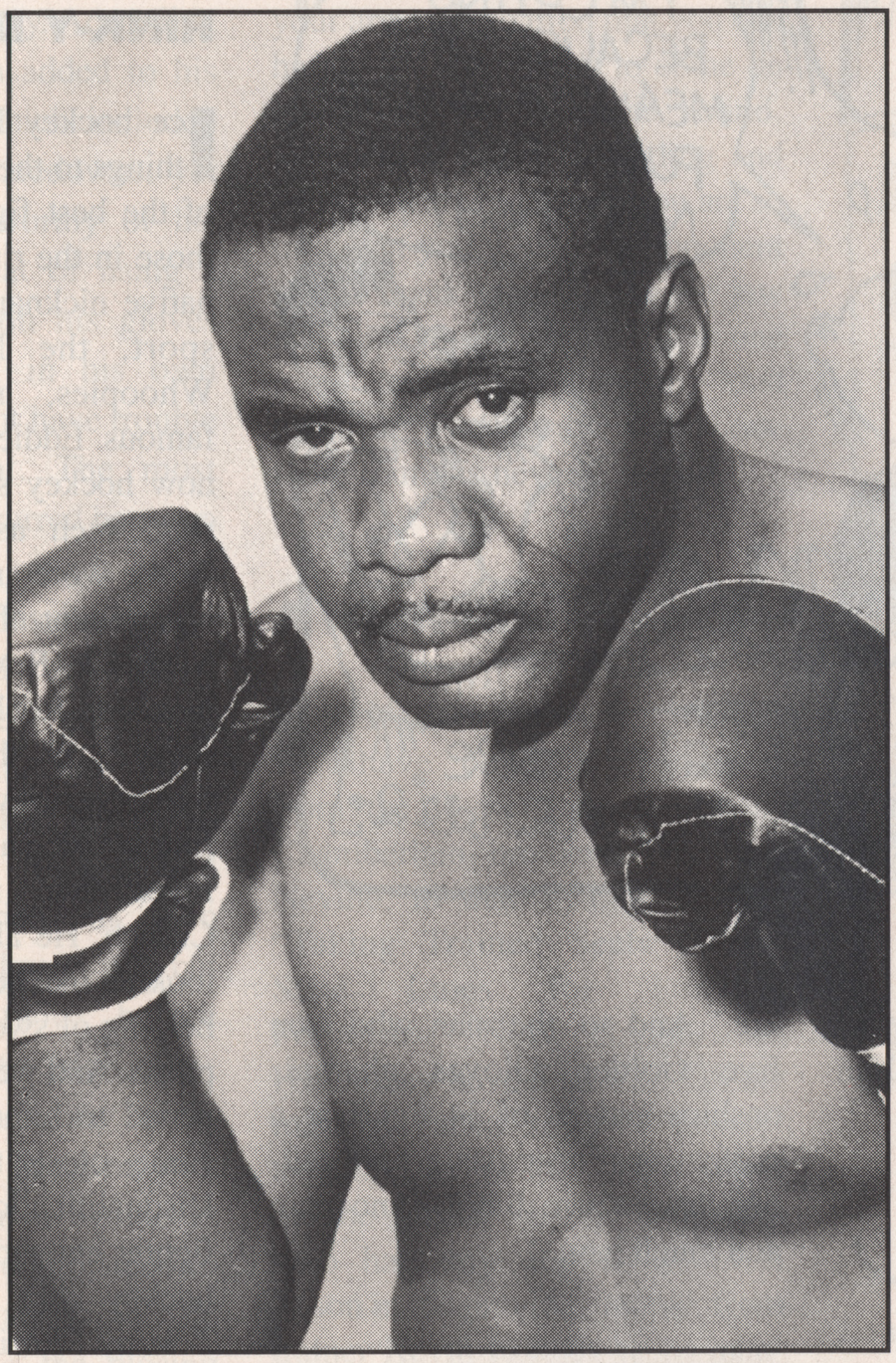
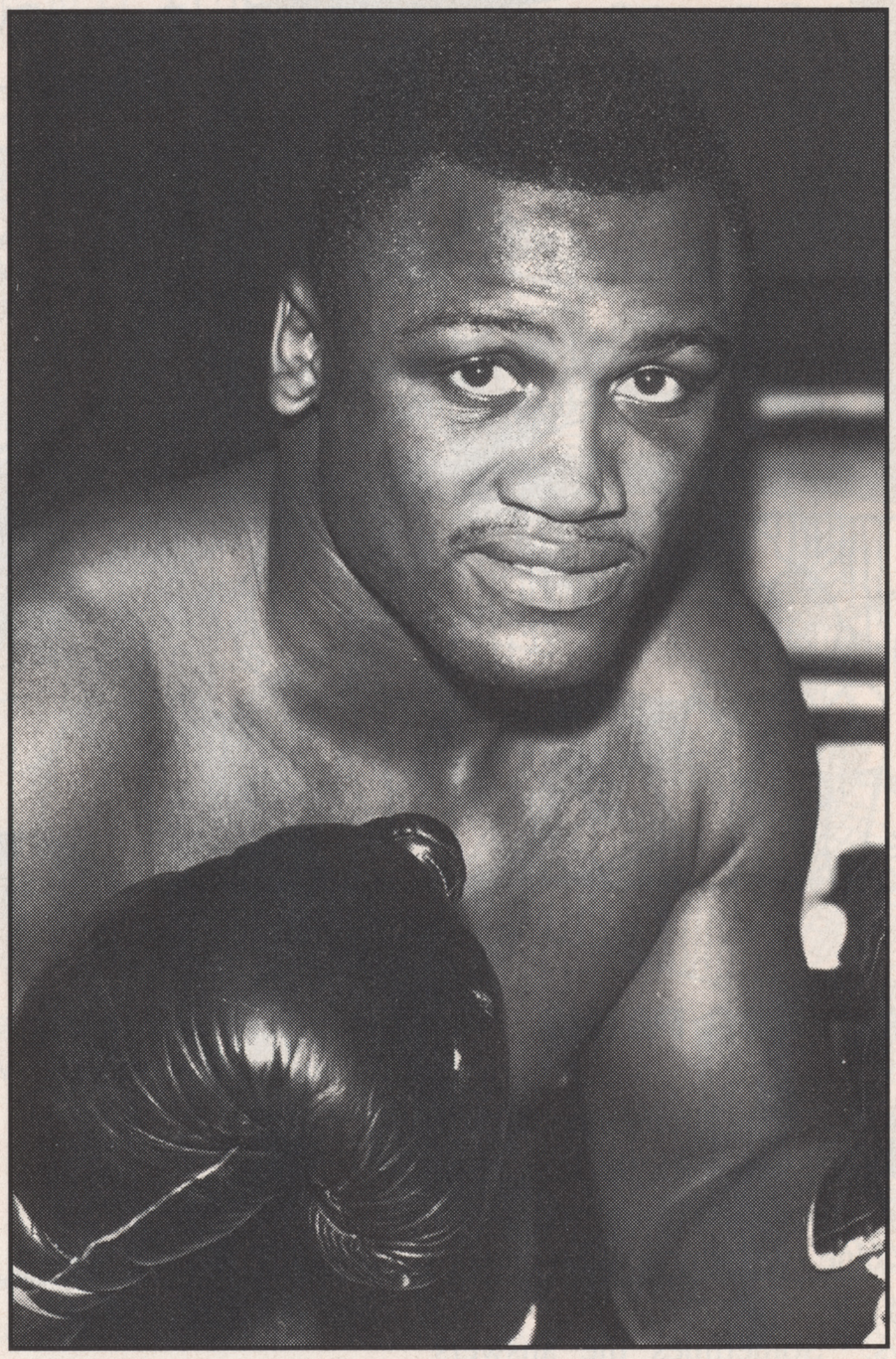
## LOOKING FOR SONNY LISTON/JOE FRAZIER FOOTAGE





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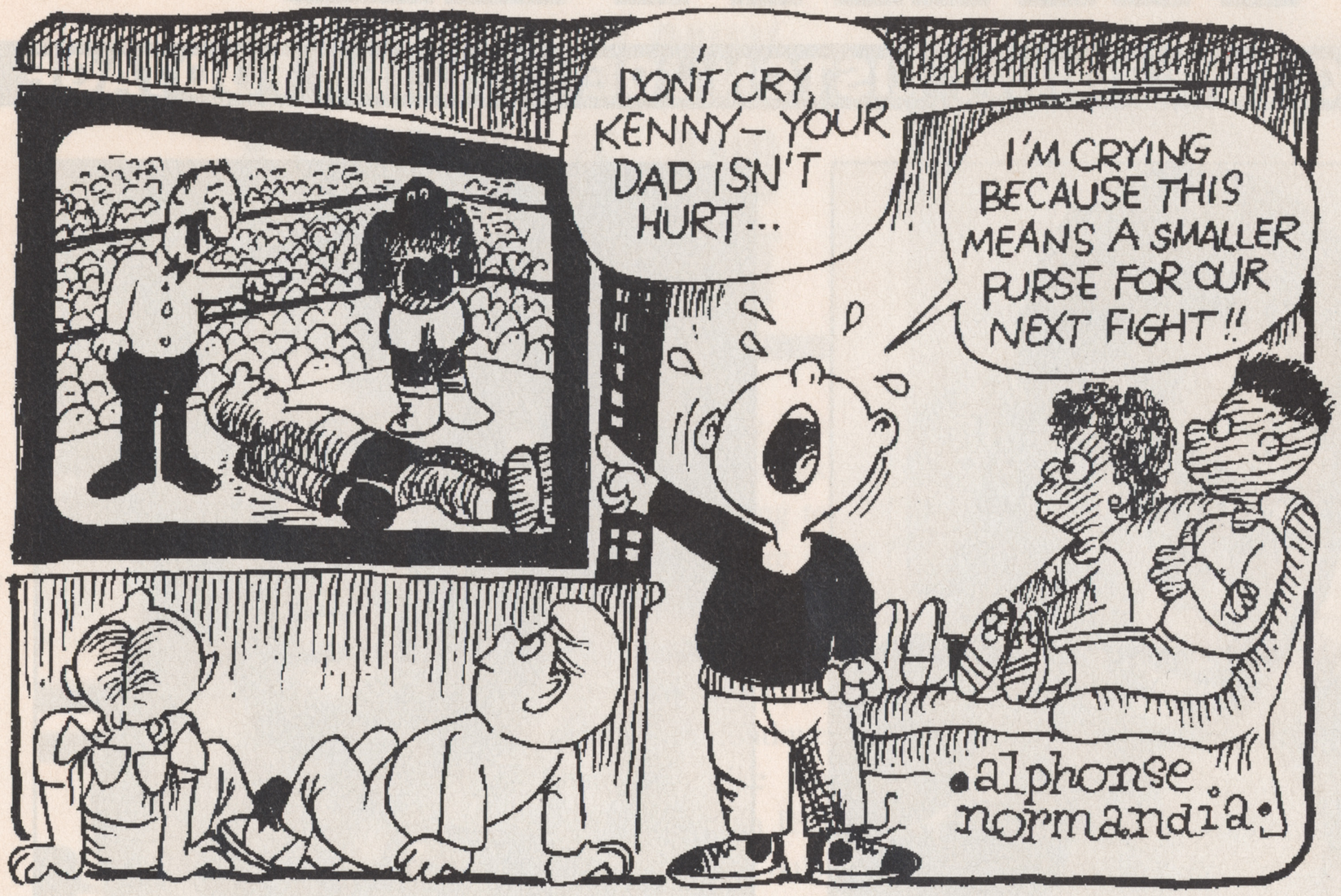



## GROWING PAINS

Since time immemorial, and even before, little kids have asked questions: from "why is the sky blue" to "why is grass green," they have always been "Why's guys." Sometimes the answers satisfy them and they find out things like a lap is so you don't get crumbs on the floor; other times, the answers don't. And so it was that Ken Norton Jr., now a member of the San Francisco 49ers and former member of two Dallas Cowboy Super Bowl champions, would, as a youngster, ask his fighting father, Ken Norton Sr., why he couldn't watch him fight. Norton Pere, who wouldn't even take his son to the gym to watch him spar, merely gave his son a "because" and let it go at that. But Ken Jr. wanted desperately to watch his father ply his profession. And so it was on the afternoon of May 23, 1979, little Ken Jr. snuck over to a friend's house to watch his father fight Earnie Shavers in a nationally-televised fight. Only trouble was Shavers bombed out Norton Sr. in one round and little Ken cried all night, unable to sleep. But at least now he had the answer to why his father never let his son watch him box.

## JUST FOR THE HEALTH OF IT

Two-time welterweight champ and now set for life with an annuity that pays him $100,000 a year for life, Mark Breland has gone back to boxing. But not in the ring. This time around it's as a boxing instructor for fitness classes in midtown Manhattan. Breland, who lost his last fight three years ago to Jorge Vaca, now is content to merely work out and teach others, many of whom think the word "ring" means what they wear on their fingers. Does Breland, who also has a career as an actor—having had a leading role in "The Lords of Discipline"— yearn to return to the ring? "No.," he emphatically told a writer from the New York *Times*. "Boxing got me out of the projects, made me money. I don't regret anything. I don't have to box anymore. It's a rough sport, a rough business. But I never got hurt and I made money. I'm set for life." And so, the man who won five Golden Gloves championships and 30 of 34 fights as a professional now has a new calling, one where there is no pain and much gain.

### BARTENDER'S TRIVIA CORNER

**Last Month's Question:**

**What world heavyweight champion had more than half his pro bouts at the same venue?**

**Answer:**

**Rocky Marciano, 28 of whose 49 pro contests were held at the Auditorium, Providence, R.I. (All of these 28 were held before he won the title.)**

**This Month's Question:**

**What two brothers held "world" titles in the same division at the same time?**

## RINK-Y DINK SHIRTS

Ice hockey has provided many things to the sports world: some of the best fights ever, including those in the ring; the most imaginative nickname in the annals of sport, the Macon (Georgia) Whoopies, named after the famous Eddie Cantor song; and now hockey shirts worn into the ring, such as the one Riddick Bowe wore into the ring before his recent fight with Buster Mathis Jr. Bowe, who along with manager Rock Newman, is part owner of the AHL club in Syracuse, New York, entered the ring wearing a shirt identifying his investment in the Syracuse Crunch. He also entered the ring looking like he'd eaten a generous helping of sweet and sour hockey pucks. And we all know what happened to him: a No contest that came close to being called a Disqualification. The last time a fighter entered the ring wearing a hockey shirt before Bowe was Tommy Morrison, who came into a Tulsa, Oklahoma ring wearing the shirt of the local Tulsa hockey team before his fight with Michael Bentt. And on that fateful night Morrison had the shirt beaten out of him in one round. Maybe boxers should just let hockey players wear the shirts in the sports family—why not? most of their fights are more spirited than what we're getting now.

## MORE THAN A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

With renewed interest of late in the life and death of Sonny Liston—as witnessed by the planned HBO docudrama "Who Killed Sonny Liston ?—it is only right that the following story surfaces at this time, courtesy of Larry Merchant, who heard it from Philadelphia sports-

writer Jack McKinney. According to the story, Liston added to his bagful of tricks, which included intimidation and staredowns, yet another, this one worthy of his bully mentality: that of using a stinging ointment on his gloves when he thought, in his own mind's eye, he might have trouble with his opponent. The most famous incident occurred between the fourth and fifth rounds of his first fight with Cassius Clay-hyphen-Muhammad Ali when a caustic substance got into Clay/Ali's eyes and the challenger, extending his gloves to Drew "Bundini" Brown and Angelo Dundee cried out, "I'm blind...cut these gloves off...cut 'em off..." But twice before Liston, according to McKinney, had used the same dirty trick: once against Eddie Machen, in a 12-rounder he won in Seattle in '60, when Machen complained to his manager, Sid Flaherty, that he couldn't see during the closing rounds; and once against Cleveland Williams the same year when he KO'd Williams in two. Never mind the story of Sonny Liston's death, the story of his life still hasn't been told.

## FIGHTING WORDS

This one comes to you for no other reason than we just found it. The source is is James J. Corbett, the heavyweight champ from 1892 to 1897 and these inspirational words were written by him years after and were framed over the bar at his famed Manhattan saloon:

"Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the center of the ring, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding and your eyes are black and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round—remembering that the man who always fights one more round is never whipped."

## A HAIR-RISING TALE

Made-for-television movies have covered everything from the lives of those famous Chamberlain brothers, Wilt and Neville, to that all-time classic, "Taking Trained Seals Across State Lines for Immoral Porpoises." Now, courtesy of HBO, they have a new one in the making, called simply "Tyson," an adaptation of Jose Torres' book on the former champ. Everyone who had anything to do with Tyson in his previous movie, from trainer Kevin Rooney to co-manager Bill Cayton to guardian Camelia Ewald, is helping producer Ed Sherick with the film. Everyone, that is, except Don King, who is now feuding with HBO, having once been with the cable network and long since taken his act across town to their rival, Showtime. King says he'll have nothing to do with "Tyson," the movie, even going so far as refusing to tell Paul Winfield, who is playing the part of King, how to make his hair look electric. One of King's henchmen, commenting on King's own special effects, says the promoter's "do" is "a gift from God," probably meaning God-Zilla. But if HBO really wanted to find out the secret of King's hair maybe they should consult singer Lloyd Price, who first told him how to tease his hair. Or hire the special effects staff from the movie "Bride of Frankenstein" who made Elsa Lanchester hair stand on end. Or simply get Winfield to put his finger in an electric outlet, which is what it looks like King does.

## PUNCHLINES

**Late-night talk-show host David Letterman, on Jack Sharkey's death: "Why did he have to die now, at age 91? Next week he was supposed to fight Larry Holmes."**

**Riddick Bowe, on the eve of his first comeback fight against Buster Mathis Jr.: "The ugliest word in the English language is `former,' as in former heavyweight champion."**

**Larry Holmes, on his future plans: "If I fight again, great. If I don't, so be it. I don't need boxing. I've already made my place in history. But I'd fight George Foreman. It would be historic, George and me. But George is afraid. Unless he can whup someone's butt, he doesn't' want to fight."**

**Trainer Eddie Futch: "Boxing isn't dirty. There are a lot of dirty people in it."**

**One ringside wag, upon seeing manager Carl King's new hairpiece: "It's Afroturf."**

# HISTORY OF THE WORLD BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, PART II

## by Herbert H. Goldman

**June 18, 1929—**Panama Al Brown, 5'11" phenom, won the vacant title with a 15–round unanimous decision over Vidal Gregorio at Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, N.Y.

**Aug. 25, 1931—**Brown cemented his hold on the title with a 15-round majority decision over Pete Sanstol at the Forum, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Sanstol had gained recognition as world champ in Canada.

**June 26, 1934—**Puerto Rico's Sixto Escobar won the vacant NBA title, knocking out Mexico's Rodolfo (Baby) Casanova in the ninth round at the Forum, Montreal.

**June 1, 1935—**Baltazar Sangchili outpointed Brown in Valencia, Spain.

**Aug. 26, 1935—**Lou Salica won the NBA crown by outscoring Escobar in the Dyckman Oval, Bronx, N.Y.

**Nov. 15, 1935—**Escobar regained the NBA title with a unanimous decision over Salica in Madison Square Garden.

**June 29, 1936—**Tony Marino knocked out Sangchili in the 14th round at the Dyckman Oval.

**Aug. 31, 1936—**Sixto Escobar won universal recognition as world champion by stopping Tony Marino at the Dyckman Oval. Marino failed to answer the bell for round 14.

**Sept.23, 1937—**Harry Jeffra won a 15-round unanimous decision over Escobar at the Polo Grounds, New York.

**Feb. 20, 1938—**Escobar regained crown with unanimous decision over Jeffra at Escambron Beach Park, San Juan, P.R.

**Oct. , 1939—**Escobar relinquished title.

**Nov. 2, 1939—**Georgie Pace proclaimed champ by the NBA.

**March 4, 1940—**Pace and Lou Salica drew, 15, for vacant world crown at Maple Leaf Garden, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**Sept. 24, 1940—**Salica won universal recognition as world champ with a unanimous decision over Pace at the Coliseum, Bronx, N.Y.

**Aug. 7, 1942—**Manuel Ortiz won a 12–round unanimous decision over Salica at Hollywood Bowl. (Fifteen-rounders were not permitted in the State of California until 1943.)

**Jan. 6, 1947—**Harold Dade won a unanimous decision over Ortiz at Civic Auditorium, San Francisco.

**March 11, 1947—**Ortiz regained title with unanimous verdict over Dade at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

**May 31, 1950—**Vic Toweel outscored Ortiz at Wembley Stadium, Johannesburg, South Africa.

**Nov. 15, 1952—**Australia's Jimmy Carruthers knocked out Toweel in 2:19 of the first round in Rand Stadium, Johannesburg.

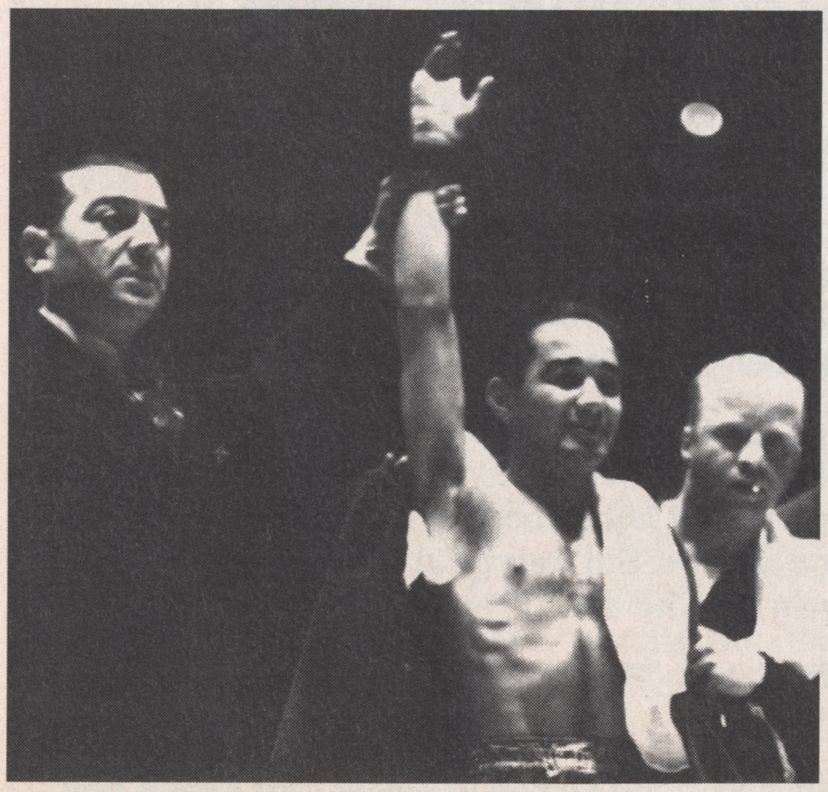
**May 16, 1954—**Carruthers announced retirement as undefeated champion.

**Sept.19, 1954—**Robert Cohen won the vacant world crown with a split decision over Chamrern Songkitrat at Rajadamnern Stadium, Bangkok, Thailand.

**March 9, 1955—**Mexico's Raul (Raton) Macias won the vacant NBA title with a TKO over Songkitrat at 2:38 of round 11 at the Cow Palace, San Francisco, Calif.

**June 29, 1956—**Mario D'Agata stopped Robert Cohen at the Foro Italico Soccer Stadium, Rome, Italy. Cohen failed to answer the bell for the seventh round.

**April 1, 1957—**Alphonse Halimi outscored D'Agata at the Palais des Sports, Paris, France.



**Sixto Escobar has his hand raised after beating Lou Salica, Nov. 15, 1935.**

**Nov. 6, 1957—**Halimi won a split decision over Raul (Raton) Macias at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, Calif., gaining universal recognition.

**July 8, 1959—**Jose Becerra knocked out Halimi in 2:02 of the eighth round at Memorial Sports Arena, Los Angeles, Calif.

**Aug. 30, 1960—**Becerra announced retirement after losing to Eloy Sanchez in a non–title bout.

**Oct. 25, 1960—**Alphonse Halimi won the European Boxing Union's version of the vacant title by outpointing Freddie Gilroy at Empire Pool, Wembley, England.

**Nov. 18, 1960—**Brazilian Eder Jofre won the vacant NBA crown, knocking out Eloy Sanchez in 1:30 of round six at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

**March 25, 1961—**Jofre won more general recognition as world champ by stopping Piero Rollo at Botofogo Stadium, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Rollo failed to come out for the 10th round.

**May 30, 1961—**Johnny Caldwell won the EBU world title by outpointing Alphonse Halimi at Empire Pool, Wembley.

**Jan. 18, 1962—**Eder Jofre won undisputed recognition as world champion by stopping Johnny Caldwell at 2:45 of round 10 at Ibirapuera Stadium, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

**May 17, 1965—**Masahiko (Fighting) Harada won a split decision over Eder Jofre at Aiichi Prefectural Gymnasium, Nagoya, Japan.

**Feb. 26, 1968—**Australian Lionel Rose won a unanimous decision over Harada at Martial Arts Hall, Tokyo, Japan.

**Aug. 22, 1969—**Mexico's Ruben Olivares knocked out Rose in 2:24 of the fifth round at the Forum, Inglewood, Calif.

**Oct. 16, 1970—**Jesus (Chucho) Castillo TKO'd Olivares at 2:27 of the 14th round at the Inglewood Forum.

**April 3, 1971—**Olivares regained title with unanimous decision over Castillo at the Inglewood Forum.

**March 19, 1972—**Rafael Herrera knocked out Olivares in 1:20 of the eighth round at El Toro, Mexico City.

**July 30, 1972—**Enrique Pinder won a unanimous decision over Herrera at Gimnasio Nuevo Panama, Panama City.

**Jan. 20, 1973—**Romeo Ayala TKO'd Pinder in the third round at Gimnasio Nuevo Panama.

**April 15, 1973—**Rafael Herrera won the vacant WBC version of the title, stopping Rodolfo Martinez in the 12th round at Plaza Monu– mental, Monterrey, Mexico.

**Nov. 3, 1973—**South Africa's Arnold Taylor knocked out Ayala in the 14th round at Rand Stadium, Johannesburg, S.A.

**July 3, 1974—**Korea's Soo-Hwan Hong won West Ridge Park Tennis Stadium, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

**Dec. 7, 1974—**Rodolfo Martinez won the WBC crown by stopping Rafael Herrera at 1:54 of the fourth round at Carte Clara Park, Merida, Yucatan, Mexico.

**March 14, 1975—**Alfonso Zamora knocked out Soo-Hwan Hong at 2:37 of the fourth round at the Forum, Inglewood, Calif.

**May 8, 1976—**Carlos Zarate won the WBC title by knocking out Rodolfo Martinez in 1:51 of the ninth round at the Inglewood Forum.

**April 23, 1977—**Zarate stopped Zamora in the fourth round of a scheduled 10–round non-title bout at the Inglewood Forum, Zamora retaining WBA recognition as champion.

**Nov. 19, 1977—**Jorge Lujan won the WBA title, knocking out Zamora in the 10th round

at Memorial Sports Arena, Los Angeles.

**June 3, 1979**—Lupe Pintor won the WBC crown with a disputed split decision over Zamora at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

**Aug. 29, 1980**—Julian Solis won the WBA title with a split decision over Jorge Lujan at Convention Hall, Miami Beach, Fla.

**Nov. 14, 1980**—Jeff Chandler won the WBA title, stopping Solis at 1:05 of the 14th round at the Jai-Alai Fronton, Miami, Fla.

**Sept. 1, 1983**—Albert Davila won the vacant WBC title, knocking out Francisco (Kiko) Bejines in 0:33 of round 12 at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles. Bejines died three days later of injuries sustained during the bout.

**April 7, 1984**—Richard Sandoval won the WBA title, stopping Jeff Chandler at 1:20 of the 15th round at the Sands Hotel, Atlantic City, N.J.

**April 16, 1984**—Satoshi Shingaki won the vacant IBF crown, halting Elmer Magallano at 2:28 of the eighth round at Kashiwara Gymnasium, Nara, Japan.

**April 26, 1985**—Jeff Fenech won the IBF title, stopping Shingaki at 2:43 of the ninth round at Hordren Pavilion, Moore Park, New South Wales, Australia.

**May 4, 1985**—Daniel Zaragoza won the vacant WBC title when Freddie (Pebble) Jackson was disqualified at 1:30 of the seventh round at the Concord Hotel, Oranjestad, Aruba.

**Aug. 9, 1985**—Miguel (Happy) Lora won the WBC title with a 12-round unanimous decision over Zaragoza at Tamiani Auditorium, Miami, Fla.

**March 10, 1986**—Jorge (Gaby) Canizales won the WBA title, halting Richard Sandoval at 2:27 of the seventh round at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, Nev.

**June 4, 1986**—Bernardo Pinango won the WBA crown with a 15– round unanimous decision over Canizales at Byrne Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, N.J.

**March 29, 1987**—Takuya Muguruma won the vacant WBA title, knocking out Panama's Azael Moran in 2:50 of the fifth round at Municipal Gymnasium, Moriguchi, Japan.

**May 15, 1987**—Kelvin Seabrooks won the vacant IBF crown, knocking out Miguel Maturana in 1:47 of the fifth round at Plaza de Toros de Indias, Cartagena, Colombia.

**May 24, 1987**—Chan-Yong Park won the WBA title, halting Takuya Muguruma at 1:26 of round 11 at Municipal Gymnasium, Moriguchi, Japan.

**Oct. 4, 1987**—Wilfredo Vasquez won the WBA title, stopping Park at 0:43 of the 10th round at the Hilton Hotel, Seoul, Korea.

**May 9, 1988**—Kaokor Galaxy won the WBA crown with a 12-round split duke over Vasquez at Hua Mare Stadium, Bangkok, Thailand.

**July 9, 1988**—Orlando Canizales won the IBF title, stopping Kelvin Seabrooks at 1:03 of the 15th round at the Sands Hotel, Atlantic City, N.J.

**Aug. 14, 1988**—Sung-Kil Moon won the WBA title with a unanimous technical decision over Kaokor Galaxy at the New Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Seoul, Korea. Bout was stopped at 0:39 of the sixth session, Moon ahead on all three scorecards after five.

**Oct. 29, 1988**—Raul Perez won the WBC title with a unanimous decision over Miguel Lora at the Las Vegas Hilton.

**Feb. 3, 1989**—Israel Contreras won the new WBO title, knocking out Maurizio Lupino in the first round in Caracas, Vez.

**July 9, 1989**—Kaokor Galaxy regained WBA crown with unanimous decision over Sung–Kil Moon at Rajadamnern Stadium, Bangkok.

**Oct. 18, 1989**—Luisito Espinosa won the WBA title, knocking out Galaxy in 2:20 of the first round at Rajadamnern Stadium.

**Feb. 25, 1991**—Greg Richardson won the WBC title with a unanimous decision over Raul Perez at the Great Western Forum, Inglewood, Calif.

**March 12, 1991**—Jorge (Gaby) Canizales won the vacant WBO title, knocking out Miguel (Happy) Lora in 1:57 of the second round at The Palace, Auburn Hills, Mich.

**June 30, 1991**—Duke McKenzie won the WBO crown with a unanimous decision over Gaby Canizales at the Elephant and Castle Leisure Centre, Southwark, England.

**Sept. 19, 1991**—Joichiro Tatsuyoshi won the WBC title, stopping Greg Richardson at City Gymnasium, Moriguchi, Japan. Richardson failed to answer the bell for round 11.

**Oct. 19, 1991**—Israel Contreras won the WBA title, knocking out Luisito Espinosa in 2:16 of the fifth round at Araneta Coliseum, Quezon City, Philippines.

**March 15, 1992**—Eddie Cook won the WBA title, knocking out Contreras in 1:37 of the fifth round at Bally's Casino Resort, Las Vegas, Nev.

**March 30, 1992**—Victor Rabanales won the "interim" WBC title on a majority technical decision over Yong-Hoon Lee. Bout was stopped at 1:21 of the ninth round with Rabanales ahead on two out of three official scorecards. (Other card had contest even, 85–85.)

**May 13, 1992**—Rafael Del Valle won the WBO title with a TKO over Duke McKenzie at 1:56 of the first round at Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, Greater London, England.

**Sept. 17, 1992**—Victor Rabanales clinched the WBC crown, stopping Joichiro Tatsuyoshi at 1:19 of the ninth round at Castle Hall, Osaka, Japan.

**Oct. 9, 1992**—Jorge Julio won the WBA title with a unanimous decision over Eddie Cook at Plaza de Toros de Indias, Cartagena, Colombia.

**March 28, 1993**—Jung–Il Byun won the WBC title with a unanimous decision over Victor Rabanales at Hyundai Hotel, Kyongju, Korea.

**Oct. 23, 1993**—Ivey (Junior) Jones won the WBA title with a unanimous decision over Jorge Julio at the Sands Hotel, Atlantic City, N.J.

**Dec. 23, 1993**—Yasuei Yakushiji won the WBC title with a split verdict over Jung–Il Byun at Aichi Prefectural Gymnasium, Nagoya, Japan.

**April 22, 1994**—John Michael Johnson won the WBA title, stopping Junior Jones at 1:21 of round 11 at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas.

**July 16, 1994**—Daorung Chuvatana won the WBA title when referee Carlos Berrocal stopped his scheduled 12–rounder with defending champ John Michael Johnson after the first round due to a severe cut over Johnson's right eye. Chuvatana given the win via TKO.

## THE BOXING BOX

### WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS LOSSES BY DISQUALIFICATION

| Champion | Number DQ's | Date | Opponent | Round |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Primo Carnera | 2 | April 28, 1929 | Franz Diener | 1 |
| | | Dec. 7, 1929 | Young Stribling | 7 |
| Max Baer | 2 | Sept. 4, 1929 | Jack McCarthy | 3 |
| | | Jan. 15, 1930 | Tiny Abbott | 3 |
| Bob Fitzsimmons | 1 | Dec. 2, 1896 | Tom Sharkey | 8 |
| James J. Corbett | 1 | Nov. 22, 1898 | Tom Sharkey | 9 |
| Jack Johnson | 1 | Nov. 25, 1905 | Joe Jeannette | 2 |
| Jess Willard | 1 | Feb. 15, 1911 | Louis Fink | 10 |
| Jack Sharkey | 1 | June 12, 1930 | Max Schmeling | 4 |
| James J. Braddock | 1 | March 1, 1933 | Al Ettore | 4 |
| Ezzard Charles | 1 | Oct. 2, 1956 | Dick Richardson | 2 |
| Riddick Bowe | 1* | Aug. 13, 1994 | Buster Mathis, Jr. | 4 |

*Bout declared "no contest"

*Writes and Lefts is your column. Whatever your view,, write us here at BOXING ILLUSTRATED, Post Office Box 304, Pleasantville, New York 10570.*

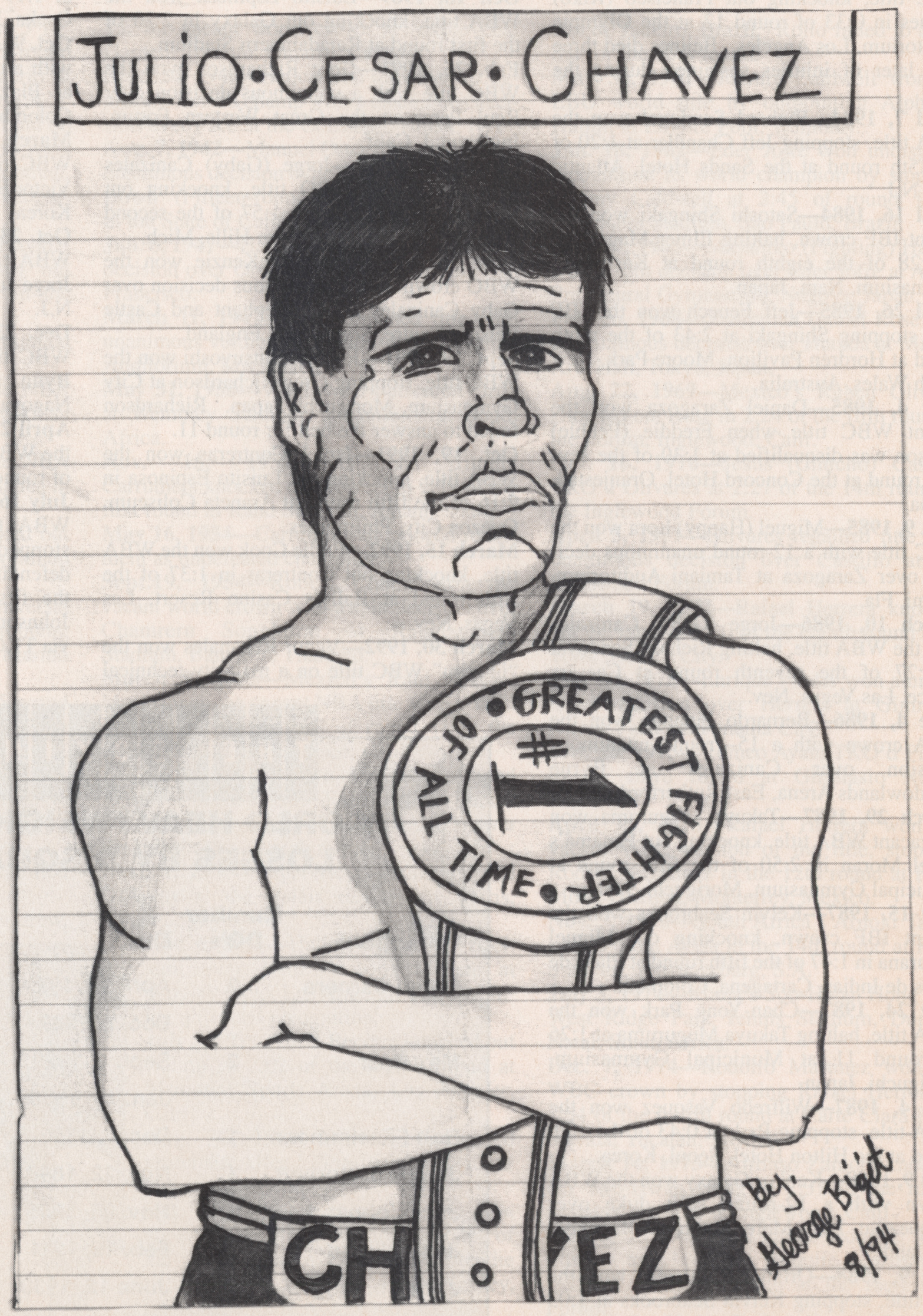
## MOORER IS LESSER

I follow the Budweiser-*Boxing Illustrated* Ratings each month and I cannot understand how you can have Michael Moorer listed as the heavyweight champion. I know he follows in the lineage of champions back to the Great John L., but how can boxing fans put up with Moorer fighting Foreman in his first title defense? Especially when Foreman has not fought in over a year and lost his last fight besides. And is now 45 years old. This fight has got to be a joke and anyone who pays to see it must have something wrong with them.

A. S. England
Essex, UK

## IN DEFENSE OF THOSE WHO NEED NO DEFENSE

This letter seeks to correct some inaccuracies written in the July issue about the second Chavez-Randall fiasco: I agree that the scoring of judges Ray Solis and Dalby Shirly was preposterous. However, it should be noted that WBC president Jose Sulaiman does *not* keep "a running tabulation of the scorescards during the fight," as writer Wallace Matthews states. The cards are tabulated by Sulaiman at the end of the fight, witnessed by a WBC representative, then rechecked by the local commission. Secondly, it was not Jose Sulaiman who "shouted that the bout would be decided by the judges." It was Miles Lane, who informed both corners that the fight would go to the scorecards. No one else in the arena,



except the judges, knew the score. How could Sulaiman collect the cards "to keep a running tabulation of the fight" when the judges are on opposite sides of the ring ? And to do so within the one-minute break between rounds ? Thirdly, Mr. Matthews claims that Sulaiman "overruled a Chavez DQ loss back in 1980." Evidence to the contrary suggests that Chavez's former manager, Ramon Felix, for fear of an uprising, used his influence as a member of the Culiacan Boxing Commission to overturn the referee's decision. I am not defending the World Boxing council's actions or Jose Sulaiman. While the parties involved—the WBC, Sulaiman and King—are far from honest, I believe that Mr. Matthews is upset by the events of Chavez-Randall II and has become emotionally involved.

Jack S. Plato
Brookfield, Wisc.

## JUDGES NOT

Why must I continuously watch bad judging ruin great fights ? I am a huge boxing fan and have been since my early years as a fighter. Lately, I have been losing interest—and, yes, faith—in a great sport. The recent Roberto Duran-Vinny Pazienza bout could be the last straw. This bout was a close, tremendously exciting match. I watched Pazienza go down two times, no matter what referee Joe Cortez thought—in case you forgot, a knockdown occurs when a boxer gets hit by a punch and goes down. I watched a bloodied Pazienza run all over the ring only to have the judges, after a great final round, give him scores like 117 to 112. What fight were these judges watching? Duran clearly threw the harder, crisper punches while a game Pazienza ran and threw haymakers from every angle but straight. Obviously the judges were looking past this fight to future fights for a younger Pazienza. To watch a great warrior fight his heart out only to be slapped after the bell by incompetent judges is pathetic.

Thom Sharp
Warren, Ohio

## RISING TO THE OCCASION—AND THE CHALLENGE

As a former boxer, I am now trying to return to the squared circle for three reasons: 1) To assist in my quest to raise funds for food for Rowanda's starving people; 2) To assist in my quest to start an amateur boxing team in my town to help curb some of the shootings and crimes; and 3) To show some of the skills I still possess. I read recently in your magazine of a challenge issued by Mr. Roffredo Gaetani to Mickey Rourke. Mr. Gaetani is wasting his time waiting for Mickey Rourke to respond to his challenge. If, as Mr. Gaetani suggests, Rourke is afraid of him, then Rourke will never face him. If Mr. Gaetani is interested, he could arrange a fight with me and raise money for the worthy causes I have listed above. After all is said and done, Mr. Gaetani will have accomplished much good—and also have fought a real fighter, not some joke like Mickey Rourke.

John C. Overstreet
Charleston, W. Va.

## A PAEAN OF PRAISE TO HOLYFIELD

It's ironic that it was heart
that made Evander finally part.
No one trained harder
in the gym,
Boxing, and all of us,
will miss him.
He never said a bad thing
about anyone,
He did all his talk in the ring
when the bell rung.
He didn't drink, smoke or
swear,
and he loved to pray.
He was truly a role model,
which is hard to find today.
He gave us such great fights,
like Foreman, Cooper
& Bowe,
He gave class back to boxing,
and I hate to see him go.
He fought to different levels,
until his body finally failed,
He truly was the "Real Deal,"
Evander Holyfield.

Mike Wilk
Bloomfield, N.J.

## A MISS ON OPEN SCORING

The Mississippi State Athletic commission met on the subject of Open Scoring and voted unanimously not to endorse this program. A few months ago I was interviewed on this subject and offered my objections, which were: Boxers who know the score and are leading in the late rounds will go into a dance to protect the win; a judge who may be out of line with the other judges may start to question his score and be intimidated; the judges are not protected from a possible unruly crowd that may not agree with their scoring; and managers, whose boxers are behind on the scorecards, may cause trouble for one or more of the judges. There are many more reasons not to use this system and I'm sure you and your readers have thought of many of them.

William R. Lyons
Chairman, Mississippi State
Athletic Commission

## WHAT'S NEW? BI, THAT'S WHAT.

Having been a long-time reader of *Boxing Illustrated*, I can't tell you how excited I am with the All-New magazine. Not only does it have brighter pictures and much better paper, better than any other boxing magazine, but it also has kept the flavor of what made *Boxing Illustrated* the best magazine in the field with its ratings, fight results and great features, both of new-timers and old-timers alike. Thank you again.

J. Korman
Arlington, Va.

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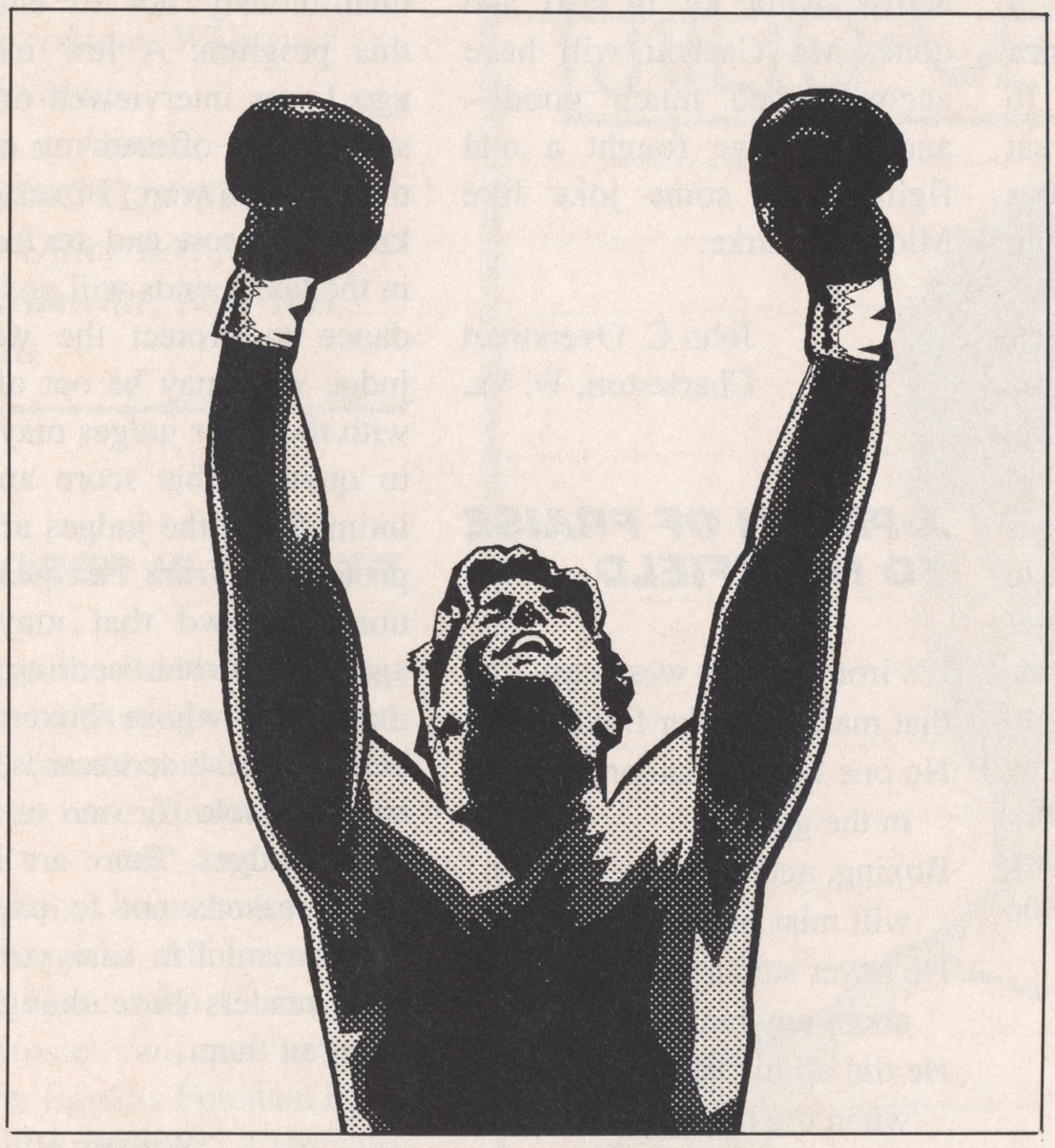

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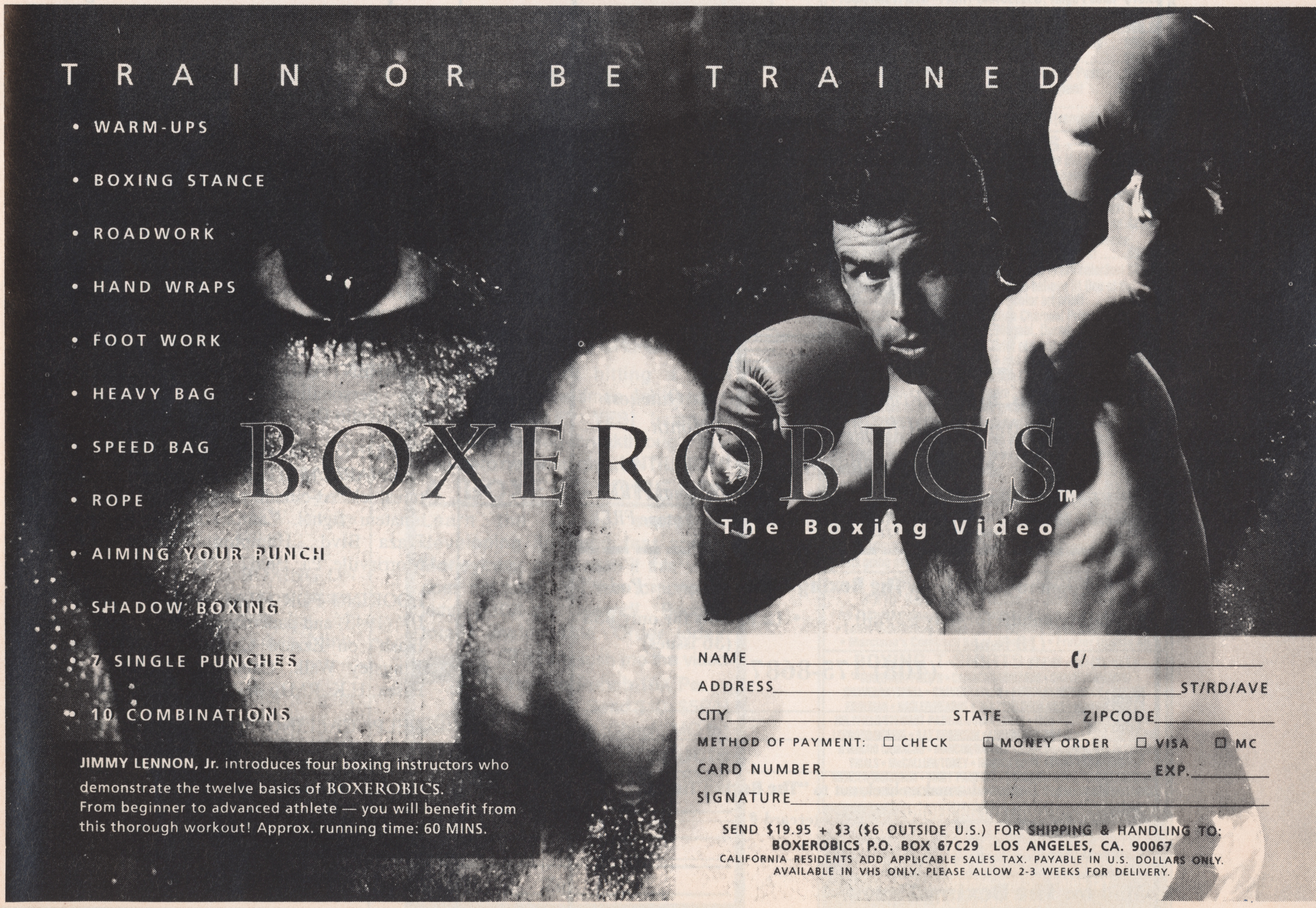

INTRODUCING

# The Boxing Times

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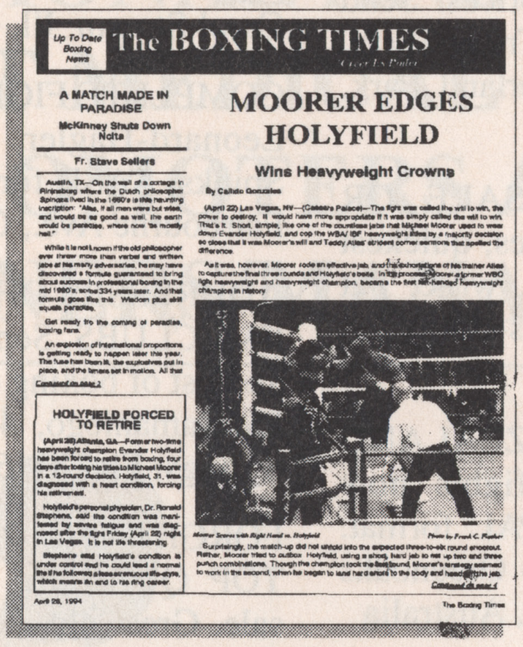
Up To Date Boxing News — The BOXING TIMES — Creer Es Poder

A MATCH MADE IN PARADISE

McKinney Shuts Down Natta

Fr. Steve Sellers

Austin, TX—On the wall of a cottage in Rijnsburg where the Dutch philosopher Spinoza lived is the 1660's a little haunting inscription: "Alas, if all men were but wise, and would be as good as well, the earth would be paradise, where now 'tis mostly hell."

While it is not known if the old philosopher ever knew more (has verbal and written jabs at his many adversaries, he may have discovered a formula guaranteed to bring about success in professional boxing in the mid 1990's, some 334 years later. And that formula goes like this. Wisdom plus skill equals paradise.

Get ready for the coming of paradise, boxing fans.

An explosion of international proportions is getting ready to happen later this year. The fuse has been lit, the explosives put in place, and the timers set in motion. All that

Continued on page 2

HOLYFIELD FORCED TO RETIRE

(April 28) Atlanta, GA—Former two-time heavyweight champion Evander Holyfield has been forced to retire from boxing, four days after losing his titles to Michael Moorer in a 12-round decision. Holyfield, 31, was diagnosed with a heart condition, forcing his retirement.

Holyfield's personal physician, Dr. Ronald Stephens, said the condition was manifested by severe fatigue and was diagnosed after the fight Friday (April 22) night in Las Vegas. It is not life threatening.

Stephens said Holyfield's condition is under control and he could lead a normal life if he following a less strenuous life-style, which means an end to his ring career.

MOORER EDGES HOLYFIELD

Wins Heavyweight Crowns

By Calixto Gonzales

(April 22) Las Vegas, NV—(Caesars Palace)—The fight was called the will to win, the power to destroy. It would have more appropriate if it was simply called the will to win. That's it. Short, simple, like one of the countless jabs that Michael Moorer used to wear down Evander Holyfield, and cop the WBA/IBF heavyweight titles by a majority decision so close that it was Moorer's self and Teddy Atlas' shrewd corner exertions that spelled the difference.

As it was, however, Moorer rode an effective jab, and the exhortations of his trainer Atlas to capture the final three rounds and Holyfield's belts. In the process Moorer, a former WBO light heavyweight and heavyweight champion, became the first left-handed heavyweight champion in history.


*Moorer Scores with Right Hand vs. Holyfield* — *Photo by Fred C. Flasher*

Surprisingly, the match-up did not unfold into the expected three-to-six round knockout. Rather, Moorer tried to outbox Holyfield, using a stiff, hard jab to set up two and three punch combinations. Though the champion took the fast-bound, Moorer's strategy seemed to work in the second, when he began to land hard shots to the body and head during the

Continued on page 4

April 28, 1994 — The Boxing Times

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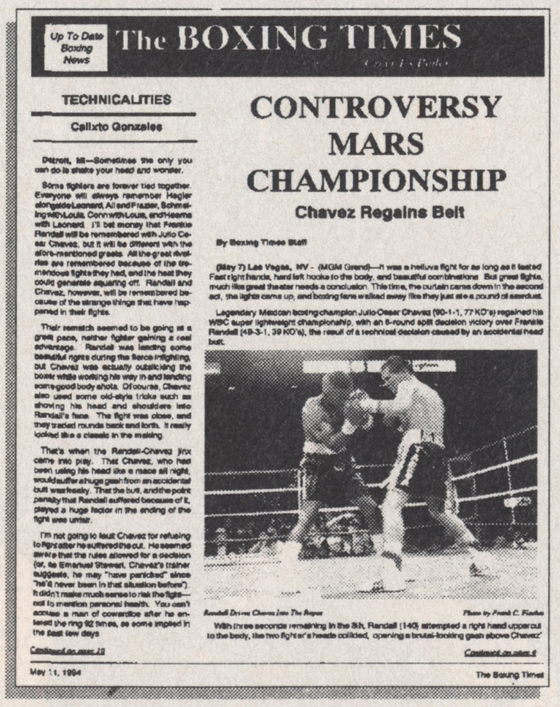
Up To Date Boxing News — The BOXING TIMES — Creer Es Poder

TECHNICALITIES

Calixto Gonzales

Detroit, MI—Sometimes the only you can do is shake your head and wonder.

Some fighters are forever tied together. Everyone will always remember Hagler alongside Leonard, Ali and Frazier, Schmeling with Louis, Conn with Louis, and Hearns with Leonard. I'll bet money that Freddie Randall will be remembered with Julio Cesar Chavez, but it will be different with the afore-mentioned greats. All the great rivalries are remembered because of the tremendous fights they had, and the heat they could generate squaring off. Randall and Chavez, however, will be remembered because of the strange things that have happened in their fights.

Their rematch seemed to be going at a great pace, neither fighter gaining a real advantage. Randall was landing some beautiful rights during the fierce infighting, but Chavez was actually outsticking the bookie while working his way in and landing some good body shots. Of course, Chavez also used some old-style tricks such as showing his head and shoulders into Randall's face. The fight was close, and they traded rounds back and forth. It really looked like a classic in the making.

That's when the Randall-Chavez jinx came into play. That Chavez, who had been using his head like a mace all night, would suffer a huge gash from an accidental butt was freaky. That the butt, and the point penalty that Randall suffered because of it, played a huge factor in the ending of the fight was unfair.

I'm not going to fault Chavez for refusing to fight after he suffered the cut. He seemed aware that the rules allowed for a decision (or, as Emanuel Steward, Chavez's trainer suggests, he may "have panicked" since "he'd never been in that situation before"). It didn't make much sense to risk the fight—not to mention personal health. You can't accuse a man of cowardice after he entered the ring 92 times, as some implied in the past few days.

Continued on page 13

May 11, 1994 — The Boxing Times

CONTROVERSY MARS CHAMPIONSHIP

Chavez Regains Belt

By Boxing Times Staff

(May 7) Las Vegas, NV - (MGM Grand)—It was a helluva fight for as long as it lasted. Fast right hands, hard left hooks to the body, and beautiful combinations. But great fights, much like great theater needs a conclusion. This time, the curtain came down in the second act, the lights came up, and boxing fans walked away like they just ate a pound of sawdust.

Legendary Mexican boxing champion Julio Cesar Chavez (90-1-1, 77 KO's) regained his WBC super lightweight championship, with an 8-round split decision victory over Frenetic Randall (48-3-1, 39 KO's), the result of a technical decision caused by an accidental head butt.


*Randall Drives Chavez Into The Ropes* — *Photo by Fred C. Flasher*

With three seconds remaining in the 8th, Randall (140) attempted a right hand uppercut to the body, the two fighter's heads collided, opening a brutal-looking gash above Chavez'

Continued on page 6

May 11, 1994 — The Boxing Times

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ITEMS FROM JAPAN ON WORLD CHAMPIONS—Hiroshi Kawashima, Yaseui

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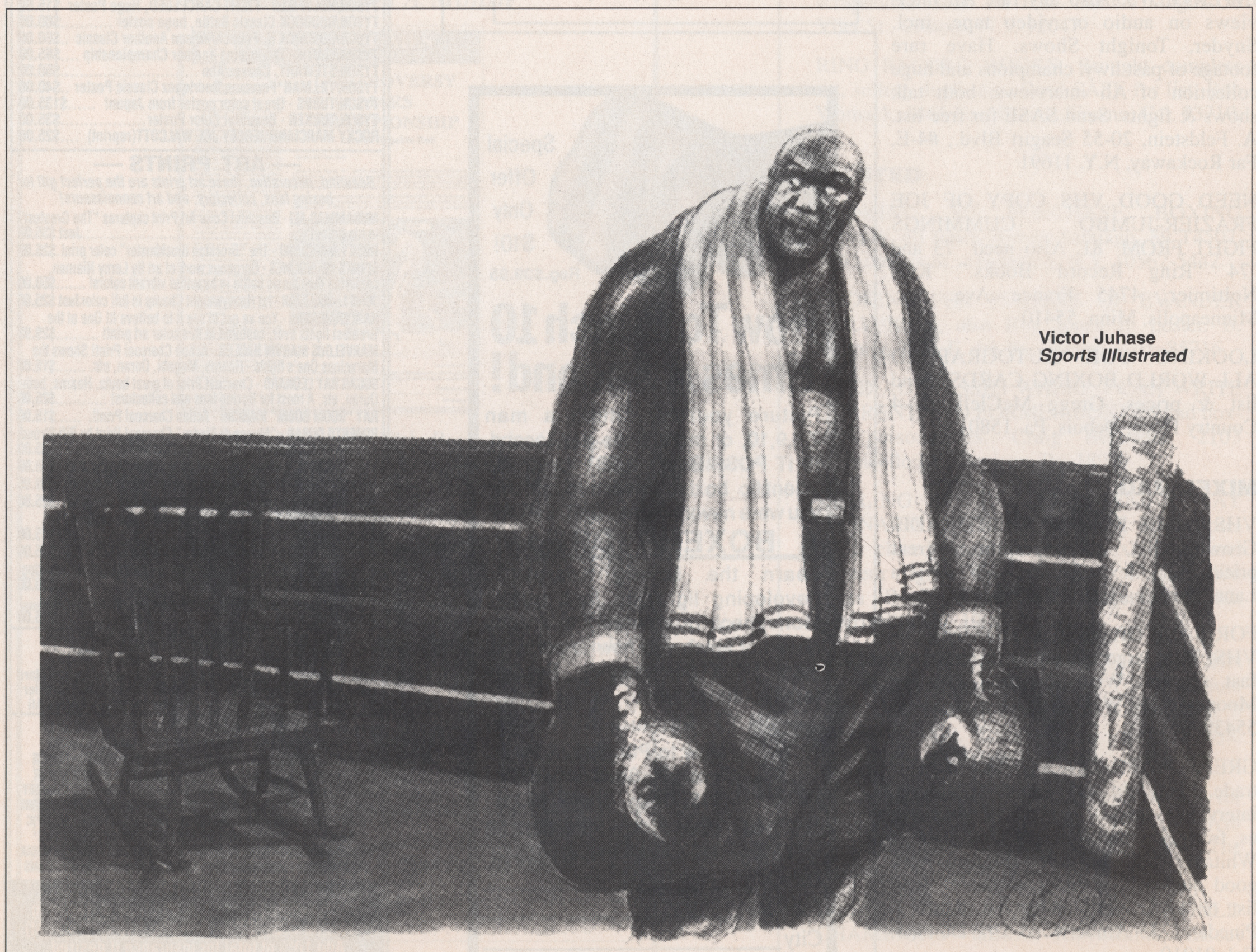
"Sugar Ray Robinson was a difficult man to deal with. He'd make so many conditions that promoters dreaded confronting him. The fact is, Robby wanted complete control of every fight he was in. He just had to get everything he wanted and more than once threatened to walk away from a fight. There was a time in Las Vegas when Robinson almost called off his date with Gene Fullmer the afternoon of the fight. For some reason, Robby did not want to fight Fullmer that particular night, so he checked all the small print of the contract he had signed. Everything seemed to be in order until he came to the part which detailed the size of the ring. This particular ring in Vegas measured 24 feet, so that's where Robby figured he had them. `I contracted for a 20-foot ring," Robinson said. Norman Rothchild, the promoter, had to think fast. He quickly purchased one of those cloth tapes and brought it to ringside where, with Robby present to witness it, he rolled it out on the ring apron and measured out the 20 feet. Robby was satisfied and the fight went on as scheduled. What Robinson never knew was that before coming down to measure the ring, the promoter went to his room and cut four feet from the middle of the tape."

**—Bill Gallo**
**The New York *Daily News***

"George Foreman is convinced his scuttled title fight had nothing to do with age. `If the fighter wants it, a fight can go on," he said of his canceled bout with heavyweight champion Michael Moorer. WBA legal counsel Jimmy Binns cited Foreman's age (45) and inactivity for his organization's decision to strip Moorer if he fought Foreman. But Roy Foreman, the fighter's brother, says `I believe it's Binns and Don King,' pointing to the first five ranked fighters in the WBA, all promoted by King. `They were hoping Michael



**Victor Juhase**
***Sports Illustrated***

would fight George, Then (the WBA) would strip him,' with King's fighters fighting for the vacant title."

**—Jon Saraceno**
***USA Today***

"Larry Holmes finished second vs. Jesse Ferguson, but Holmes received a resounding unanimous decision, including a 99-92 on one card. Robberies in boxing have become so commonplace that few even waste their breath on condemnations."

**—Phil Mushnick**
***New York Post***

"I read where a couple of boxers with the first name of Meldrick and Glenwood fought for the welterweight championship. Evander Holyfield lost and re-won the heavyweight championship to Riddick Bowe. Parents' creativity with names has far outpointed that of today's pugilistic press. Seasoned sports observer that I am, I lament the passing of the era when fighters proudly carried monikers that stirred the soul and conjured images of fierce combatants—men like `Battling' Nelson, `Tiger Flowers, `Groilla' Jones, `Gunboat' Smith and `Midget' Wolgast. The list is endless. We had `assassins': Paul Berlenbach was `The Astoria Assassin,' while Stanley Ketchel answered to `The Michigan Assassin.' And ponder `The Bronx Bull' (Jake LaMotta), `The Fargo Express' (Billy Petrolle) and `Ace' Hudkins (not a bad name in itself) who was called `The Nebraska Wildcat.' Almost every heavyweight champ had an agnomen bestowed by the press: `The Boston Strong Boy' (John L. Sullivan), `Gentleman Jim' (James J. Corbett), `Ruby Robert' (Bob Fitzsimmons), `The Boilermaker' (James J. Jeffries), `The Ambling Alp' (Primo Carnera), `The Cinderella Man' (James J. Braddock). One of the most exciting bouts ever in the heavyweight ranks occurred when `The Manassa Mauler' (Jack Dempsey) vanquished the aptly labeled `Wild Bull of the Pampas' (Luis Firpo). `Der Schlager' (Max Schmeling) provided one of the ring's biggest upsets when he knocked out `The Brown Bomber' (Joe Louis) in their first encounter. Alas, the day of the picturesque sobriquet seems to have gone the way of the pterodactyl. Yeah, I know that things change and we should adapt and accept what is new, and the new breed of sportswriters today are supposed to sober and more sophisticated. However, at the risk of sounding like a mossback, I confess that I miss that part of the `old days.'"

**—Paul R. Maracin**
***The Wall Street Journal***

"Life is too short to burden you with fresh supplies of the gibberish Chris Eubank uttered as he began the hype for another miserable excuse for a world title fight. Enough to say that he was parading his new Aston Martin. Also, his total disrespect for those who, one way or another, keep him in such luxuries. I don't blame Eubank—never have. I blame the TV executives who relentlessly exploit the lowest common denominator in matters of public taste. This may serve their ratings well enough—for the time being. But what happens when boxing is finally seen for what it has become: a dreary vehicle for merchants of con?"

**—James Lawton**
***International express***

"The first call Bob Arum got the morning after Tommy Morrison almost knocked himself out of a Hong Kong fight was from Morrison's manager, Bill Cayton, a cockeyed optimist. `You're a lucky man, Bob," said Cayton, after Morrison survived two knockdowns from six-round fighter Ross Puritty to get a draw. `How do you figure that, Bill?' asked the promoter of the Herbie Hide-Morrison WBO title bout. `Well, the fight is bigger than ever,' said Cayton. `Why?' `Did you ever see such courage, the way Tommy got up?"

**—Michael Katz**
**The New York *Daily News***

"Riddick Bowe has put on hold a part of his life that was so important, a symbol of opulence and status. When he was champ, he started to build a $7 million mansion, with 14 rooms and two swimming pools (`one indoor, one outside') not far from his current seven-room house in Fort Washington, Maryland. `It's not the money,' Bowe said. `I've got the money to finish it. But until I become champ again, I'm not going to do it. Why? If you're the king, you're allowed to live in the castle. If I become champ, I will reward myself with something big.'"

**—Gerald Eskenazi**
**The New York *Times***

"For all the glory of his yearlong reign as champion, Jack Sharkey's entire 13-year career was studded with bright-line footnotes to the Golden Age of Boxing. Among other things,, his battered body served as the lone bridge between successive eras. He was at once the only man to have faced two sets of champions who never fought each other, Jack Dempsey and Max Schmelling and Dempsey and Joe Louis. Partly because he had changed his Lithuanian name to win acceptance in the Irish-dominated boxing world of Boston—he chose Jack Sharkey in honor two boxers he admired, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sharkey—and partly because he was a bit better at boasting than he was at boxing, Sharkey was as hated as Dempsey was beloved when the two faced each other at Yankee Stadium on July 21, 1927. Through the first six rounds, the resounding boos that had greeted Sharkey's introduction were largely still as it became painfully obvious that the 32-year-old Dempsey, who had lost the championship to Gene Tunney the previous September, was no match for the 24-year-old Sharkey. Then, in the seventh, Dempsey, swinging furiously, landed a low right and Sharkey, clutching his midriff, turned to the referee to complain. While he was looking away, Dempsey landed a haymaker that knocked Sharkey into the middle of the previous morning. After he revived, Sharkey reminded his manager that he was to fight Dempsey that night. For Dempsey, who retired after losing in the rematch with Tunney two months later, the knockout was the last victory of his career and he did not apologize for it. When asked why he had hit a man who was not looking, Dempsey replied, "What was I supposed to do, mail him a letter?"

**—Robert McG. Thomas Jr.**
***The New York Times***

# KNOWING THE ROPES

The talk that the Lennox Lewis-Riddick Bowe fight was headed to Madison Square Garden is just that: talk. Bowe, who couldn't fill the 3,000-seat Convention Center Ballroom in Atlantic City for his non-fight against Buster Mathis Jr.—in fact, drawing fewer fans than showed up in the same hall to see Lewis fight Phil Jackson—would have difficult filling The Garden, scaled for $9 million for that fight. Lewis opts for Vegas this December or next year, when pay-per-view will be available in England, or back "home" across the pond in Britain. But no, definitely not, in Madison Square Garden. Which leaves New York looking for its first big fight since Whitaker-McGirt I and hoping to snare James Toney-Roy Jones Jr. in November...

Even though Don King is under indictment, he continues to wheel and deal. Even more than before, now that he's backed by Showtime's big bucks, the cable network finding that fights are cheaper to put on than original movies and build their subscription base more...First, King weaned away Michael Carbajal from Bob Arum with an offer of $5 million for four fights, then he offered Michael Moorer a multi-million dollar deal for four fights, one of them a fight against Peter McNeeley, another against Frans Botha, a third against one of the "King's Men," his top 10 heavyweights, all seemingly ranked by the various alphabet soup groups, and ending with a final bout against, you guessed it !, Mike Tyson in `95. Moorer turned it down. Cold...

AS THE BOXING WORLD TURNS

# THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE THE WBA'S SNOW BUSINESS

## by Wallace Matthews

Picture this scene: You go into a flashy Manhattan restaurant at dinnertime on a Saturday night. You don't have a reservation. The maitre d' sizes you up and decides you will get a table about the same time Michael Jackson gets to lead his own Cub Scout pack.

However, being a resourceful dude, you slip the stiff the old H-bomb handshake—the one with a $100 bill in the palm—and suddenly, you've got enough tables to open your own hash house.

Happens all the time and I have yet to hear of a maitre d' serving hard time for it. It is an accepted, if reprehensible, way of doing business.

A few months ago, a fight manager refused to bribe the maitre d' and, as a result, his fighter almost lost out on an extremely overpriced dinner.

The fighter is Michael Moorer, the heavyweight champion of the world, the manager's name is John Davimos and serving as the maitre d' is one James J. Binns, Philadelphia lawyer to a Caracas, Venezuela-based terrorist group known as the World Boxing Association.

Ever since last April 22, Moorer and Davimos have wanted to feast on the carcass of fat, 45-year-old George Foreman. They had a reservation, well in advance. Foreman was to be served up on November 5 at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas.

Contracts were signed and the chef was sharpening his knives.

Then came word that the WBA, based in the city where Ken Norton served as a five-minute snack for the same Foreman 20 years ago, would not sanction this feast and would strip Moorer of his bib and title belt if he insisted upon going through with it.

The official reason was that Foreman, inactive for 14 months and winless for 19, was not ranked among its top-10 heavyweights.

However, the real reason, many suspected, was that the Moorer people had angered the maitre d', Binns, by refusing to slip him the H-bomb handshake.

It has never been a good thing to get on the wrong side of Binns; or of his boss, WBA president Gilberto Mendoza. A few years ago, Dan Duva visited Mendoza's office and on the wall he saw a painting of a hill dotted with tombstones. On the stones were the names of boxing people who had crossed the WBA.

Of course, they weren't really dead. But they had a heck of a time getting a table in Caracas.

The way it usually works is this: You got a fighter and want to get him ranked by the WBA. Or, you got a WBA champion and want to make sure that no funny business concerning his title comes out of Mendoza's office. They way you insure it is by tipping the maitre d', Mr. Binns—also known in some circles as Jimmy Pinstripes because of his preferred style of dress.

Of course, Jimmy Pinstripes doesn't really accept an H-bomb handshake as payment. He prefers being hired as a "legal consultant" with a monthly retainer for an indefinite period of time. In the case of Moorer, a world champion with a potentially lucrative future, Jimmy Pinstripes would settle for a small piece of the pie—say, five percent of his earnings.

Having beaten Evander Holyfield last April, Moorer was recognized as champion by the WBA and IBF. In fact, he paid good money for the privilege of wearing their cheap plastic title belts. The third belt, belonging to the WBC, had been dumped into the trash by Riddick Bowe only to be fished out by Lennox Lewis of England, which had not had a heavyweight champion in nearly 100 years and was willing to do anything to get one.

The story being told is that as Moorer was climbing down from the ring after the Holyfield fight, Jimmy Pinstripes approached Davimos and asked for five percent of Moorer in exchange for "getting things done" with the WBA

Like bribing the maitre d' at a fancy restaurant, this is the usual way of doing business in boxing. The WBA differs from its counterparts in extortion, the WBC and IBF, in that it employs Jimmy Pinstripes as its bagman for the president, Mendoza, whereas WBC president Jose Sulaman and IBF boss Bob Lee prefer to make their own collections.

Anyway, Davimos—who had asked Jimmy Pinstripes to represent he and Moorer a year earlier, when he was still a nobody, and was snubbed—now returned the insult. He told JP thanks, but no thanks.

Soon afterward, Davimos heard that Moorer's $7.5 million payday was in jeopardy because the WBA was going to withhold its sanction. He called Jimmy Pinstripes to see if anything could be done.

"Too late," he was told. "If you had retained me way back when, none of this would have happened."

Davimos, no stranger to fancy restaurants but fairly new to feeding off the sewer of professional boxing, began looking at other alternatives, especially since the company signing his checks, HBO, would not televise Moorer-Foreman without both the IBF and WBA stamps of approval.

Bob Arum, Foreman's promoter and a man who can swim in any sewer as if he is Esther Williams, filed suit against the WBA, Jimmy Pinstripes, Moorer, Davimos, Dan Duva and anyone else he could think of. He testified in an affidavit about Jimmy Pinstripes' habit of getting on as many payrolls as possible—he has been on Duva's, Arum's, Madison Square Garden's, Don King's etc., etc., as well as that of many fighters—while also collecting as much as $500,000 per year as the WBA's legal counsel.

Can you spell conflict of interest?

Arum can, and he spelled it out before Judge Donald Mosely last month in district court in Las Vegas: threats, title strippages, pulled sanctions, no pay, no play. Davimos confirmed Arum's testimony. So did Duva and his lawyer, Pat English.

"For once in his life, everything Bob Arum said was true," English said. "I never thought I would say those words."

Judge Mosely lives in a city where everyone including the counter kid at Taco Bell has his hand out, but he is a neophyte to boxing. He was aghast at what he was hearing. When he asked Jimmy Pinstripes to explain, the response was roughly the same as the one he had given me when I asked him about it the previous week: "So what if I did?" Jimmy Pinstripes said. "It had nothing to do with the WBA's decision not to sanction the fight. And anyway, it's not a crime, so who cares?"

Judge Mosely did. He ruled that not only could the WBA not strip Moorer for fighting Foreman, but that it must sanction the fight under its notorious Rule 19, which basically allows the WBA to do whatever it wants whenever it feels like it.

And so, on November 5, the fight will go on, between a pillowy-soft failed sitcom actor and a kid who collects assault rifles for a hobby.

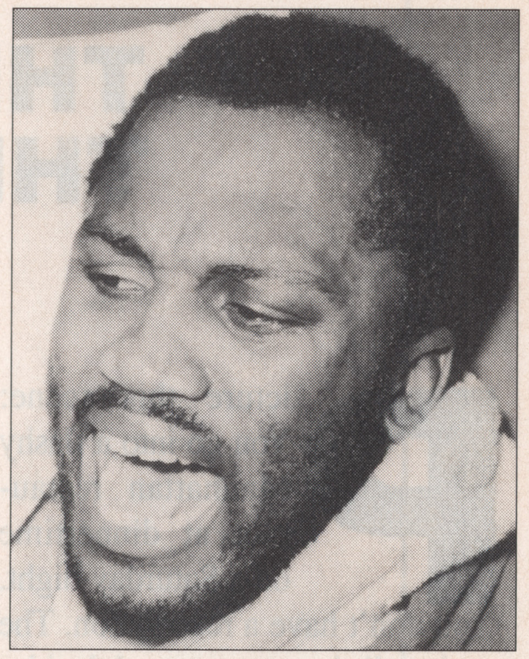
it is a terrible matchup, one that should not happen. But for the right reasons.

It shouldn't happen because Foreman is, at best, a punched ticket and, at worst, a disgrace—look again at the tape of his loss to Tommy Morrison last June and tell me if he was trying. He does not deserve another shot at any heavyweight title, even the WBA's.

That is the real reason to kill the Moorer-Foreman fight. Not because boxing finally slipped the WBA's Maitre d' a one-fingered salute instead of an H-bomb handshake.

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH TODAY'S FIGHTERS

**By Joe Frazier**



Just last June I was at the Boxing Hall of Fame banquet, up in Canastota, New York, seated at the head table along with such boxing greats as Carmen Basillo, Gene Fullmer, Willie Pep, Bob Foster, Carlos Ortiz, Rubin Olivares and dozens of others. And along with them was the current heavyweight champion, Michael Moorer.

Sometime during the dinner, Moorer said to me "I'd like to fight someone soon." And so, looking up and down the head table, I said to him, "Hell, there's a whole table of champions. Why don't you fight one of them now."

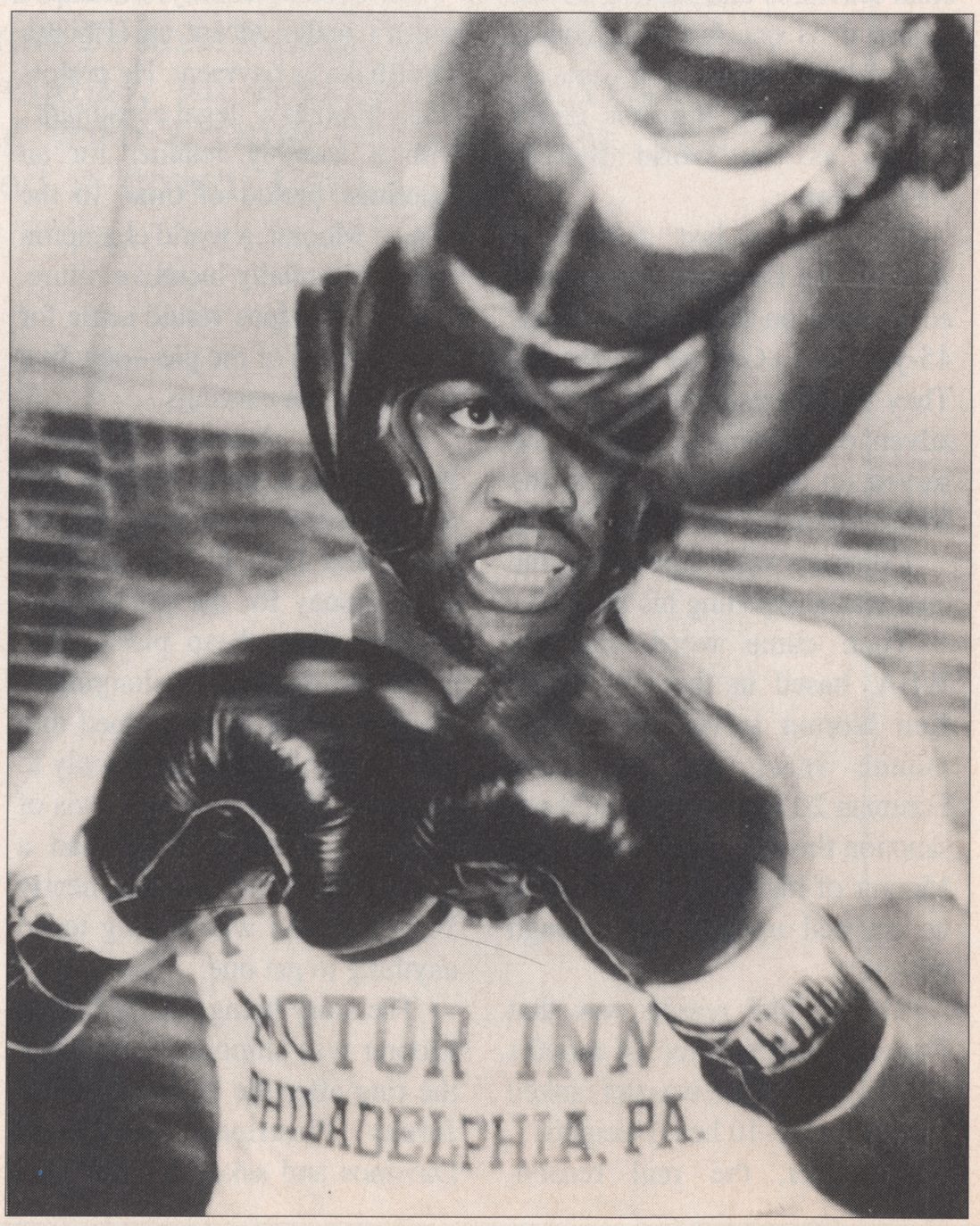
The reason for my statement was I remember the last time Michael Moorer fought—and he didn't want to. Remember his trainer, Teddy Atlas, sitting on Moorer's stool in the corner, telling Moorer if he didn't want to fight Evander Holyfield that night, he would? I mean, here was a man fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world and he didn't want to fight a man suffering a heart attack! *Now* he wants to fight "someone."

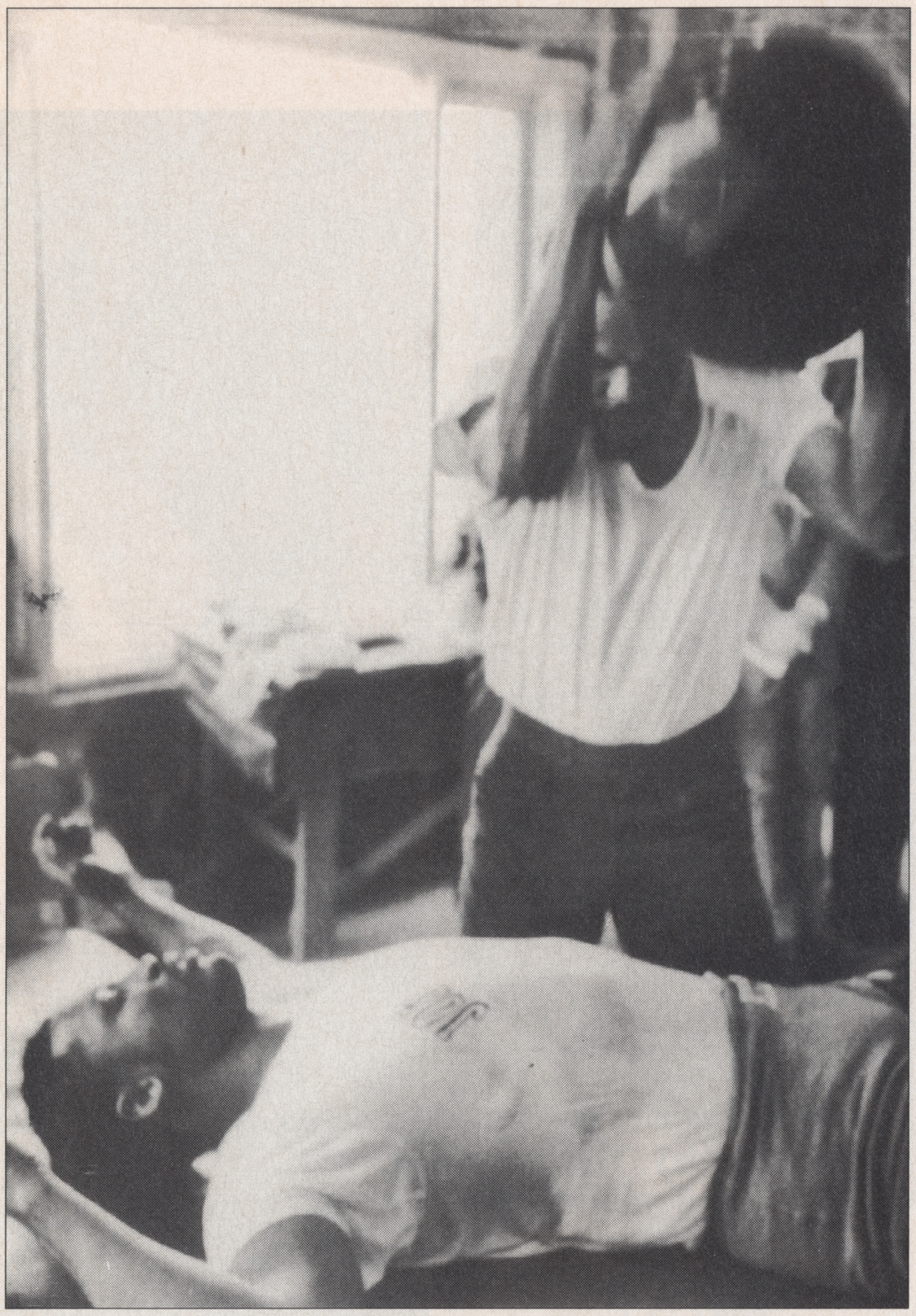
**Today's fighters, it seems, don't want to do anything. They want it all handed to them.**

Those champions at the head table worked real hard to become champions, sacrificing themselves and their bodies to become the greats they are. Today's fighters, it seems, don't want to do anything. They want it all handed to them.

There is no fire in today's fighters' bellies, no desire. They just see the big bucks.

When I was just coming up in Philadelphia, there





wasn't anything I wouldn't do to become a better fighter, a champion. As an amateur, I met a man named Yank Durham—you remember him, don't you? A big man with a voice that sounded like it came form the bottom of the ocean, almost like that senator... what's his name? oh, yeah, Everett Dirksen. Yank was with me from the git-go. Yank became my trainer, my friend. And he gave me something else, too, my nickname. Yank used to say, "Let's see smoke come out of the leather, Joe," and so I became "Smokin' Joe."

But Yank gave me more than that. He gave me discipline. Wasn't anything he asked me to do, I didn't do. Spar that extra round, run that extra mile, anything.

But today's fighters don't want to hear that. They don't want discipline, they just want the belt—and the money that goes with it.

**The rigors of training, a la "Smokin' Joe."**

They don't want to invest in their own futures, to dedicate themselves, to undertake the—what's the word?—discipline it takes to become one of those greats that can one day sit at the head table at the Hall of Fame banquet.

It wasn't that way in

Yank Durham supllies the right medicine (ball).

my day. Ken Norton, Muhammad Ali, George Forman, myself, we all were dedicated. Today's fighters can't begin to stack up against my generation's fighters. They have no discipline.

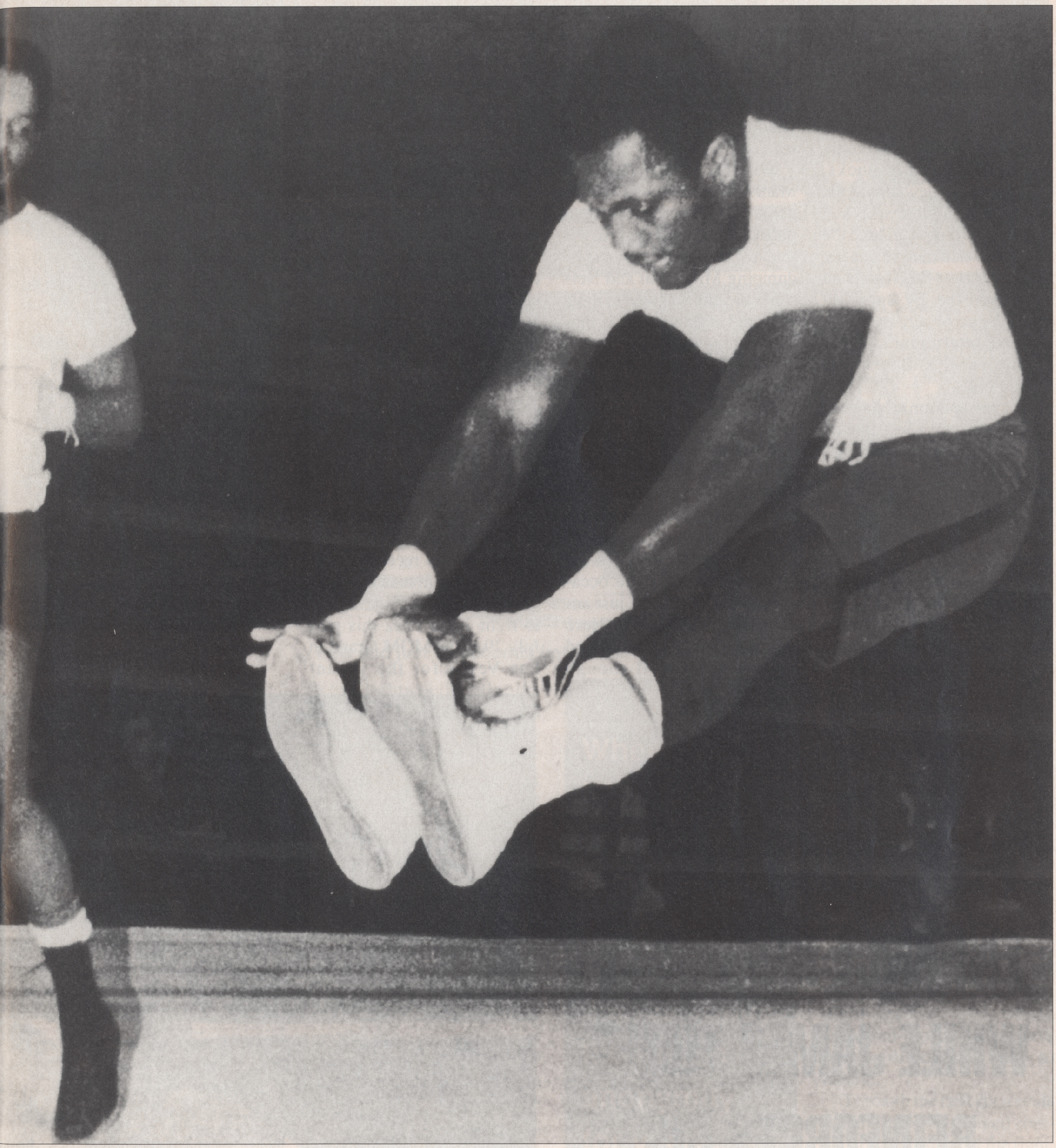
You have a former heavyweight champion, Riddick Bowe, who ate himself out of his belt. And he has one of the greatest trainers who ever lived, Mr. Eddie Futch, in his corner, just as I once had Eddie in mine. But Riddick would rather eat than listen to Eddie, and now he's so big he can't even see 240 pounds in his rearview mirror. Michael Moorer... He doesn't like training and after going through several trainers, challenging each and every one, he finally hooked up with Teddy Atlas and only after Atlas threatened to quit his camp did he listen to him. And they still tell stories about the most talented fighter to come along in the last fifteen years or so, Greg Page. They tell about how Page would walk into a gym in Louisville and set his own standards, his own timing, hit the bag when he wanted to, spar the number of rounds he wanted to, then quit for the day. You can't do that... not if you want to become a champion.

**Today's fighters don't have that burning desire. They won't give of themselves to get. They set their own schedules, listen only to what their friends say and march to what someone once called their own beat.**

After my fighting days were through, I became a trainer myself, and saw many of these young kids, talented but with no desire, no determination to make the sacrifice to become great. But I always prided myself as a trainer for not only making them into fighters, but also giving them the necessary advice for making them successful in life. I was always there, running in the park with them to make sure they did all of their roadwork, sparring with them, explaining everything to them, both in and out of the ring, to make sure they did right. I didn't want my guys to just get by, to sneak by closely. I wanted them to succeed both in boxing and in life, by a lot. And the bottom line with me was that if they listened to me, and went along with the program I set out, they'd become successful.

No, I didn't want them to become little versions of Joe Frazier. I'd watch them, see what they were doing and teach 'em *their* skills, or make their skills better. But they had to listen, not tell me what they wanted to do.

In the old days, long before there was a Frazier, a Ali, a Norton, a Foreman, a Holmes, trainers took their fighters under their wings



and taught them, brought them along, made them into greats. I once read where Jack Dempsey's manager, some guy named Doc Kearns or something, tied Dempsey's right hand behind his back and make him hit with only his left. And Dempsey developed one of the greatest left hands in history. And Jack Blackburn taught Joe Louis how to keep his left hand up so that he wouldn't be hit by a right coming over a lazy left. And Charley Goldman taught Rocky Marciano how to throw a jab, keep his balance. And they all listened to their trainers and were happy to learn, determined to become world champions and maybe even greats—which they all were.

Today's fighters don't have that burning desire. They won't give of themselves to get. They set their own schedules, listen only to what their friends say and march to what someone once called their own beat.

Maybe that's why today's fighters will never be sitting at that head table at the Hall of Fame banquet, unless it's to get another helping of whatever it is they're serving. And that's what's wrong with today's fighters. And it's a damned shame!

# DELA HOYA TRIES TO ENHANCE HIS IMAGE WHILE JAMES TONEY REINFORCES HIS

**by Phil Berger**

In the beginning he was a hero in waiting. Oscar De La Hoya, the Olympic gold medalist out of East Los Angeles, was turning pro for the big bucks. America knew him as the sweet faced athlete who had dedicated Olympic gold to the mom who had died of cancer. When he won his bouts in Seoul and the TV spotlight shone, he came across as affable and intelligent—an intriguing paradox: Bambi with boxing mitts.

His professional success appeared a good bet. But on the way to becoming boxing's next boy-next-door—the reincarnation of Sugar Ray Leonard—De La Hoya and his fast-track career hit a few snags .

There was the tumult surrounding his dismissal of his managers, Robert Mittleman and Steve Nelson. They were the relative unknowns who had outbid the Duvas (Lou and Dan) and Shelly Finkel to become the upstarts who would guide De La Hoya's career.

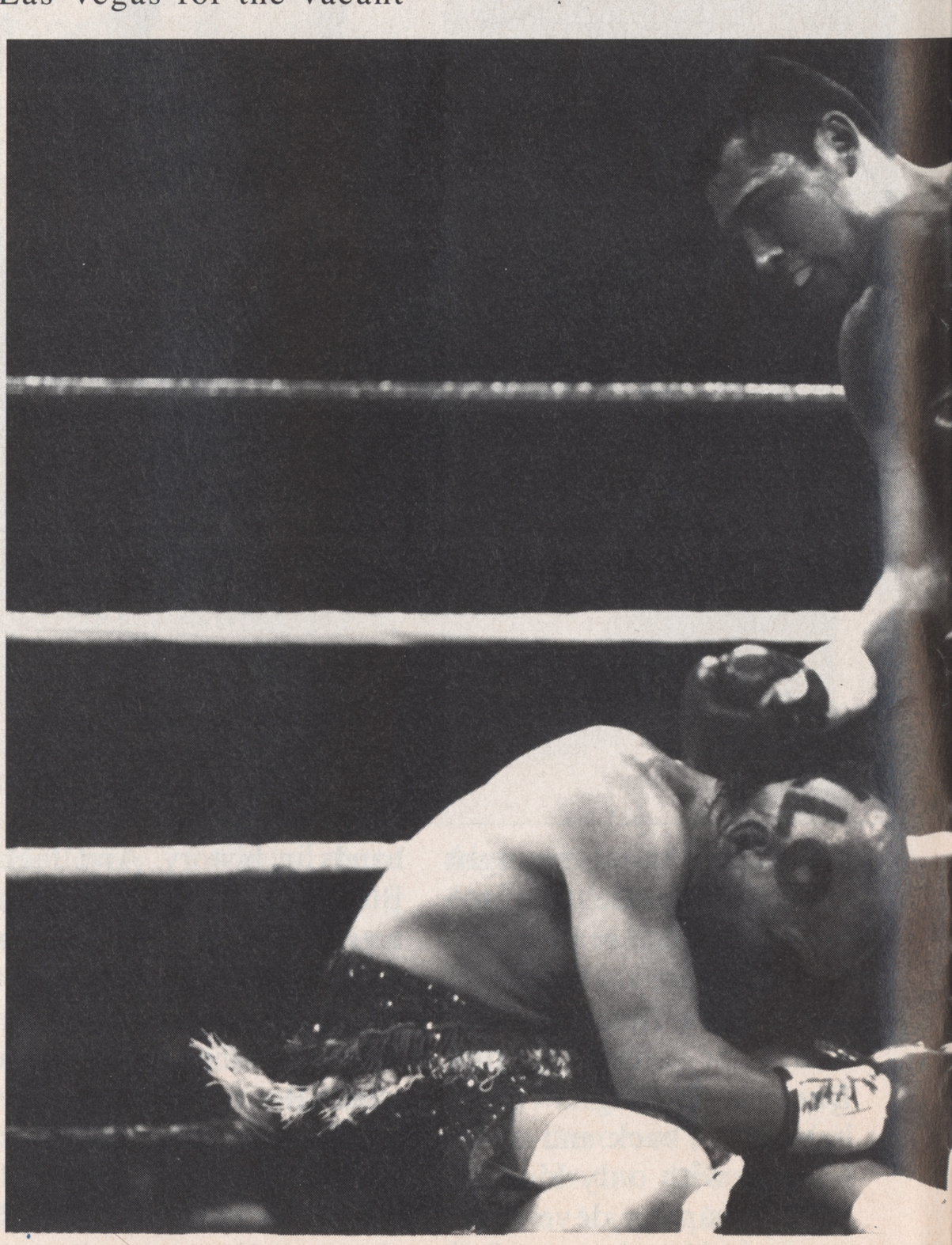
With an HBO date for a Madison Square Garden bout not so long ago, De La Hoya pulled out of the match in the midst of the messy business of dumping Mittleman and Nelson. Later, he was said to have suffered a hand injury that caused him to pull out of that New York date. But that sounded suspiciously like an attempt at damage control for De La Hoya's suddenly sullied public image.

While the fighter complained that Mittleman and Nelson had become overly intrusive in his life, leaving him no breathing room to be Oscar, critics took the occasion to depict him as just another spoiled athlete. Here was a fighter who had liked his managers well enough when they'd assembled a million-dollar package of cash, car and a home of his own, they said. But now that he was making his move on the big time, it was adios sucker, thanks for the memories.

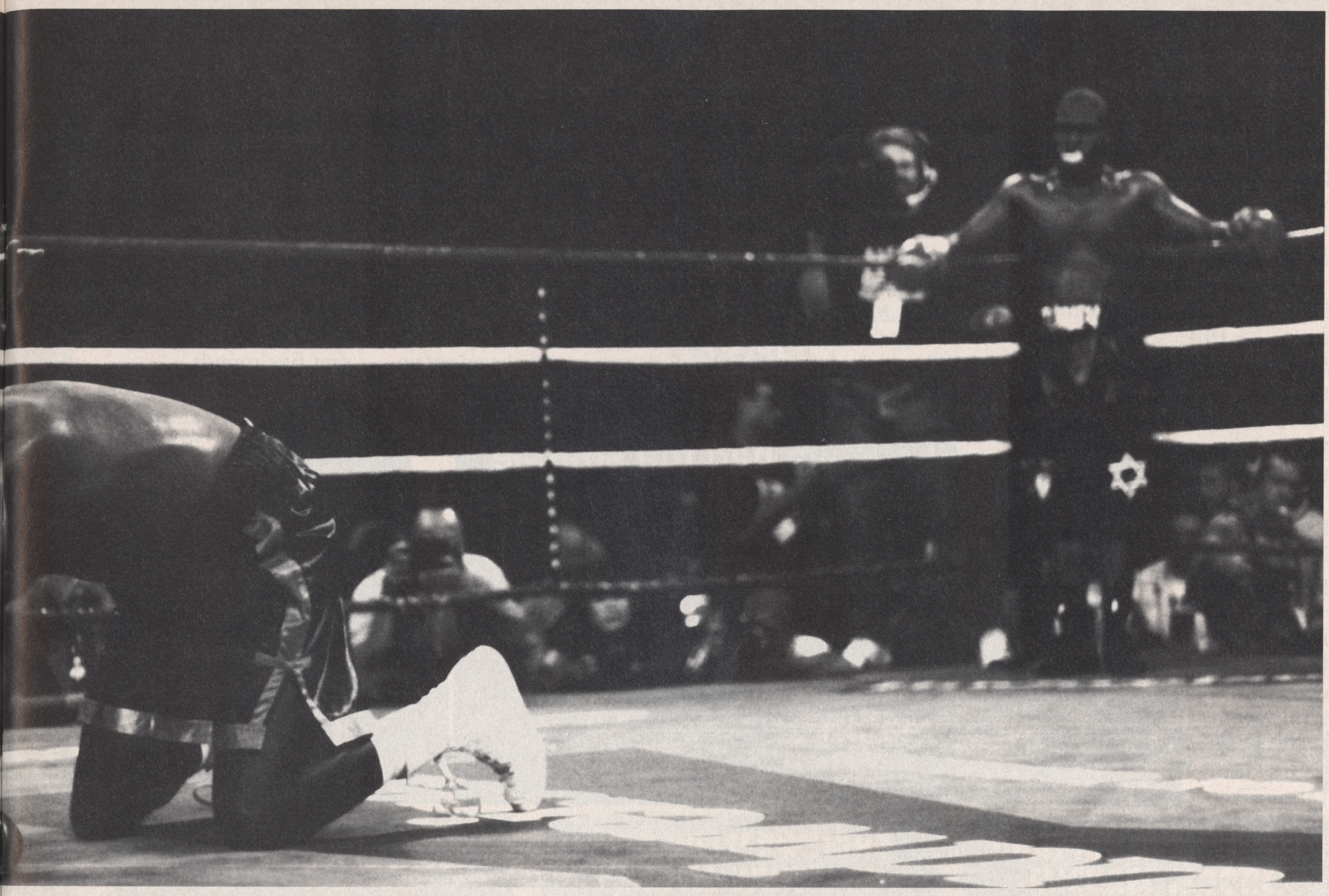
Whatever. De La Hoya was no longer in on a pass. There were questions... and doubts—doubts that extended beyond the contretemps with Mittleman and Nelson and ran to the merits of whether De La Hoya was the real McCoy as a fighter.

The reservations about De La Hoya centered on the perceived inferiority of his opposition—which suggested to doubting Thomases that he was being coddled—and, after being knocked to the canvas in one recent match, on his ability to take a punch.

When De La Hoya signed to fight Jorge Paez this past July 29 at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas for the vacant



**Jorge Peaz closes his act in two rounds**



Photos by Tom Casino/HBO

**This end just 15 seconds before the final bell as the king watches "The Prince" fall.**

WBO lightweight title, the match seemed to offer a good opportunity to gauge his prowess.

While Paez wasn't the big puncher most likely to expose De La Hoya, he was quick, slick and had shown an historic indifference to the opposition's best punches. In 63 bouts, only Rafael Ruelas, the IBF lightweight champion, had been able to stop him. De La Hoya-Paez figured to give us a telling snapshot of just how good boxing's latest boy wonder was.

Where De La Hoya came to the pro game as a known quantity, James Toney labored in anonymity for years. When he turned up in Davenport, Iowa, in May 1991 as the opponent for IBF middleweight champion Michael Nunn, he was a fistic obscurity. Newsmen covering the bout in Nunn's hometown of Davenport tended to isolate as the "angle" on Toney the fact that he had a woman, Jackie Kallen, as his manager. Toney himself? Not much was known and the assumption was that if Nunn had come home to celebrate his championship, he wasn't likely to risk it against a guy who could actually fight.

**Where De La Hoya came to the pro game as a known quantity, James Toney labored in anonymity for years.**

Well, Nunn and the boys in the press miscalculated. Toney could fight. Toney had skills and heart. Yet for most of the 11-round bout, he looked only like a fighter with promise, a kid destined to become a champion a few years down the road. But not that night against Nunn, whose stick-and-move tactics were proving difficult for Toney to handle.

Through the first six rounds that night, Nunn seemed comfortably in control of the fight. But Toney was unrelenting, stalking Nunn and trying as best he could to neutralize Nunn's quick feet. By the eighth round, he was closing the distance and beginning to land on Nunn. However, it seemed a matter of too little too late.

But in the 11th round, Toney's persistence paid off:

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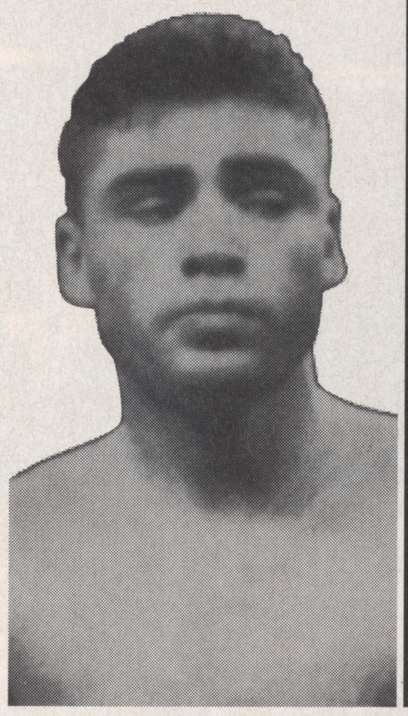
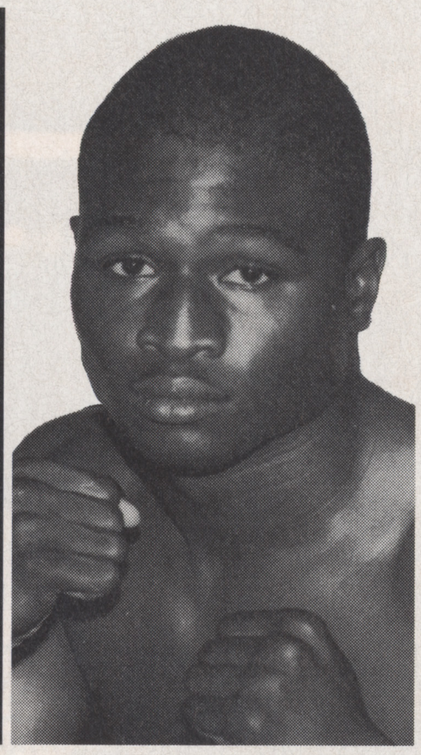
he knocked out Nunn in a shocking turn of events. It was so unexpected that the boxing press dragooned Toney into a special post-fight chamber session and asked him where James Toney had come from.

Well, it turned out to be a background in stark contrast to De La Hoya's. Where De La Hoya had the sparkle and telegenic looks and articulate speech, Toney's was that of a badboy with a past to match — he had been a gun-toting drug dealer as an adolescent, and in the years that followed he remained an often brusque and surly presence.



**La Hoya had the sparkle and telegenic looks and articulate speech, Toney's was that of a badboy with a past to match**



But where critics had some hard questions for the fighter De 1a Hoya, not so for Toney. He had disarmed them with some impressive performances, most notably in his first bout against Mike McCallum in 1991—a draw that most ringsiders felt should have been a Toney victory—and when he moved up to the super middleweight division, a stunning demolition of wild-and-woolly Iran Barkley in February 1993.

For Toney, though, the shadow of another fighter now crowded and clouded the claims of his supporters that he was the pound-for-pound best fighter in boxing. There were those who thought Roy Jones Jr., the man who succeeded Toney as the IBF middleweight champion when Toney stepped up to the super middleweight division, was in a league of his own. Jones' quickness made fighters like Percy Harris and Thomas Tate seem ludicrously out of their element... to a degree few boxing men would have predicted before those matches. Toney's reputation , though, was built on the ability he had for adjusting to whatever the opposition had to offer. The fighter nicknamed "Lights Out" had a knack. He knew what it took to win.

When Toney agreed to fight Prince Charles Williams, the former IBF light heavyweight champion , the bout appeared to offer a good opportunity to assess the work of the matured Toney... to get an inkling whether he would be able to cope with the lightning-strike assault of Jones.

In the opening round of the night's first headline bout, Paez worked out of a crouch, using a variety of feints while occasionally firing off a punch. Mostly, he seemed to be measuring De La Hoya with his movement, trying to assess what might work later. It turned out nothing would work for the former champion from Mexicali, Mexico.

In round two, De La Hoya shook Paez with a left hook. Paez lowered into a crouch and bobbed and weaved to avoid further damage. But when he should have bobbed he weaved, straight into another left hook of De La Hoya's. This time Paez pitched forward onto his head, as though he meant to do a somersault. Then he rolled onto his back and was counted out. And like that, it was over.

For the undefeated De La Hoya, it was impressive, his 13th knockout in a string of 14 victories. In the ring afterward, De La Hoya said, "I was focused and stronger for this fight." But De La Hoya seemed aware of the undercurrent of skepticism that has trailed him lately. "Coming into this fight," he said, "the Mexican fans were split.But I believe I proved I'm the better fighter and I can reestablish some pride." Later, at the postfight news conference, he added: "People will never be happy about my performance. For some reason they want undefeated fighters to lose."

De La Hoya's beaming promoter, Bob Arum, said he was planning on going "round the world" to showcase De La Hoya in a fight or two this year. Then, in early 1995, Arum said he would like to stage De La Hoya versus Rafael Ruelas—a battle of two Los Angeles-based belters. And to De La Hoya's critics, Arum offered: "Anybody who has doubted this man's ability has to take their hats off to him. This is a real real fighter."

The real fighter in James Toney began to emerge midway through his 12-round bout against Williams later that night. Through the early rounds, Williams utilized a crowding strategy obviously calculated to diminish the quicker hands of Toney. Any time in these early rounds Toney was able to get arm's length from Williams, he rifled his jab through the challenger's defenses and followed with powerful rlghts. But those occasions were few as Williams set himself belly-to-belly with Toney and kept the fight at close quarters—to the displeasure of the crowd, which booed.

When Toney could attempt to wriggle away and get some distance, Williams quickly closed that distance. At times he would walk Toney backward into the ropes, and there Toney would wage close-order combat with the determined challenger, who led on all three judges scorecards after five rounds.

It was a smart game plan, but Williams was unable to sustain the pressure. Slowly but surely, Toney secured the distance at which his superiority was clearcut.

By the beginning of the 12th round, Toney had surged ahead in the scoring and only a knockout could save the fight for Williams. Well, there was a knockout. But it was the fatigued Wlllliams who fell as Toney fetched him a clubbing right to the side of the head.

It was a solid performance for Toney, who once again showed his tactical acuity. He is a smart, tough-minded fighter, more experienced, surely, than Roy Jones Jr. at working his way through difficult battles.

But there are those who believe that Jones' physical assets —his speed and power—put him a twilight zone above all the other wage-earning professionals. Arum set November l9th as the likely date for the two fighters to settle the mystery. He likened their confrontation to the master fight that Marvelous Marvin Hagler vs . Sugar Ray Leonard war in 1987 .

And for once, promotional hyperbole seemed to be a mere reflection of facts. Toney and Jones are great fighters. The showdown should be one of those fights to remember — a fight for the best Pound-for-Pound.

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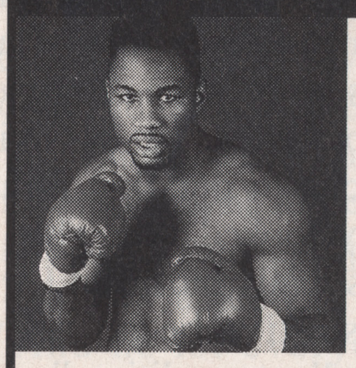
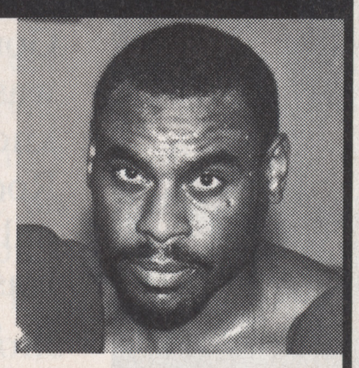

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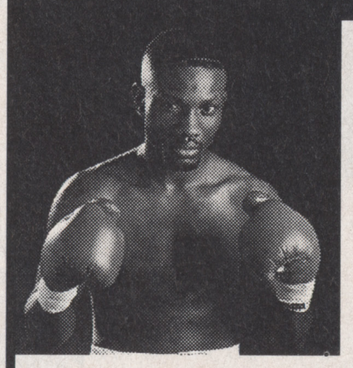
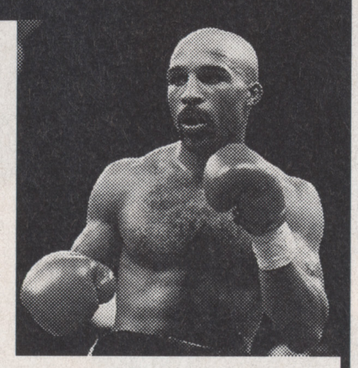
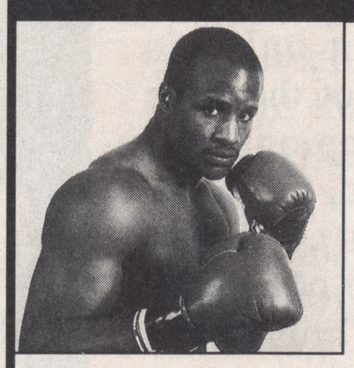
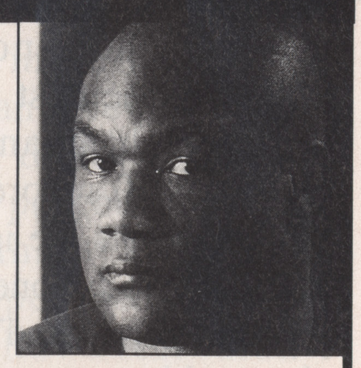
**SATURDAY, SEPT. 24**
**8 PM ET / 5PM PT**

**WBC WELTERWEIGHT**
**PERNELL WHITAKER**
**VS**
**BUDDY McGIRT**

**LIVE! FROM NORFOLK,VA**
**SATURDAY, OCT. 1**
**10:15 PM ET / 7:15 PM PT**

**WBA/IBF HEAVYWEIGHT**
**MICHAEL MOORER**
**VS**
**GEORGE FOREMAN**

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# THE BEST BOXER IN MEXICO—AND HE'S NOT JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ

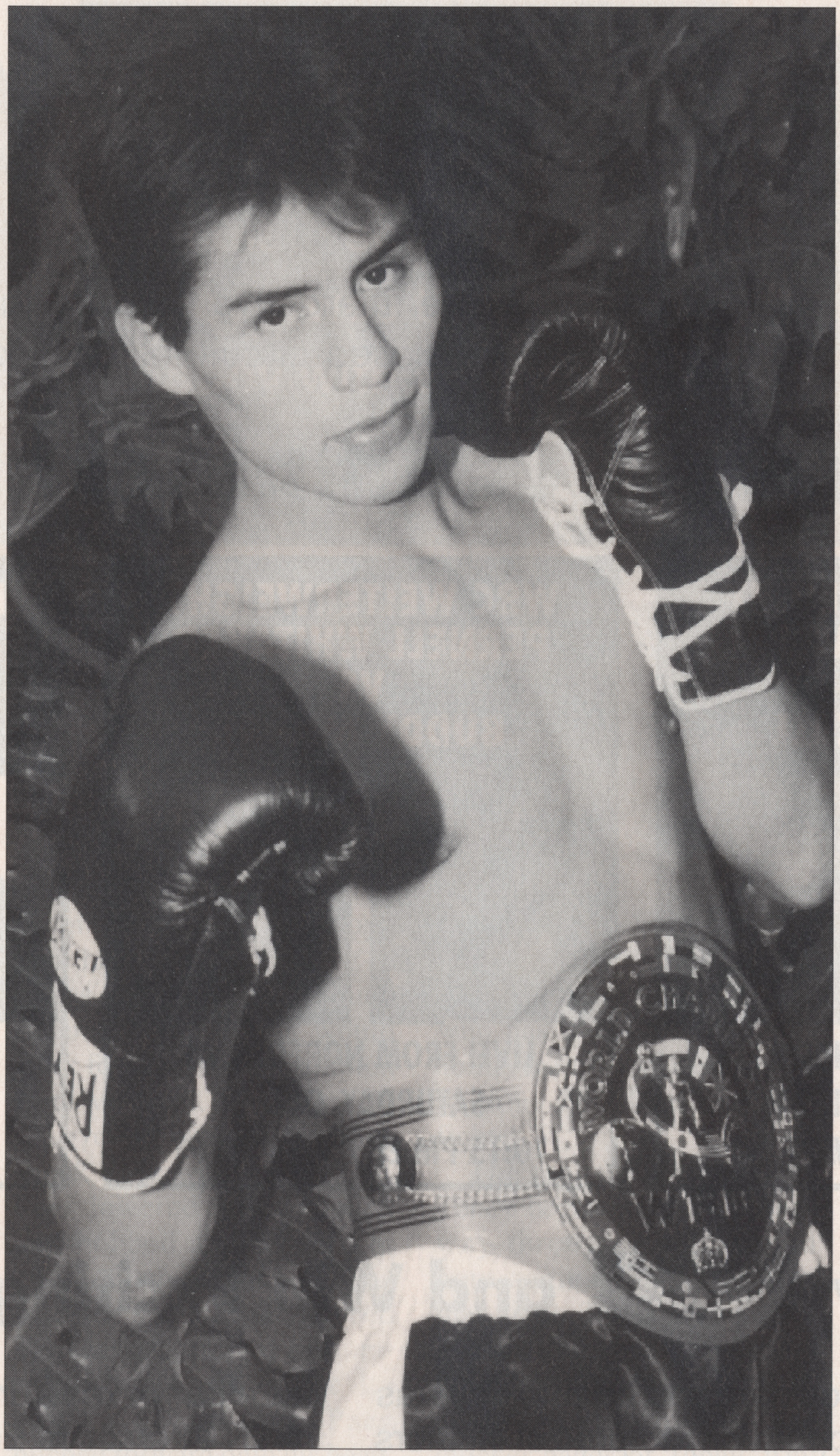
**By Teddy Blackburn**

Ever since he won the WBC lightweight title in 1992, Miguel Angel Gonzalez has been the recipient of unfounded criticism. He's too slow, they say. He can't punch, they say. He has no chin, they say. And most of the "theys" are the so-called American boxing "experts," many of whom have never seen him box.

With shortcomings like these, one might wonder how he ever won a world title.

Slowly but steadily, Miguel Angel Gonzalez has dispelled the criticism. Now, after his sixth title defense, the Mexican has cemented not only his status as the best of the three lightweight champions but, with a 34-0 record, including 28 knockouts, he is considered by many to be one of the best "Pound-for-Pound" fighters in the world.

Gonzalez's rise to boxing's elite is in stark contrast to the route taken by many of his fellow countrymen. This is not some poor, uneducated kid who grew up in the slums and had to fight to put food on the table for his family. Instead, he is a well-adjusted 23-year-old from a middle-class family in the suburbs of Mexico City. His father, who drove a bus, wanted his children to excel in school. What he didn't want was to have one of his offspring become a professional boxer. What he got was one of the best boxers in the world today.



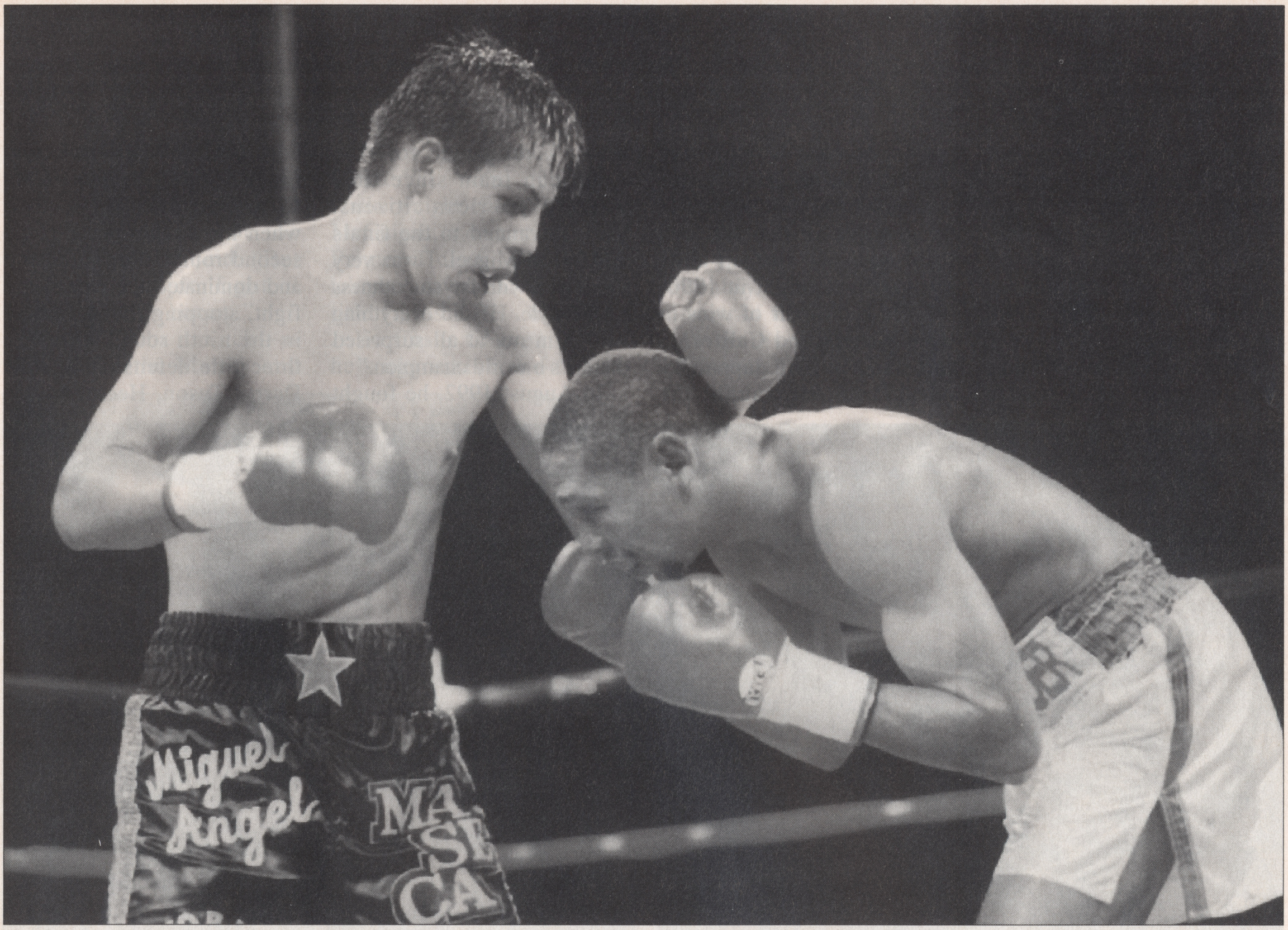
**His father, who drove a bus, wanted his children to excel in school. What he didn't want was to have one of his offspring become a professional boxer. What he got was one of the best boxers in the world today.**

Last August, at the Plaza Monumental in Mexico City, an outdoor bull ring, Gonzalez faced the toughest test of his career in Leavander Johnson. Johnson was bigger, quicker and, with his one-punch knockout power, a harder puncher. In the first round, the Gonzalez doubters were almost proven correct. Johnson, working behind his jab, landed a left/right/left combination to the head, backing Gonzalez into the ropes. Seconds later, a Johnson left hook sent the champion crashing into the turnbuckle in his corner and a follow-up right also found its mark. But Gonzalez fell into a clinch and weathered both the storm and the round.

"Johnson did hurt me," Gonzalez was to say later. "It was worse than the time I was knocked down by Wilfredo Rocha in our first fight. That only looked bad. This time, I was really hurt. But I was able to survive because I was in excellent condition."

Gonzalez, who is known for his excellent recuperative powers, came out for Round Two the aggressor. He attacked the body and, with a lateral movement, avoided many of the challenger's jabs, In Round Three the champion hurt Johnson with a hard right hand, but returned to his gameplan of neutralizing the American's speed by working his body.

Although Johnson wasn't throwing many punches, his jab was effective. By the fourth, there was swelling above and below the champion's right eye. The Atlantic City native also scored with occasional straight left leads and hard rights to the head. The only




Photos by Teddy Blackburn

problem was, they were occasional and becoming even more so. There were times Johnson was content to be on the defensive, content to pick off the blows aimed at his head. And he let everyone know that the ones that did get through weren't hurting him.

But Johnson's showmanship was ignored by the champion. He was more focused on Johnson's midsection. Left hooks to the ribs and sweeping rights to the beltline that occasionally landed on the hips every so subtly were taking their toll on the challenger.

But a big left hook by Johnson midway through the sixth round again sent Gonzalez backwards into his corner. Two follow-up rights landed and Johnson could taste the title. But then he missed with a left and was short with a looping right and it was at that point that Gonzalez showed the poise of a champion. He clinched, cleared his head and not only survived the round, but scored with several effective two-punch combinations in the final 15 seconds.

It was, in effect, Johnson's last stand. Although he threw more punches in Round Seven, Gonzalez also picked up the pace. Round Eight was all Gonzalez. He came out and went on the attack. He worked the body and started to open up with rights to the head. About a minute into the round, he nailed Johnson with a body punch that clearly hurt the challenger. Like a shark that enjoyed the taste of the initial bite of his prey, Gonzalez moved in for the kill. He backed the American against the ropes and landed ten uninterrupted punches almost at will before Johnson answered with a three-punch combination. It was his last offensive act. He took about 15 punches, many of them right hands to the head before referee Mickey Vann stepped in and stopped the bout with 55 seconds left in the round.

**Gonzalez takes the fight to Leavander Johnson—and the fight out of him as well.**

More than a few reporters at ringside didn't think that Gonzalez's punches were that hard, and that the fight had been stopped prematurely. Johnson, however, didn't complain. "I just got a little too relaxed out there tonight," said Johnson, who suffered his first defeat as a pro. "I should have done more. But I have to give Gonzalez credit. He proved he was a champion."

Although he has been on the fast track ever since he first laced on gloves as a 15 year old, Gonzalez has impressed few outside of Mexico. This is puzzling since he made a very positive impressio on legendary trainer Pancho Rosales the first time he saw Gonzalez fight.

"He moved beautifully in the ring," said Rosales, who died last year. "I turned to my son, Carlos, and said, `We are looking at a future world champion.'" The elder

Rosales, who had been in poor health for several years, had his son train and manage Gonzalez. Pancho acted as sage, confidant and an advisor, always sitting in the closest ringside seat to the fighter's corner.

Gonzalez had a sparkling amateur career. He lost only three times in 66 bouts and represented Mexico at the 1988 Olympics in Seoul, where he lost a decision in the round-of-16. Rosales said that fighting to make weight contributed to the fighter's poor showing in Korea. The elder Rosales was disappointed because he was sure Gonzalez would win a gold medal.

"Miguel Angel has been taught well," Rosales said shortly before Gonzalez's defense against David Sample in August '93. "He was, and still is, an enthusiastic student."

Turning pro was a mere formality after the fighter returned from the Olympics. Fans outside Mexico did get a brief look at the up-and-coming lightweight in 1990-'91. He had a pair of wins in New Mexico and California and five bouts in Japan. By late '91 he had caught the attention of the three sanctioning bodies and was a candidate to fight for the title after Pernell Whitaker moved up to 140 pounds.

According to Joe Goossen, who trains IBF lightweight champion Rafael Ruelas, only those who have never seen Gonzalez fight could be unimpressed.

"The first time I saw Gonzalez was at the 1988 Mexican Olympic trials," he said. "I brought Rafael and Gabe Ruelas down there to try and qualify for the team; ...they weren't eligible for the American team since they weren't American citizens. Gabe advanced to the finals and lost to Miguel. I was very impressed with the smoothness of his style. He did everything well. I'm not at all surprised that he's a world champion."

In August 1992, he fought hard-hitting Wilfredo Rocha for the WBC version of the title. Gonzalez got a scare when he was dropped in the second round. But he got up and dominated the rest of the fight, stopping the Argentine in the ninth round. His first three title defenses—against Darryl Tyson, Hector Lopez and David Sample went to the judges' scorecards.

**There haven't been that many Mexican champions like Gonzalez. And there aren't that many champions like him, either. He's a complete fighter.**

"I was impressed with his style when I saw him on tape against Rocha and Tyson," said Hall of Fame cornerman Eddie Futch, who trains Sample. "Gonzalez is smart," Futch said. "He's proven that he can do what he has to do to win."

The champion's newfound power can be traced to his renewed dedication. Gonzalez admits that he might have been somewhat less than disciplined, success never going to his training but

instead to the pursuit of parties and lovely senoritas.

"After I won the title, I enjoyed myself a little too much," Gonzalez said. "But after the Sample fight, I focused more on boxing."

For the Rocha rematch—as well as for the Mendy and Johnson fights—Rosales took the fighter up to the mountains to train in seclusion. The results speak for themselves. In his rematch against Rocha last November, Gonzalez looked like the consummate pro, throwing a shutout before the fight was stopped in the 11th. In March he kayoed Jean Baptist Mendy in France.

Now, following the kayo of Johnson, he is Mexico's hottest ring property. And no one questions his boxing ability, desire, mobility or chin.

Gonzalez raised aloft after he beat David Sample.

"He's a dammed good fighter," said former featherweight champion Barry McGuigan, a commentator for Prime Ticket, which has televised several of Gonzalez's title fights. "He's a bit like Julio Cesar Chavez in that he's aggressive and throws excellent combinations. But, unlike Chavez, he lacks authoritative power in his punches. So Miguel doesn't dominate his opponents as much as he should, yet he still wins convincingly."

There haven't been that many Mexican champions like Gonzalez. And there aren't that many champions like him, either. He's a complete fighter. Which bodes well for boxing's foreseeable future. Although Gonzalez makes sure he gets down to 135 properly, it becomes more and more difficult each and every time. He says that he will defend his title only two more times and then move up to 140 pounds. Which will probably happen by the summer of 1995.

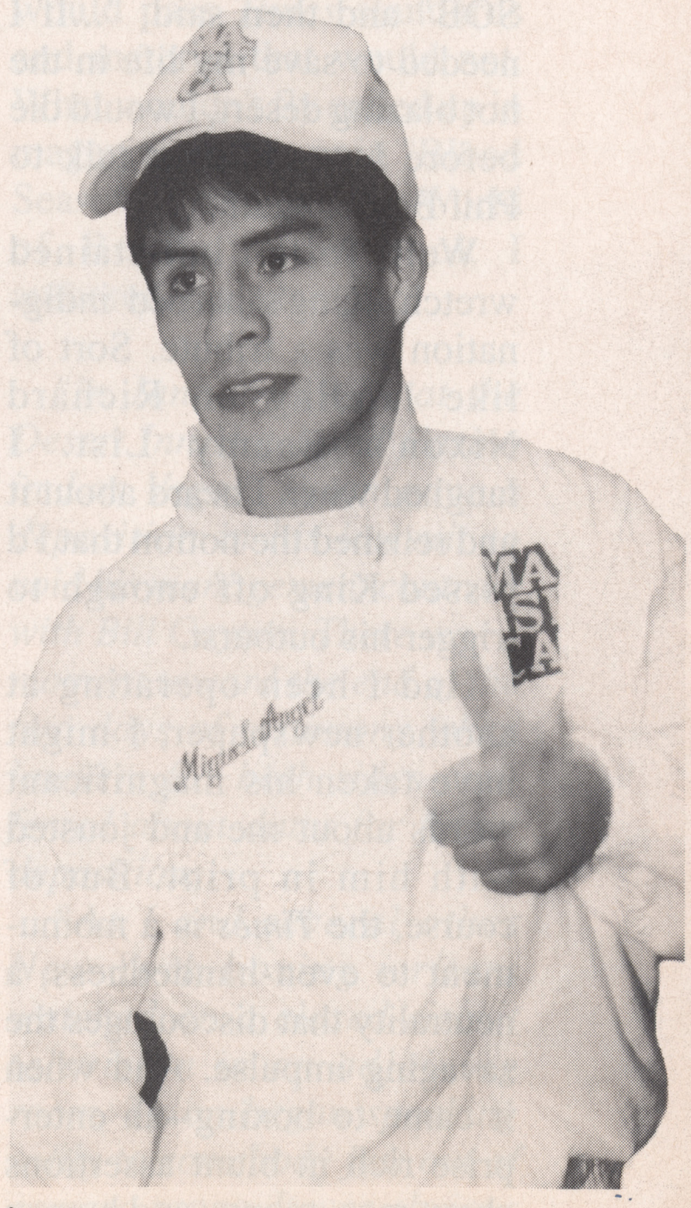
"I believe that I'm still improving," Gonzalez said. "I'm the best lightweight in the world. But by next year I'll be moving up in weight. I'll be stronger and better at 140 pounds."

Gonzalez listens to his promoter, Rogelio Robeles, as he fields offers for Gonzalez

The junior welterweights should still be a hotbed of talent, even with the departure of Julio Cesar Chavez. There's Frankie Randall, the best fighter currently at the weight; the veteran champion Juan Coggi (WBA); Jake "The Snake" Rodriguez (IBF); and a bunch of talented contenders: Tony Lopez, Freddie Pendleton, Charles Murray, Zack Padilla and Kostya Tszyu.

"I won't be surprised if he captures a title at 140 pounds," McGuigan said "He's definitely a force to be reckoned with. He's strong and tall, well-schooled and he should have a bright future."

The future does look bright indeed for Miguel Angel Gonzalez. And, if he continues to win as he has done in his 34 previous fights, the only thing anyone will have to adjust is their television set when it comes to seeing just how good he really is—not their opinion of him.



# All The Boxing News

**By Phil Berger**

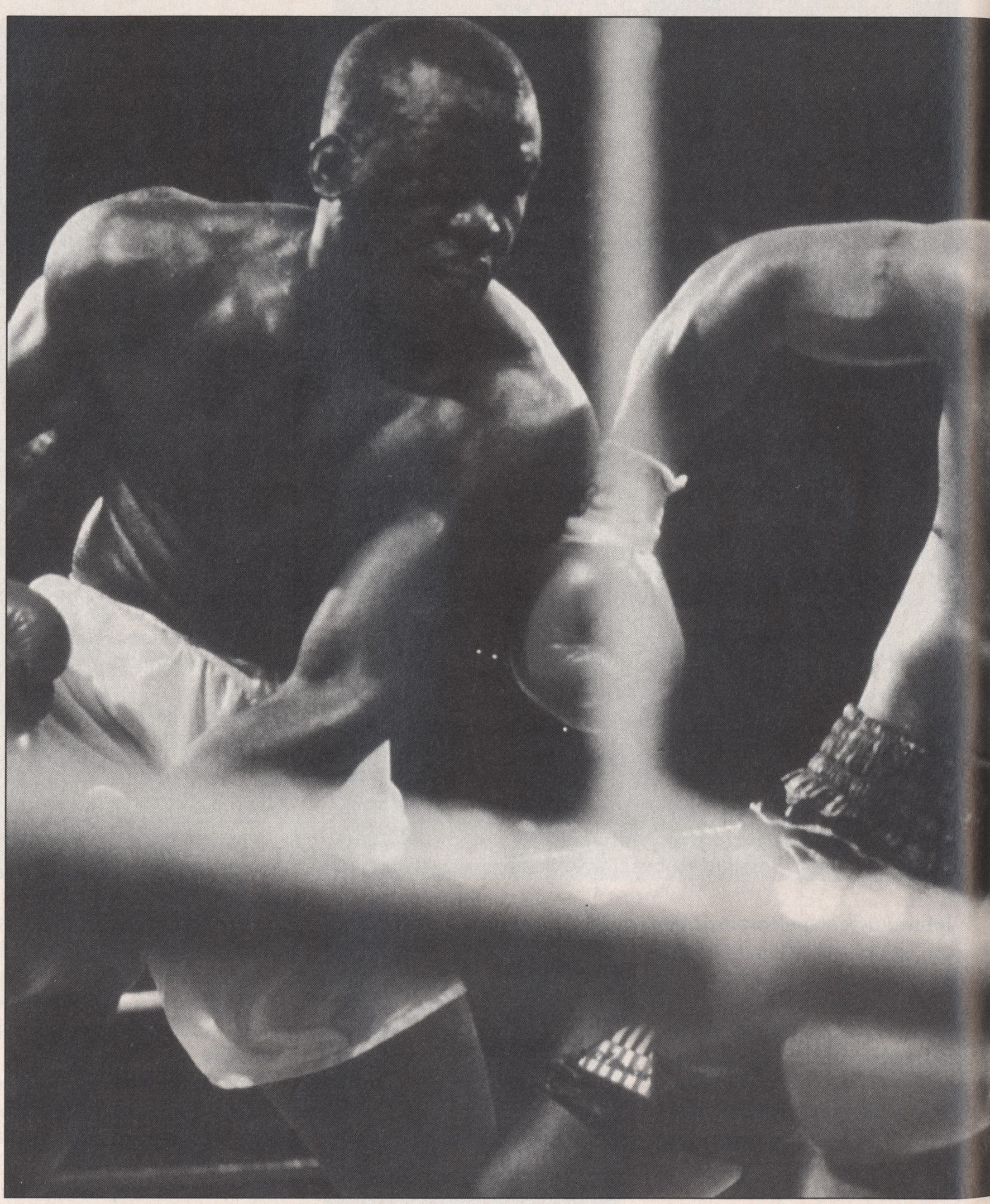
The gig was a good one– covering boxing for the New York *Times.* I began doing it in 1985 and would stay on the fight beat through 1992. Seven years of hanging out in gyms and training camps... of covering the big matches in Las Vegas, Reno and Atlantic City. And all places in between.

Boxing is a Fellini-esque world, full of gaudy egotistical characters brimming wlth schemes and righteous self-justification. They were what made the job intriguing. In covering them I wrote it as I saw it and occasionally worked them into a lather.

In a deposition he gave in 1989, the promoter Don King referred to me as a "no-good SOB" and then said, "...If I needed to save my life in the hot blazing desert, I would die before I would ever talk to Phil Berger again."

Well, for an ink-stained wretch, King's barbed indignation was a tribute. Sort of like landing on Richard Nixon's Enemy List. I laughed when I heard about it and relished the notion that I'd pissed King off enough to trigger his outburst.

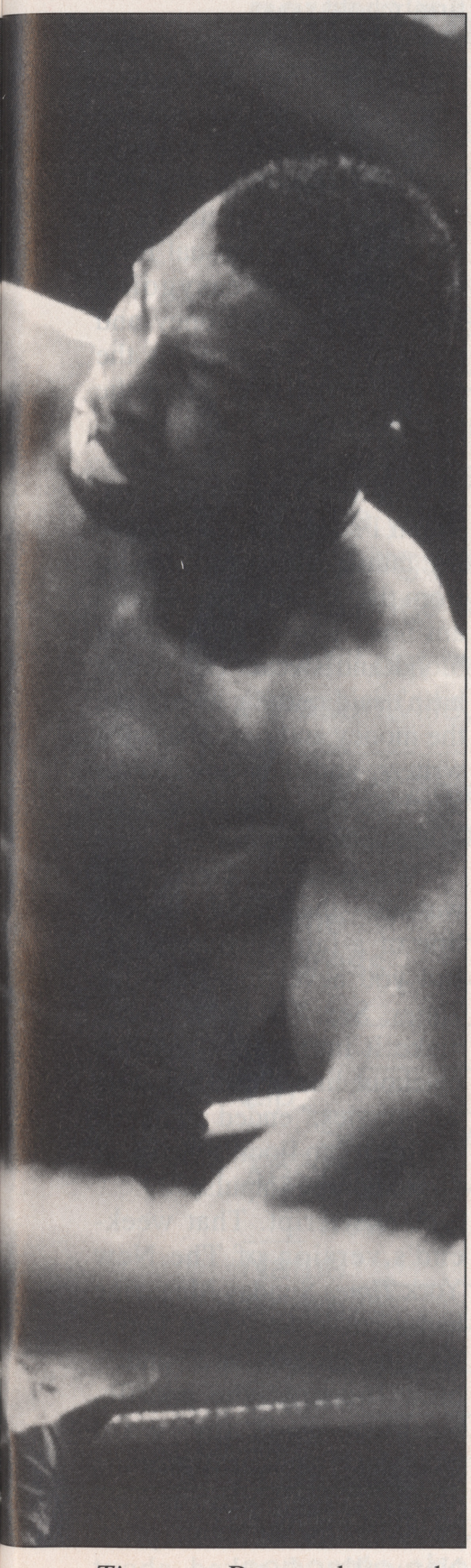
Had I heen operating at another newspaper, I might have taken his magnificant words about me and jousted with him in print. But of course, the *Times* is a momument to even-handedness, a neutrality that discourages the savaging impulse. And when it came to boxing--an enterprise rich in blunt assertions about race, money and human nature—that commendable caution was heightened, as if the manly art was so reprehensible it required rubber gloves when dealing with it. The paper's ambiguity toward the fight game quickly became clear to me and would create some amusing turns on what boxing news was and wasn't fit to print while I was there.



**The biggest upset in boxing history—Douglas-Tyson—and The *Times* wasn't there.**

Take the coverage of Mike Tyson, the dominant boxing figure during my years at the

# That's Fit To Print



*Times*. Remember the $180,000 silver Bentley Tyson was driving when he sideswiped another car in Lower Manhattan in May 1988? The car he tried to give to Port Authority police officers who investigated the crash?

Well, the initial version of what happened was that Tyson had hit the other car while trying to avoid a cat that had darted into traffic. I learned otherwise. A source in the Tyson camp had spoken to "Iron Mike" hours afterward, and Tyson had told him that his wife, Robin Givens, had smacked him while he was driving when she found condoms in his jacket pocket. She took those condoms as a sign of extra-marital sexual activity and her repeated blows caused Tyson to swerve.

The anecdote was excised from my story. In the months that followed Tyson proved to be a story that was made in tabloid heaven. And as the New York Daily *News*, New York *Post* and *Newsday* kept cranking it up with page-one layouts and titillating new angles, the *Times* felt obliged only to stay within hailing distance of the story. That didn't mean dealing in the ever-changing operatic turns but rather keeping a studious eye on the big picture. As an editor said to me, "We know you got all the dirt, but we don't want to play this story too cheap."

At the same time, the story was becoming too big, nationally, to cover with a pollyanna attitude. In a long feature about Tyson that I wrote late in that summer of 1988, I used the Givens-condom anecdote again and this time it soared by the editors and ended up in print. The tabloids had made the world safer for Tysonoid sleaze.

**Promoter Don King referred to me as a "no-good SOB" and then said, "...If I needed to save my life in the hot blazing desert, I would die before I would ever talk to Phil Berger again."**

But Tyson was still an inconvenience to the editors at the *Times*. There came a point, in September 1991, when Tyson was indicted for rape. Not long afterward, I did a piece on his thorny history with women. As it happened, the story collided with other late-breaking news-- the revelations coming out of the confirmation hearings for potential Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas. Remember Long Dong Silver and other juicy tidbits? Well, the Tyson story which was set to run suddenly was put on hold for a couple of weeks. Too much black-guys-and-sex I was informed by the top editors.

All of that created a schism in me. I came to divvy up Tyson tales as material that would pass *Times* standards and material that would not. What wouldn't fly ended up in magazine pieces or in "Blood Season: Tyson and the World of Boxing," the book I authored. An example:

*"In January 1989, at the Desert Inn Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, Tyson gave a deposition in his lawsuit to void his management contract with Bill Cayton. There was a moment toward the end of the two days of testimony when lawyers for both sides conferred about dates for future depositions.*

*"As I and several other New York boxing writers watched on a closed-circuit television in an adjoining room, Tyson began speaking softly to somebody just out of camera range. It was obvious*

**The palm before the storm—Mike Tyson at the Black Miss America Contest with two contestants. On the right, Desiree Washington, the party of the second part.**

*that he was trying to be charming. Then he began to gesture, poking a finger through a circle formed by his thumb and index finger. It wasn't hard for newsmen to guess that he was coming on to Joann Crispi, an associate of Cayton's attorney, Thomas Puccio.*

*"A day earlier, Crispi had told me during a break that Tyson had asked her out. 'I told him,"I'm the opposition."' she said. 'He said, "So what? You're not doing anything."'*

*"When thè second day's depositions ended, reporters sought out Crispi, who confirmed that, yes, she was the person Tyson had been talking to on the closed-circuit screen. 'I want to fuck you,' she said Tyson told her."*

By then, I was keenly aware of the *Times'* ambiguity toward boxing. Unlike my tabloid competition, the paper recoiled from the sport's dark and messy intrigues. For the editors, the only trouble with boxing was that it wasn't yachting.

Whatever. The beat went on. When Tyson went to Japan to defend his title against James (Buster) Douglas the New York tabloids all sent their boxing writers to cover. The *Times* — hoping to save a few bucks— decided to use a reporter from its Tokyo bureau... in spite of my warning to the paper's sports editor, Joe Vecchione, that it was not a wise move. "This is the heavyweight championship," I said to him. "You don't treat any heavyweight title defense in a cavalier way." Meanwhile, the poor bastard assigned to cover phoned me from Japan a few days before the fight and asked me to tell him what he should know about boxing.

You remember the crazy bullshit that occurred after Douglas scored his shocking knockout of Tyson?— the attempt by King and Jose Sulaiman of The World Boxing Council to overturn the result.

To the inexperienced hand, the machinations were not easy to decipher. By the morning after, I had put in a call to Sulaiman at his Tokyo hotel and gotten a sense of the cockeyed logic that he and brother King were trying to pass off against Douglas' ascendancy to the crown. But as the events unfolded and the editors at the *Times'* sports department read the wire copy, and the story filed by their Tokyo guy, I got an S-O-S call that Sunday morning—which was supposed to have been a day off. "This stuff is weird," the editor said. "Can't make heads or tails of it. Can you come in and get up straight on it?" So much for their man in Tokyo. Monday's page-one story had my byline.

As for Douglas, his moment in the spotlight was brief, very brief. In his first title defense, against Evander Holyfield, a porcine Douglas walked into a right-hand counter by Holyfield and ended like a beached whale on the canvas, taking the 10-count though he appeared to be capable of getting to his feet.

For months after that Douglas made himself scarce. But eventually I tracked him by phone to his office in Columbus, Ohio. We talked about this and that-- mostly life after the loss and plans for the future... and where it all went wrong. But my real objective was to address that widespread feeling that Douglas had bagged it against Holyfield ... that he frankly, as Rhett said to Scarlet, didn't give a damn.

The operative phrase in my head was "take the money and run." That was, from the feedback I got, the public's reaction to Douglas' performance and the $19 million he made.

But rather than make it look as though I, God forbid, harbored such a distasteful notion, I used a time-honored reporter's subterfuge, imputing to others what I myself firmly hold.

I said to Douglas, "You know, there are a lot of people who think you just took the money and ran against Holyfield? What's your reaction?" Well, Douglas' reaction was outsized anger, unusual for a man with his easygoing nature. Take the money and run? "This," he said, "is the writers' perspecitve. I took the money and ran? Look, everything I've got, I earned. I didn't start with a luxury contract. When I started out, I lived in my father's basement. I went from the basement to where I am now. I went on my own blood and sweat. The public hasn't said nothing about take the money and run. That's the writers, and they don't know anything ahout the game. Half of them are wussies."

"Wussies." He said wussies— the perfect blackout line of a fairly lively quote. But you never read it in the *Times*. See, "wussies" didn't make it into print. Douglas' blackout line, "Half of them are wussies," ended up on the editing room floor, a victim of *Times* editing impulse.

A postscript. That weekend's,version of The New York *Times* Sunday Magazine had a cover story on Charles Barkley, then of the Philadelphia 76ers. In the profile, Barkley used the word "wussies" without disturbing editorial sensibilities. Yes, "wussies" made it into print. Naturally, I asked about wussie policy on the sports desk a few days later... and got a shrug and a hah-hah for an answer.

What the hell. It's the paper of record and I'm not!

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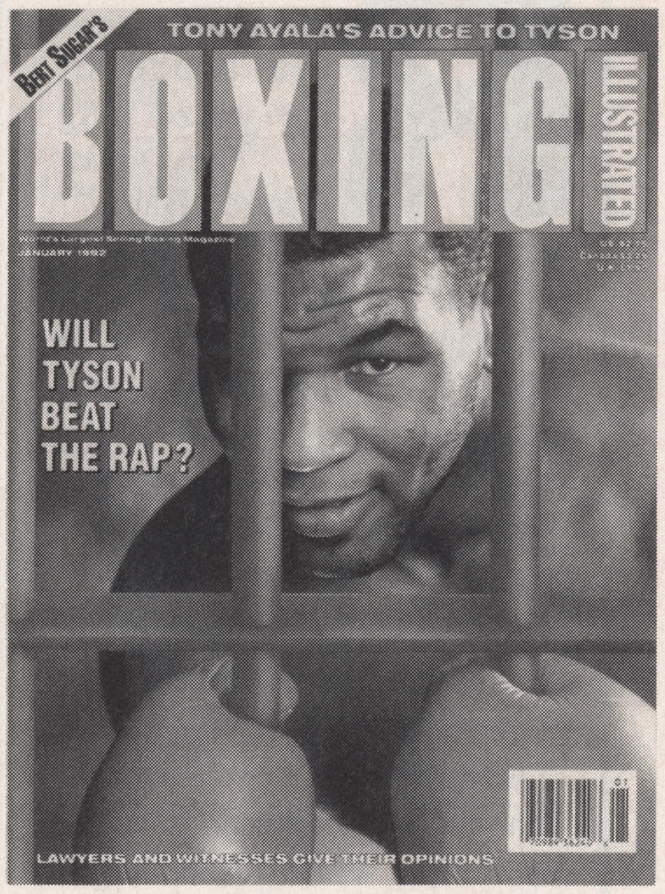


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**MB43**

# PATTERSON - JOHANSSON

## June 20, 1960

### by Royal Brougham

Remember that old adage of the prize ring — "They never Come Back"? Junk it.

With revenge in his heart and fury in his fists, Floyd Patterson battered Ingemar Johansson to the canvas in the fifth round and brought the heavyweight championship of the world back to America.

The end came dramatically at one minute, 51 seconds of round No. 5.

The former—and—new—champ fought like an enraged tiger this warm, June night before a frenzied crowd of about 40,000, which exceeded all expectations. At the very onset of a vicious, slugging battle, Patterson surprisingly took the initiative away from the man who gave him a severe beating just one year ago.

Patterson lost only one round, the second. In every other minute of the abbreviated struggle, Floyd was the complete master as Johansson's "Toonder and Lightnin`" right-hand punch failed to explode.

Patterson whipped him with a terrific hand speed and combination punches, plus a ferocity of attack which had the champion retreating nearly all through the exciting contest.

The end of the reign for the gay, fun-loving troubadour from Sweden was a brutal, bloody spectacle. Before the fatal fifth had gone into its second minute, Patterson caught the dazed Johansson with a left hook which had all the power of a thunderbolt.

**With revenge in his heart and fury in his fists, Floyd Patterson battered Ingemar Johansson to the canvas in the fifth round and brought the heavyweight championship of the world back to America.**

The glassy-eyed champ went down for a nine-count. Everybody in the vast reaches of the old discarded Polo Grounds knew it was the beginning of the end. Ingo's seconds knew it. Even Johansson could sense that his treasured championship was slipping through his grasp as he wearily regained his feet.

The crusher came a minute later.

Patterson put every ounce and pound in his muscular left shoulder behind the staggering blow. It was a left hook which traveled with the speed of sound. It hit flush on the target. The handsome Swede fell prone.

After the referee had tolled the fatal eight-nine-ten, there wasn't even a quiver from the body of the dethroned king of the heavies.

Ingemar's Scandinavian friends came pouring through the ropes as the referee signalled that the fight was over. They bent over their man who, only a few minutes before, had entered the arena supremely confident with a smile on his face.

Patterson leaned over his victim, peering anxiously at the unconscious fighter.

As Patterson bent over toward Johansson he promised the Swede a rematch, he told reporters after the fight.

"I positively guarantee you a return fight," he said. Later in his dressing room, Patterson said he would like to fight within 90 days.

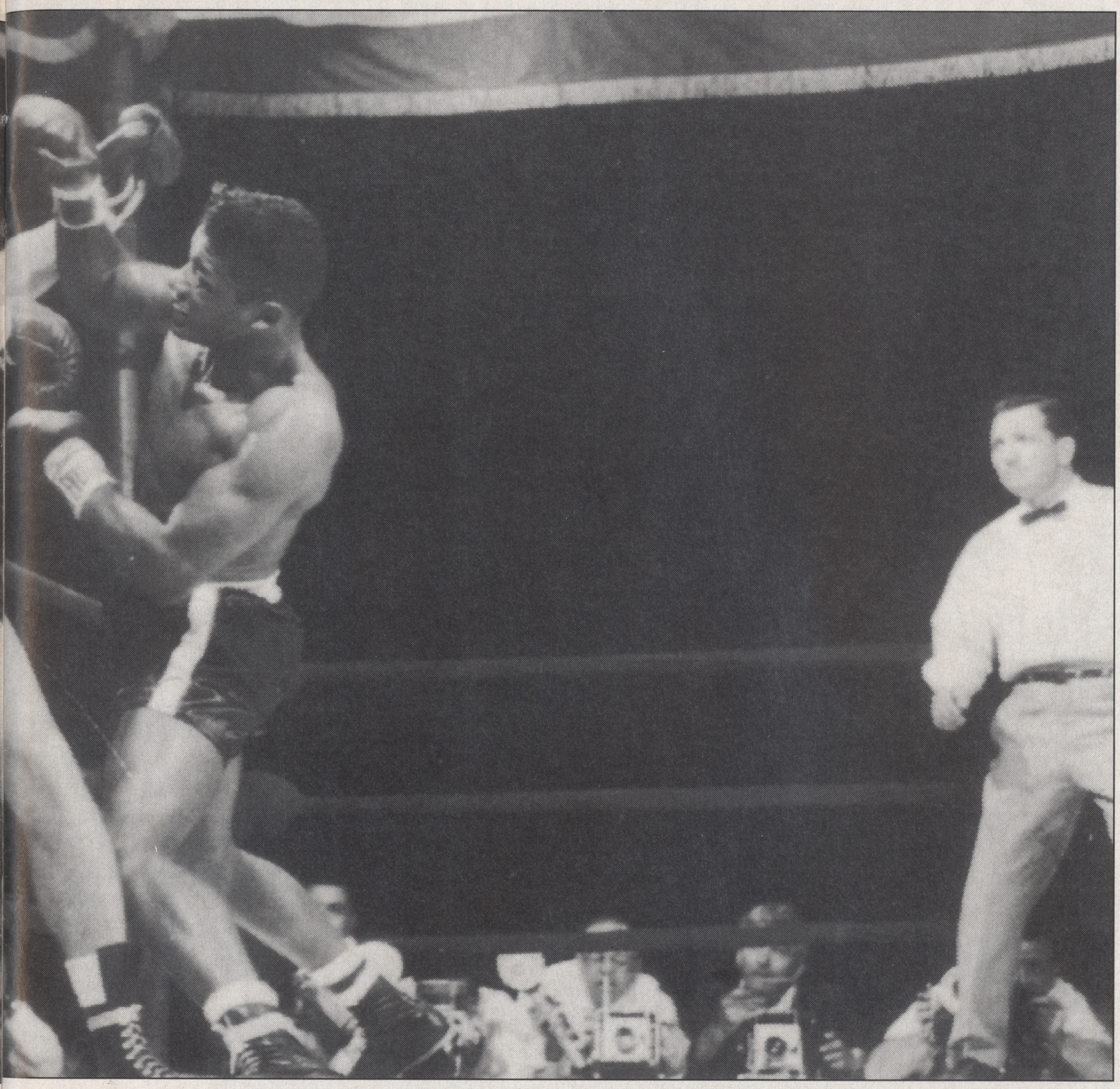
Ingo never heard him.

Asked if he ever had thrown a harder punch., Patterson said, "it was the hardest punch I ever threw because I was heavier than I ever was before."

When reporters queried Patterson about the right hand that Johansson landed in the second he said, "Yes it hurt. But not as bad as some people thought. I even winked at Irving Kahn (head of Tele-Prompter) at the ringside."

For a full 11 minutes, Ingemar's doctors, trainers and seconds worked over him before they were able to lift his numb and battered body onto a stool in midring.

This was a signal for an uproarious celebration by joyful supporters of the man who refused to believe the experts when they said almost unanimously that he



didn't have a chance. A score of hands lifted Floyd high into the air. Patterson's features broke into a beaming grin as the crowd, which wouldn't go home, paid him noisy tribute.

At last, the bruised and scarred ex-champ regained his feet. He looked around with unbelieving eyes, seeming to sense for the first time that his championship reign was all over.

A few rows from ringside, his charming fiancee, Birgit Lundgren, wept. She looked on in horror as they led her hero down the aisle and into the musty recesses of the underground corridor that led to the dressing room.

Johansson's quarters were locked to all, including reporters.

It may have been an ill omen when Johansson, entering the ring late, wasn't on hand for the singing of the Swedish national anthem, which followed "The Star-Spangled Banner" rendered by the thrilling voice of Eddie Fisher.

From a group in the stands came the chant -

"Heje, heje, heje!"

Ingemar grinned in appreciation of the tribute by his countrymen.

Arthur Mercante, in his first big refereeing job, gave the two men final instructions and the battle was joined.

Promptly at the opening bell, the challenger rushed to the offensive with a flurry of punches, tossing caution to the winds. Verily, this was a new Floyd Patterson. He worked inside of Ingo's long, sneaky left jabs and caught the invader from Godeberg with two left hooks.

Ringsiders thought they saw the Swede's knees buckle. Floyd was playing rough. It was midway in the round before Johansson fired his "Hammer of Thor" right-hand punch. It missed. This may have been the tipoff. It was Patterson's round.

The second was the only round in which Johansson displayed the skill which featured his last and more successful appearance against the same opponent. Ingo caught the challenger with a glancing right but Floyd shook it off. The punch hurt. It slowed up the challenger, who backed away through most of the round pawing at Ingemar ineffectively. Floyd smiled sort of an embarrassed smile as he walked to his corner. Johansson won the round.

But the magnificently trained Patterson resumed the offensive in the third. Patterson was boxing well now and he made Ingemar miss his right and left-hand shots. Not once did the champion land effectively. A welt appeared on Ingo's dimpled cheek and the writers racked up the round for Floyd.

It was Patterson again in round four. The challenger uncovered a new vicious weapon—a short, jolting right-hand punch which caught the surprised Ingo coming out of a clinch. Three times Patterson used it, three times it rocked his opponent. Johansson was trying to keep his aggressive opponent at bay with his left hand. But Patterson was not to be denied.

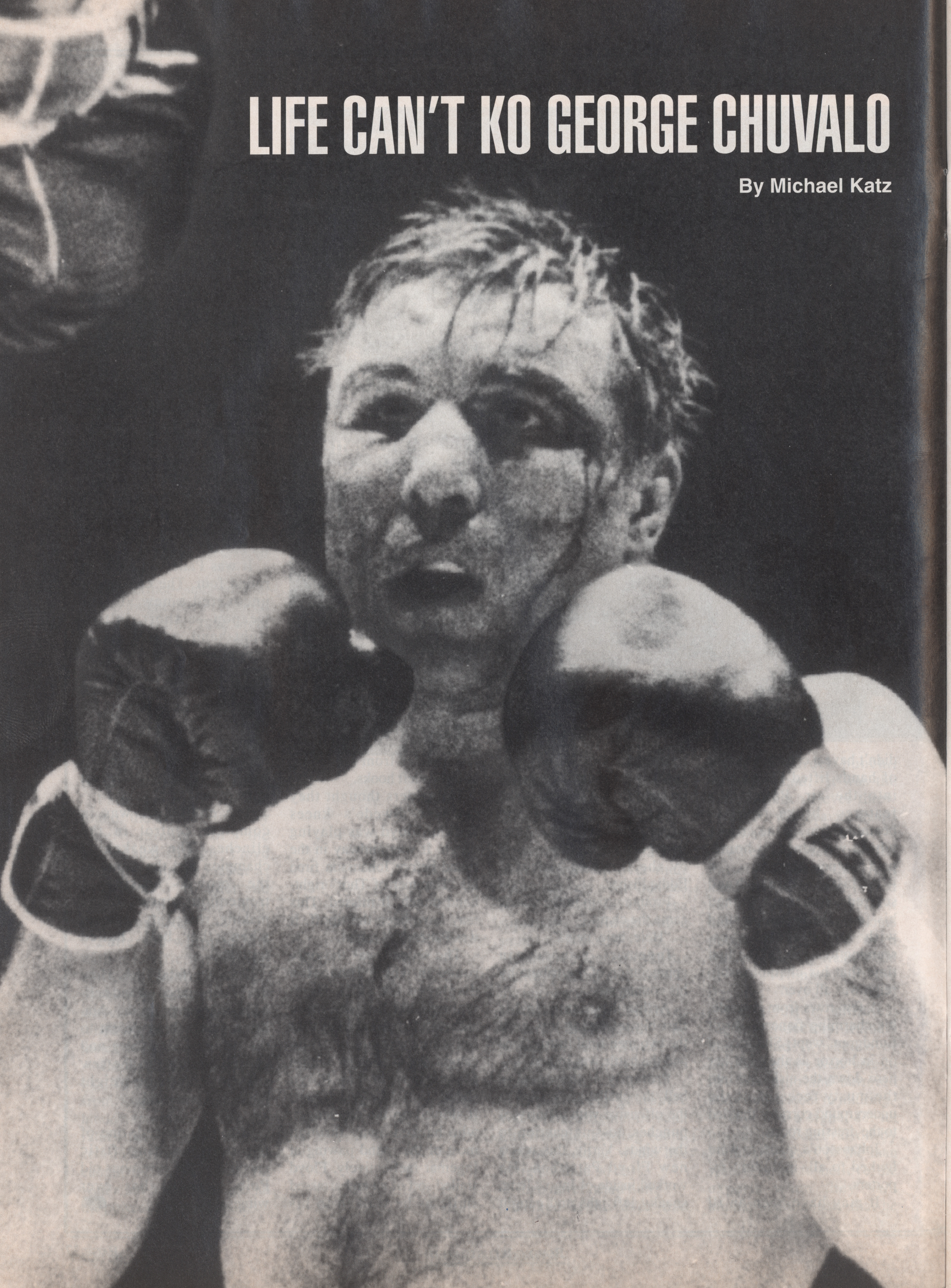
The challenger was in complete control in the clinches. The weakening champion lost the round as the crowd, sensing a tremendous upset in the making, roared its approval when the bell halted festivities.

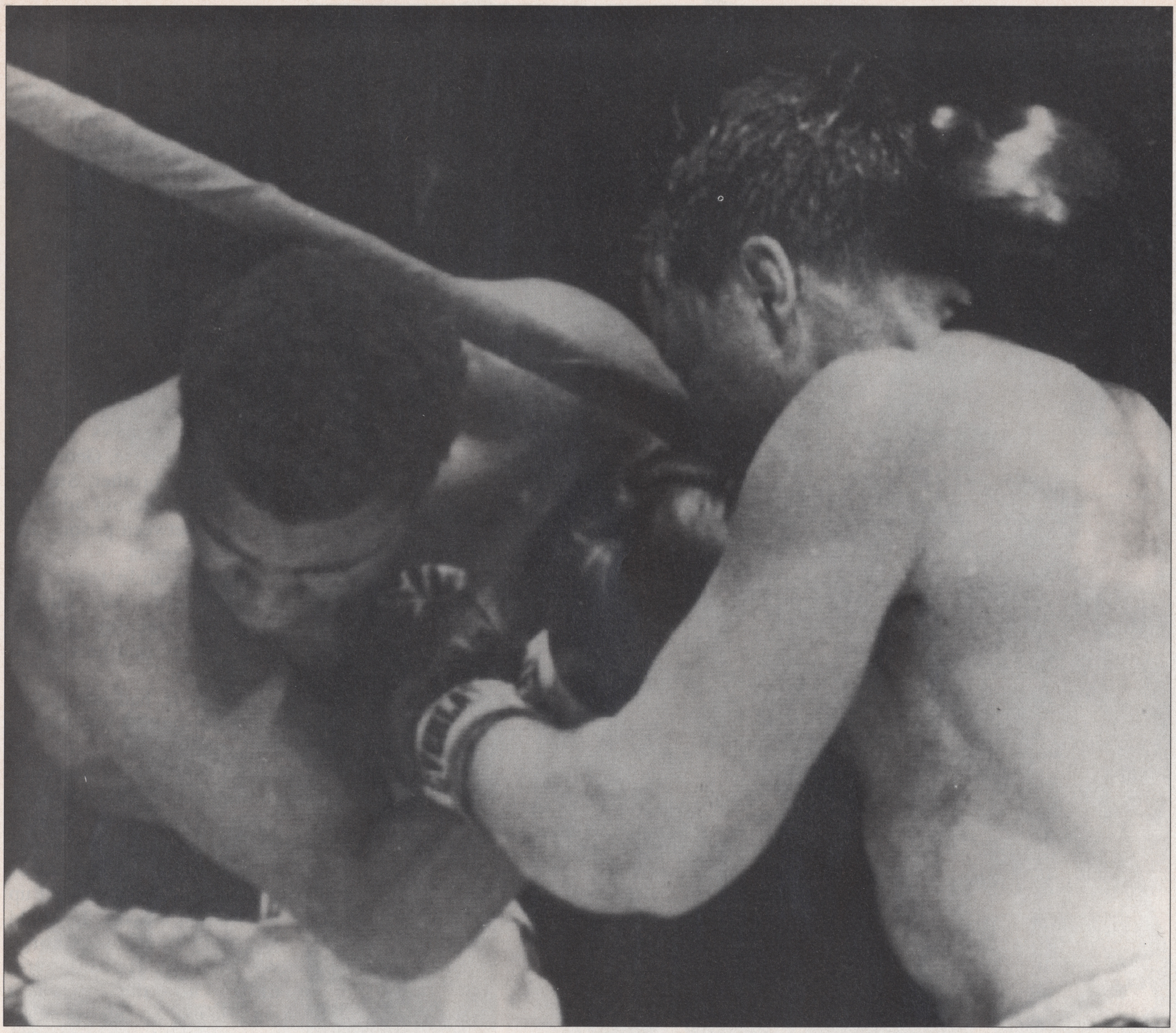
Then the fatal fifth. How the floor bounced up and belted poor Ingemar on the chin, bringing crushing defeat to the pride of Godeberg and glorious triumph to the new ruler of the heavyweight ranks, has been told.

And so it ended, one of the most exciting fistic encounters the cavernous old Polo Grounds has ever witnessed.

# LIFE CAN'T KO GEORGE CHUVALO

By Michael Katz





Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, on the same side for this mock fight, raised their fists to one of their favorite old targets. George Chuvalo did not flinch.

"Besides, it's in the contract they're not allowed to hit me," he said, the bushy mustache spreading wider than a punch-broadened nose. "It's also in the contract I'm not allowed to bleed on them."

He grinned again at kind of an *entente cordiale* that proved last month that most of the blood in boxing comes from the heart.

Chuvalo, the good-natured Canadian heavyweight champion for 21 years ("and 20 years after I'm dead," he once said, "I'll still be able to win the Canadian title"), has been doing more bleeding these days than he ever did in the ring. In 91 pro fights against the biggest and baddest—Ali, Frazier, George Foreman, Jerry Quarry, Floyd Patterson, Jimmy Elis—he was never knocked off his feet.

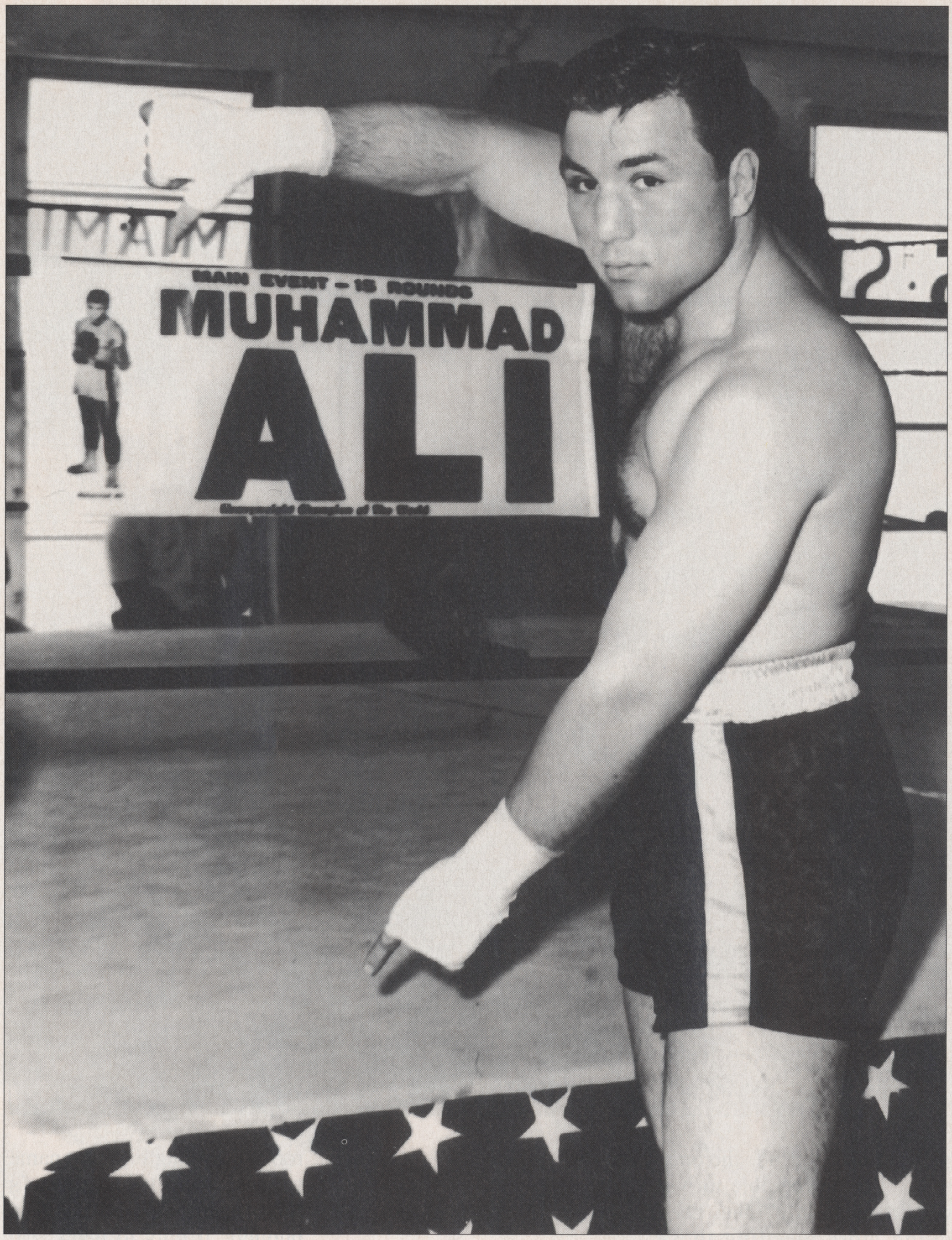
But then two sons committed suicide and his wife of 35 years swallowed a bottle of pills to join them, and suddenly the iron chin needed a lift. So there was Frazier calling him in Toronto after Lynne's death, telling the man whose left eye socket he broke, "Hang in there," and talking religion through the night.

There was Ali, who couldn't put him down in 27 rounds, lending his great name to a dinner in Chuvalo's honor, and actually speaking publicly, if only to thank 950 guests and apologize for not being able to say more. Chuvalo, the 56-year-old tough guy, didn't bother trying to wipe the tears.

"Crazy way to make friends, punching each other," Chuvalo said.

What could anyone say? Larry Merchant, the emcee of the Rochester boxing Hall of Fame Tribute to George Chuvalo, tried to quote Hemingway: "The best thing about men is we endure, we survive, we go on."

Chuvalo, the fighter, was endurance in the flesh. Now he seeks meanings in names and numbers, trying to put the




pieces together from a fractured life.

Ask one of Canada's most beloved athletes how he's doing:

"I don't know, it's like I'm being bumped this way, pushed that way, like I'm waiting for the dust to settle."

It started in 1985, seven years after he retired, back when he was doing well in real estate, before the market collapsed and left him virtually broke. The previous year, his son Jesse had been involved in a motorcycle accident. He was on Demerol, a morphine derivative, in the hospital, then on Tylenol 3 with codeine. It was not enough.

"He couldn't stand the pain anymore," said Chuvalo. "He was coming to me every night, 'Pops, I need something.'"

A friend offered help at a party. Heroin. Jesse was soon addicted. On February. 18, 1985, Chuvalo found his youngest son, the one he delivered himself on the car seat on the way to the hospital 20 years before, slumped dead, blood oozing from his mouth, the .22-caliber rifle on the floor.

George Jr., unable or unwilling to believe his eyes, called to his father: "Pop, Jesse's snoring."

Jesse was 20, George Jr. 22. Last Halloween, eight years after Jesse's death, about a month after Chuvalo helped raise funds for Buster Mathis' kidney dialysis, he was having lunch with his eldest son, Mitchell, an English teacher in a Toronto high school, when the wave rolled over him.

George Jr. was dead, too. They found a needle in his arm in a cheap Toronto hotel and it was ruled an overdose. The father knows it was suicide. Like Jesse, George Jr. and another brother, Steven, had become heroin addicts, shuttling between prisons and drug-care centers.

"George didn't get any help," said the father, bitterness creeping into his voice. "They said he's got to wait his turn."

George Jr. had just gotten out of prison and was headed back.

"It couldn't have happened in the States," Chuvalo said. "In the States, there are laws against entrapment, but not in Canada. George got out of prison and some guy went up to him and asked if he could get him some junk. George was shaking. He said, sure, didn't know the guy was a cop. He told Steve he couldn't do any more time in prison."

Four days after George's death, Lynne swallowed a bottle of pills and committed suicide, too.

"I heard her fumbling around in the room, when I got in, she was holding George's ashes," Chuvalo said. "She took something called Pioranal, I think. They didn't offer me any pills. Everyone thought I was so strong I didn't need them, not that I would have taken them."

But he began thinking suicide himself. how strong was he?

Strong? "His best punch was a left jaw to your right glove," Merchant wrote a long time ago.

Strong? "He'd cut off the ring so you could hit him and

**Clockwise, from upper left-hand corner: Chuvalo hugs Ali; greets Frazier; and plays with Ali; Emcee Larry Merchant greets guests; and Ali and publisher of *Boxing Illustrated* enter press conference for Chuvalo.**

Photos by Ken Wade

he could wear you down," Merchant told an audience of 950, including Willie Pep, Carmen Basilio and Hurricane Carter.

Chuvalo never got punched in Rochester, but the town lifted the guy who never went down.

Slowly, Chuvalo has started to pick himself up. There are other children: Mitchell, Vanessa (a college graduate in restaurant management) and Steven. There is his 90-year-old father. There are the kids—Steven's kids—Rachel, 12, and Jesse, 7.

Two months ago, he visited some high schools in Toronto, talked to the kids about drugs, how it can happen "to normal people."

"A motorcycle accident," he said. "Things happen. And I can tell them drugs are not cool, not exciting. George and Steve told me how they literally used to defecate in their pants when they were waiting to score. They'd go in the men's room, shoot up and then clean themselves. How exciting can it be to crap in your pants?"

He told the kids of what drugs did to him and his family, and the kids cry and they hug him.

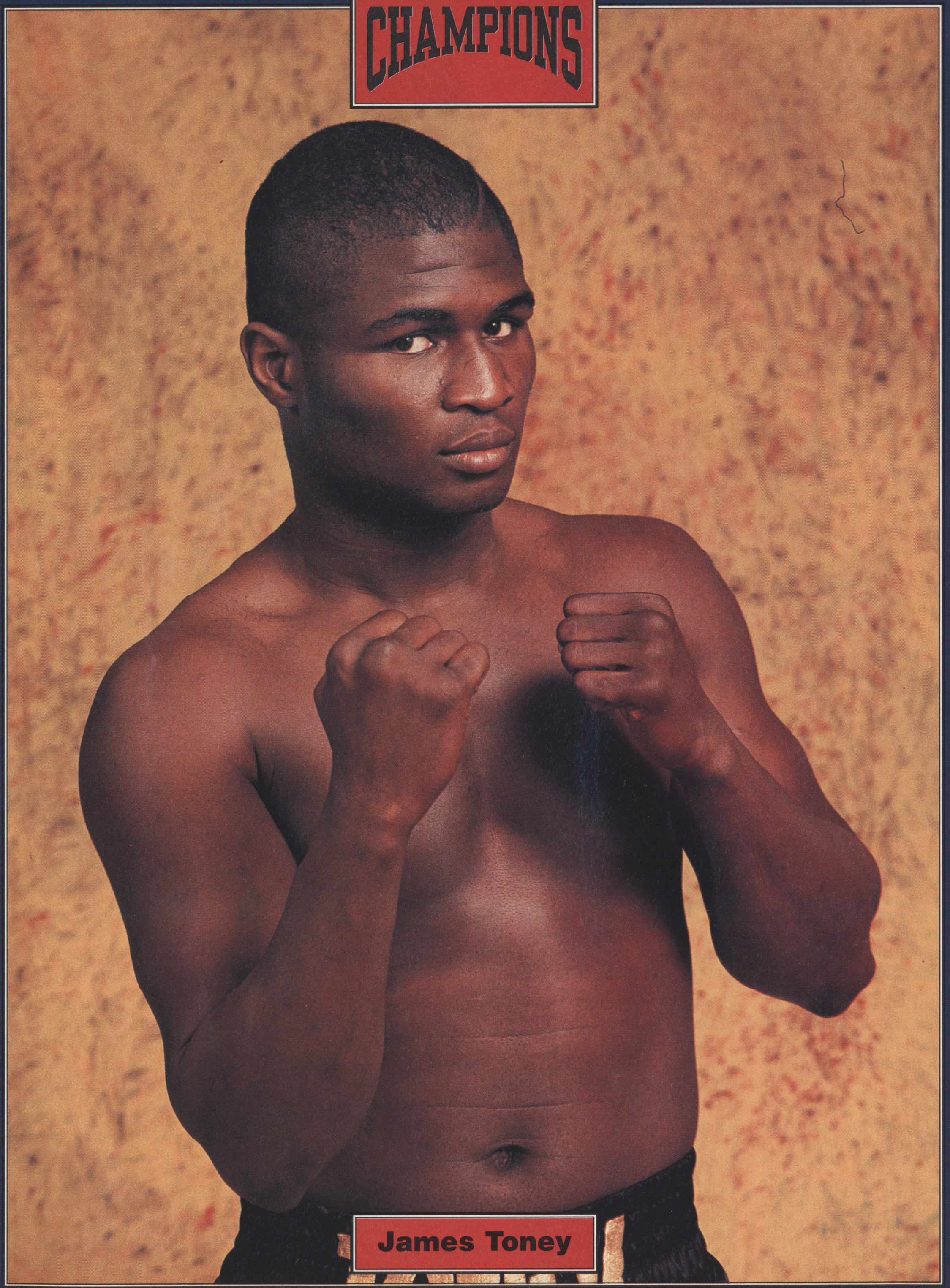
"I know I can do some good," he told Rochester. "I need to do something. I need it for therapy. I don't see what else I can do to have my sons and my wife not die in vain. My story has to be heard.

"I hope to save somebody, got to make a light switch go on in the head. Kids make a decision to do drugs, they're still straight. I can give them preventive medicine.

"I know I can make youngsters cry."

Anyone wishing to be remembered to George Chuvalo may send their contributions for George to: The Rochester Boxing Hall of Fame, 1313 Brookedge Drive, Hamlin, NY 14464.

# Gallery of CHAMPIONS



## James Toney

Poster by Tom Casino

BOXING ILLUSTRATED

# THE OFFICIAL BUDWEISER RATINGS

A Las Vegas judge, ruling that the WBA had acted capriciously in denying George Foreman an official sanction of his proposed bout with Michael Moorer, upheld a lower court ruling that the fight, like show biz, must "go on." Capricious? In the words of Al Jolson, "You ain't heard nothing yet." This lovable Venezuelan-based group, while seeming to be taking the high ground—claiming that Foreman is not ranked in its Top 10 and, because of his age, might get hurt—is, in reality, on low ground. Why? you ask. Because, if you rub lemon juice on their Top 10 you won't find the name of Riddick Bowe either. Their reasoning ? Inactivity. But someone in authority (an oxymoron) at the WBA has said that the reason Bowe wasn't rated was because Rock Newman, his manager, had said something "nasty" about the WBA.

Hell, this isn't about rating *managers*. It's all about rating *fighters*. And where did the First Amendment go? Oh, that's right, they're Venezuelan and don't have to put up with our Constitution nor pay their taxes here. Forget them and the tribute they demand for ratings—apparently Foreman was having none of it and paying even less—the Budweiser Ratings are done on the basis of performance and performance alone. And that's why they stand alone in a sea of muck and mire as the one shining light in a world populated by the likes of the WBA.

**—Bert Randolph Sugar**

BOXING ILLUSTRATED

# GENUINE

## HEAVYWEIGHTS (Over 190 lbs.)

**Champ: Michael Moorer**** *** 35–0–0 (30) . . (U.S.)
**1. Lennox Lewis*** 25–0–0 (21) . . . . . (U.K.)
**2. Riddick Bowe** 34–1–0 (29) . . . . . (U.S.)
**3. Frank Bruno** 37–4–0 (36) . . . . . (U.K.)
**4. Larry Holmes** 61–4–0 (40) . . . . . (U.S.)
**5. Herbie Hide** 26–0–0 (25) . . . . . (U.K.)
**6. Jorge Luis Gonzalez** 19–0–0 (18) . . . . . (Cuba)
**7. Tony Tucker** 51–2–0 (41) . . . . . (U.S.)
**8. Lionel Butler** 22–10–1 (17) . . . . . (U.S.)
**9. Nate Tubbs** 13–1–0 (12) . . . . . (U.S.)
**10. Alex Stewart** 33–5–0 (33) . . . . . (U.S.)
11. Corrie Sanders (S.A.), 12. Larry Donald (U.S.), 13. Tommy Morrison (U.S.), 14. Alexandre Zolkin (Russia), 15. Jeremy Williams (U.S.), 16. Ray Mercer (U.S.), 17. Joe Hipp (U.S.),18. Bruce Seldon (U.S.), 19. Oliver McCall (U.S.), 20. David Tua (N.Z.), 21. Henry Akinwande (U.K.), 22. Mike Hunter (U.S.), 23. Buster Mathis Jr. (U.S.), 24. Francois Botha (S.A.), 25. Phil Jackson (U.S.)

## JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHTS (190 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

**1. Alfred (Ice) Cole***** 25–1–0 (12) . . . . . (U.S.)
**2. Anaclet Wamba*** 43–2–1 (20) . . . . . (France)
**3. Orlin Norris**** 41–4–0 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)
**4. Nestor Giovannini** 33–7–3 (12) . . . . (Argentina)
**5. Thomas Hearns** 53–4–1 (42) . . . . . (U.S.)
**6. Norbert Ekassi** 21–4–1 (19) . . . . . (France)
**7. David Izeqwire** 16–0–0 (14) . . . . . (Nigeria)
**8. Markus Bott** 22–3–0 (15) . . . . . (Germany)
**9. Arthur Williams** 21–3–1 (16) . . . . . (U.S.)
**10. Sergei Kobozev** 18–0–0 (14) . . . . . (Russia)
11. Marcelo Figueroa (Arg.), 12. Akim Tafer (France), 13. Kenny Keene (U.S.), 14. Adolpho Washington (U.S.), 15. Bobby Czyz (U.S.), 16. James Warring (U.S.), 17. Carl Thompson (U.K.), 18. Jade Scott (U.S.), 19. Marc Randazzo (U.S.), 20. Przemyslaw Saleta (Poland), 21. Nate Miller (U.S.), 22. Andrew Maynard (U.S.), 23. Tyrone Booze (U.S.), 24. Robert Daniels (U.S.), 25. Dennis Andries (U.K.)

## LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS (175 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

**1. Henry Maske***** 24–0–0 (9) . . . . . (Germany)
**2. Virgil Hill**** 39–1–0 (20) . . . . . (U.S.)
**3. Mike McCallum*** 47–2–1 (35) . . . . . (U.S.)
**4. Dariusz Michalczewski** 23–0–0 (19) . (Germany)
**5. Jeff Harding** 23–2–0 (17) . . . . . (Australia)
**6. "Prince" Charles Williams** 36–6–2 (27) . (U.S.)
**7. Leeonzer Barber** 19–1–0 (12) . . . . . (U.S.)
**8. Egerton Marcus** 13–0–0 (10) . . . . . (U.S.)
**9. Fabrice Tiozzi** 28–1–0 (18) . . . . . (France)
**10. Frank Tate** 34–4–0 (20) . . . . . (U.S.)
11. Ernesto Magdaleno (U.S.), 12. Victor Cordoba (Panama), 13. Tim Hillie (U.S.), 14. Anthony Hembrick (U.S.), 15. Ernest Mateen (U.S.), 16. Thulani Malinga (S.A.), 17. Randall Yonker (U.S.), 18. Eddy Smulders (Netherlands), 19. Guy Waters (Australia), 20. Yawe Davis (U.S.), 21. Eric Nicoletta (France), 22. Ramzi Hassan (U.S.), 23. Garry Delaney (U.K.), 24. Montell Griffin (U.S.), 25. Maurice Core (U.K.)

Members of the Budweiser-Boxing Illustrated International Ratings panel rank 10 fighters, one through 10, in every one of the 16 weight classes. The ballots are then tabulated with 10 points awarded for a first-place vote, nine for a second, and so on. Fighters in each weight class are then ranked in terms of total points received. The result is a consensus of the worldwide boxing community–the true "official" ratings of the sport.

## SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS (168 lbs.)

**Champion: Frankie Liles**** 24–1–0 (16) . . . . (U.S.)
**1. James Toney***** 44–0–2 (29) . . . . . (U.S.)
**2. Michael Nunn** 42–2–0 (27) . . . . . (U.S.)
**3. Chris Eubank** 38–0–2 (18) . . . . . (U.K.)
**4. Nigel Benn*** 38–2–1 (32) . . . . . (U.K.)
**5. Vinny Pazienza** 36–5–1 (17) . . . . . (U.S.)
**6. Steve Little** 22–14–2 (5) . . . . . (U.S.)
**7. Tim Littles** 23–1–0 (14) . . . . . (U.S.)
**8. Henry Wharton** 17–1–1 (12) . . . . . (U.K.)
**9. Tony Thornton** 34–6–1 (24) . . . . . (U.S.)
**10. Antoine Byrd** 27–4–1 (13) . . . . . (U.S.)
11. Cornelius Carr (U.K.), 12. Frederic Seillier (France), 13. Graciano Rocchigiani (Germany), 14. Bruno Godoy (Arg.), 15. Cecil McKenzie (U.S.), 16. Mauro Galvano (Italy), 17. Ray Close (Ireland), 18. Juan C. Gimenez (Paraguay), 19. Vincenzo Nardiello (Italy), 20. Franck Nicotra (France), 21. James Cook (U.K.) 22. Etienne Obertan (France), 23. Hunter Clay (Nigeria) 24. John Jarvis (U.S.), 25. Merqui Sosa (U.S.)

## MIDDLEWEIGHTS (160 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

**1. Roy Jones Jr.***** 26–0–0 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)
**2. Gerald McClellan*** 31–2–0 (29) . . . . . (U.S.)
**3. John David Jackson**** 32–0–0 (18) . . . . . (U.S.)
**4. Steve Collins** 28–3–0 (16) . . . . . (Ire.)
**5. Bernard Hopkins** 25–2–0 (18) . . . . . (U.S.)
**6. Jorge Castro** 95–4–1 (66) . . . . . (Arg.)
**7. Reggie Johnson** 34–4–1 (21) . . . . . (U.S.)
**8. Chris Pyatt** 42–3–0 (32) . . . . . (U.K.)
**9. Quincy Taylor** 23–3–0 (19) . . . . . (U.S.)
**10. Joe Lipsey Jr.** 23–0–0 (18) . . . . . (U.S.)
11. Lamar Parks (U.S), 12. Dana Rosenblatt (U.S.), 13. Lonnie Bradley (U.S.), 14. Julian Jackson (V.I.), 15. Agostino Cardamone (Italy), 16. Thomas Tate (U.S.), 17. Otis Grant (Canada), 18. Tyrone Trice (U.S.), 19. Ruben Cabral (Argentina), 20. Eduardo (Lalo) Gutierrez (Mexico), 21. Neville Brown (U.K.), 22. Roberto Duran (Panama), 23. David Tiberi (U.S.), 24. Percy Harris (U.S.), 25. Joe Gatti (U.S.)

## JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS (154 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

**1. Terry Norris*** 38–4–0 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)
**2. Simon Brown** 41–3–0 (31) . . . . . (U.S.)
**3. Julio C. Vasquez**** 51–1–0 (35) . . . (Argentina)
**4. Gianfranco Rosi***** 57–3–1 (17) . . . . . (Italy)
**5. Julio C. Green** 18–1–0 (14) . . . . . (U.S.)
**6. Verno Phillips** 23–4–1 (13) . . . . . (U.S.)
**7. Javier Castillejos** 33–2–0 (21) . . . . . (Spain)
**8. Tony Marshall** 16–3–4 (4) . . . . . (U.S.)
**9. Aaron Davis** 38–2–0 (24) . . . . . (U.S.)
**10. Troy Waters** 21–4–0 (15) . . . . . (Australia)
11. Lonnie Beasley (U.S.), 12. Darrin Morris (U.S.), 13. Leo Young (Australia), 14. Bernard Razzano (France), 15. Stephen Martinez (U.S.), 16. Robert McCracken (U.K.), 17. Ron Wright (U.S.), 18. Paul Vaden (U.S.), 19. John Montes (U.S.), 20. Carl Daniels (U.S.), 21. Bronco McKart (U.S.), 22. Lloyd Honeyghan (U.K.), 23. Raul Marquez (U.S.), 24. Jaime Llanes (U.S.) 25. Sergio Machado (Arg.)

# BOXI

## THE BOXING ILLUSTRAT
## POUND–FO

**1. James Toney, Super Middle**
**2. Pernell Whitaker, Welter**
**3. Roy Jones Jr., Middle**
**4. Orlando Canizales, Bantam**
**5. Buddy McGirt, Welte**

11. Gerald McClellan, Middle; 12. Yuri Arbachakov, Fly; 1
Felix Trinidad, Welter; 16. Simon Brown, Jr. Middle; 17. Jo
19. Kevin Kelley, Feather; 20. Oscar De La Hoya, Light.

## OFFICIAL RATINGS AS

## WELTERWEIGHTS (147 lbs.)

**Champion: Pernell Whitaker*** 33–1–1 (15) . . . (U.S.)
**1. James (Buddy) McGirt** 64–3–1 (44) . . . . . (U.S.)
**2. Felix Trinidad***** 23–0–0 (19) . . . . . (P.R.)
**3. Ike Quartey**** 26–0–0 (22) . . . . . (Ghana)
**4. Ramon Campas** 56–0–0 (50) . . . . . (Mexico)
**5. Crisanto Espana** 30–1–0 (25) . . . . . (Vez.)
**6. Meldrick Taylor** 33–3–1 (19) . . . . . (U.S.)
**7. David Gonzales** 39–3–1 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)
**8. Manning Galloway** 50–12–1 (10) . . . . . (U.S.)
**9. Hector Camacho** 46–2–0 (19) . . . . . (P.R.)
**10. Oba Carr** 31–0–0 (19) . . . . . (U.S.)
11. Roger Mayweather (U.S.), 12. Santos Cardona (P.R.), 13. Eamonn Loughran (Ireland), 14. Wilfredo Rivera (P.R.), 15. Roger Turner (U.S.), 16. Kenny Gould (U.S.), 17. Gary Jacobs (U.K.), 18. Larry Barnes (U.S.), 19. Anthony Stephens (U.S.), 20. Derrell Coley (U.S.), 21. Rene Herrera (Mexico), 22. Anthony Jones (U.S.), 23. Jose Luis Lopez (Mexico), 24. Jung–Oh Park (Korea), 25. Andrew Murray (Guyana)

## JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS (140 lbs.)

**Champion: Julio Cesar Chavez*** 90–1–1 (74) (Mexico)
**1. Zack Padilla** 22–1–1 (14) . . . . . (U.S.)
**2. Frankie Randall** 48–3–1 (36) . . . . . (U.S.)
**3. Juan Martin Coggi**** 72–2–2 (45) . . (Argentina)
**4. Jake Rodriguez***** 25–2–2 (6) . . . . . (U.S.)
**5. Joey Gamache** 35–1–0 (21) . . . . . (U.S.)
**6. Kostya Tszyu** 12–0–0 (9) . . . . . (Australia)
**7. David Kamau** 23–0–0 (18) . . . . . (U.S.)
**8. Tony Lopez** 45–4–1 (33) . . . . . (U.S.)
**9. Charles Murray** 33–2–0 (19) . . . . . (U.S.)
**10. Gert Bo Jacobsen** 39–3–0 (26) . . . . . (Denmark)
11. Rodney Moore (U.S.), 12. Hector Lopez (Mexico), 13. Khalid Rahilou (France), 14. Ray Oliveira (U.S.), 15. Ross Hale (U.K.),16. Valery Kayumba (France), 17. Carlos Gonzalez (Mexico), 18. Darryl Tyson (U.S.), 19. Hugo Pineda (Colombia), 20. Pedro Sanchez (D.R.), 21. Greg Haugen (U.S.), 22. Morris East (Philippines), 23. Angel Hernandez (P.R.), 24. Christian Merle (France), 25. Andy Holligan (U.K.)

# er. Ratings

ING ILLUSTRATED

## ED-BUD PANEL'S TOP 20
## OR-POUND

6. **Julio C. Chavez, Jr. Welter**
7. **Terry Norris, Jr. Middle**
8. **Humberto Gonzalez, Jr. Fly**
9. **Michael Carbajal, Jr. Fly**
10. **Lennox Lewis, Heavy**

3. Riddick Bowe, Heavy; 14. Ricardo Lopez, Mini Fly; 15. hn David Jackson, Middle; 18. Miguel A. Gonzalez, Light;

## OF AUGUST 21, 1994

### LIGHTWEIGHTS (135 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

1. **Miguel A. Gonzalez*** 34–0–0 (28) . . . . (Mexico)
2. **Oscar De La Hoya** 14–0–0 (13) . . . . . (U.S.)
3. **Rafael Ruelas***** 41–1–0 (32) . . . . . (U.S.)
4. **Orzubek Nazarov**** 19–0–0 (14) . . . . . (Russia)
5. **Fred Pendleton** 35–19–4 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)
6. **Jorge Paez** 46–6–4 (30) . . . . . (Mexico)
7. **Leavander Johnson** 22–1–1 (18) . . . . . (U.S.)
8. **Giovanni Parisi** 28–1–0 (21) . . . . . (Italy)
9. **Carl Griffith** 28–3–2 (12) . . . . . (U.S.)
10. **Dingaan Thobela** 29–3–1 (16) . . . . . (S.A.)

11. Steve Johnston (U.S.), 12. Racheed Lawal (Denmark), 13. Billy Schwer (U.K.), 14. Fabian Tejeda (Arg.), 15. Johnny Montantesz (U.S.), 16. Sharmba Mitchell (U.S.), 17. Ramon Marchena (Mexico), 18. Jean Baptiste Mendy (France), 19. Miguel Julio (Colombia), 20. Wilfrido Rocha (Colombia), 21. Philip Holiday (S.A.), 22. Shane Mosley (U.S.), 23. Ricardo Silva (Arg.), 24. David Sample (U.S.), 25. Nicolas Cervera (Colombia)

### JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS (130 lbs.)

**Champion: Jesse James Leija*** 28–0–2 (13) . (U.S.)

1. **Genaro Hernandez**** 30–0–1 (15) . . . . (Mexico)
2. **Juan Molina***** 35–3–0 (25) . . . . . (P.R.)
3. **Gabriel Ruelas** 32–1–0 (22) . . . . . (U.S.)
4. **Azumah Nelson** 37–3–2 (26) . . . . . (Ghana)
5. **Jimmi Bredahl** 16–1–0 (5) . . . . . (Denmark)
6. **Arturo Gatti** 18–1–0 (16) . . . . . (U.S.)
7. **Victor Hugo Paz** 41–1–1 (15) . . . . . (Argentina)
8. **Calvin Grove** 46–5–0 (17) . . . . . (U.S.)
9. **Eugene Speed** 24–1–1 (18) . . . . . (U.S.)
10. **Regilio Tuur** 35–3–1 (25) . . . . . (Netherlands)

11. Ed Hopson (U.S.), 12. Jesus Rodriguez (Mexico), 13. Jacobin Yoma (France), 14. Jimmy Garcia (Colombia), 15. Fred Liberatore (U.S.), 16. Aldrich Johnson (Trinidad), 17. Tony Pep (Canada), 18. Gregorio Vargas (Mexico), 19. Manuel Medina (Mexico), 20. Wilson Rodriguez (Spain), 21. Anatoli Alexandrov (Russia), 22. Carlos Hernandez (U.S.), 23. Dietau Molefyane (S.A.), 24. Renato Cornett (Aus.), 25. Yong–Soo Choi (Korea)

### FEATHERWEIGHTS (126 lbs.)

**Champion: Eloy Rojas**** 28–1–1 (24) . . . . . (Vez.)

1. **Kevin Kelley*** 39–0–0 (27) . . . . . (U.S.)
2. **Tom Johnson***** 36–2–1 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)
3. **Louie Espinoza** 47–6–2 (39) . . . . . (U.S.)
4. **Yung–Kyun Park** 26–2–1 (14) . . . . . (Korea)
5. **Steve Robinson** 18–9–1 (10) . . . . . (U.K.)
6. **Francisco (Pancho) Segura** 25–6–1 (11) . (U.S.)
7. **Alejandro Gonzalez** 33–2–0 (24) . . . . . (Mexico)
8. **Ever Beleno** 26–1–0 (24) . . . . . (Colombia)
9. **Tony Green** 23–3–1 (15) . . . . . (U.S.)
10. **Cesar Soto** 39–5–2 (32) . . . . . (Mexico)

11. Orlando Soto (Panama), 12. Rudy Zavala (U.S.), 13. Stefano Zoff (Italy), 14. Hector Lizarraga (Mexico), 15. Miguel Arrozal (Philippines), 16. Nobutoshi Hiranaka (Japan), 17. Paul Hodkinson (U.K.), 18. Stephane Haccoun (France), 19. Tsuyoshi Harada (Japan), 20. Claudio Martinet (Arg.), 21. Freddy Cruz (D.R.), 22. Duke McKenzie (U.K.), 23. Louie Leija (U.S.), 24. Jose Vida Ramos (D.R.), 25. Samart Payakaroon (Thai.)

### JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS (122 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

1. **Tracy Harris Patterson*** 50–2–1 (36) . . . . (U.S.)
2. **Wilfredo Vasquez**** 41–6–4 (32) . . . . . (P.R.)
3. **Vuyani Bungu***** 24–2–0 (17) . . . . . (S.A.)
4. **Kennedy McKinney** 28–1–1 (17) . . . . . (U.S.)
5. **Jesus Salud** 48–6–0 (26) . . . . . (U.S.)
6. **Junior Jones** 33–1–0 (22) . . . . . (U.S.)
7. **Jesse Benavides** 37–4–1 (25) . . . . . (U.S.)
8. **Welcome Ncita** 32–2–0 (15) . . . . . (S.A.)
9. **Julio Gervacio** 28–3–1 (21) . . . . . (D.R.)
10. **Eddie Croft** 19–1–1 (8) . . . . . (U.S.)

11. Daniel Zaragoza (Mexico), 12. Daniel Jimenez (P.R.), 13. Sergio Liendo (Arg.), 14. Jose Badillo (P.R.), 15. Hector Acero (D.R.), 16. Jose (Pepillo) Valdez (Mexico), 17. Frankie Toledo (U.S.), 18. Nestor Farias (Arg.), 19. Johnny Vasquez (U.S.), 20. Orlando Fernandez (P.R.), 21. Reynaldo Hurtado (Colombia), 22. Maui Diaz (U.S.), 23. Richard Duran (U.S.), 24. Agapito Sanchez (U.S.), 25. Yong–Woon Park (Korea)

### BANTAMWEIGHTS (118 lbs.)

**Championship Vacant**

1. **Orlando Canizales***** 37–1–1 (28) . . . . . (U.S.)
2. **Alfred Kotey** 17–0–0 (12) . . . . . (Ghana)
3. **Daorung Chuvatana**** 52–4–1 (30) . . (Thailand)
4. **John Michael Johnson** 18–5–0 (14) . . . . . (U.S.)
5. **Jorge Eliecer Julio** 27–1–0 (22) . . . . (Colombia)
6. **Yasuei Yakushiji*** 22–2–1 (16) . . . . . (Japan)
7. **Rafael Del Valle** 15–1–0 (10) . . . . . (P.R.)
8. **Marco A. Barrera** 32–0–0 (22) . . . . . (Mexico)
9. **Wayne McCullough** 13–0–0 (11) . . . . . (U.S.)
10. **Victor Rabanales** 37–13–2 (19) . . . . . (Mexico)

11. Cuauhtemoc Gomez (Mexico), 12. Jung–Il Byun (Korea), 13. Armando Salazar (Mexico), 14. Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (Japan), 15. Eddie Cook (U.S.), 16. Gerardo Martinez (U.S.), 17. Greg Richardson (U.S.), 18. Roberto Moran (Arg.), 19. Ernie Cataluna (Phil.), 20. Ricardo Vargas (Mexico), 21. Naseem Hamed (U.K.), 22. Sergio Reyes (U.S.), 23. Harold Maestre (Colombia), 24. Yong–Hoon Lee (Korea), 25. Vincenzo Belcastro (Italy)

### JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS (115 lbs.)

**Champion: Hiroshi Kawashima*** 15–2–1 (12). (Japan)

1. **Julio C. Borboa***** 22–4–0 (21) . . . . . (U.S.)
2. **Johnny Tapia** 26–0–1 (16) . . . . . (U.S.)
3. **Jose Luis Bueno** 24–4–1 (17) . . . . . (Mexico)
4. **Sung–Kil Moon** 20–2–0 (15) . . . . . (Korea)
5. **Johnni Bredahl** 19–0–0 (8) . . . . . (Denmark)
6. **Katsuya Onizuka**** 24–0–0 (17) . . . . . (Japan)
7. **Thalerngsak Sithboabey** 33–4–0 (17) (Thailand)
8. **Nana Yaw Konadu** 22–2–1 (17) . . . . . (Ghana)
9. **Joel Luna Zarate** 22–1–0 (19) . . . . . (Mexico)
10. **Cecilio Espino** 27–3–1 (23) . . . . . (U.S.)

11. Carlos Salazar (Arg.), 12. Gerry Penalosa (Phil.), 13. Torsak Pongsupa (Thai.), 14. Satoshi Iida (Japan), 15. Domingo Sosa (D.R.), 16. In–Sik Koh (Korea), 17. Hyung–Chul Lee (Korea), 18. Raynante Jamili (Phil.), 19. Noel Cogollo (Colombia), 20. Bernardo Mendoza (Chile), 21. Alejandro Montiel (Mex.) 22. Adrian Ochoa (Argentina), 23. Harold Grey (Colombia), 24. Carlos Mercado (Colombia), 25. In–Joo Cho (Korea)

### FLYWEIGHTS (112 lbs.)

**Champion: Yuri Arbachakov*** 19–0–0 (15) . (Russia)

1. **Phichit Sitbangprachan***** 20–0–0 (15) . (Thai.)
2. **Saen Sow Ploenchit**** 19–0–0 (5) . . . . . (Thai.)
3. **Jake Matlala** 39–10–1 (20) . . . . . (S.A.)
4. **Ysaias Zamudio** 36–4–1 (12) . . . . . (U.S.)
5. **David Griman** 19–2–0 (12) . . . . . (Vez.)
6. **Mark Johnson** 20–1–0 (12) . . . . . (U.S.)
7. **Aquiles Guzman** 8–6–2 (5) . . . . . (Vez.)
8. **Jose Luis Zepeda** 23–11–2 (19) . . . . . (U.S.)
9. **Hiroki Ioka** 25–4–1 (13) . . . . . (Japan)
10. **Miguel Martinez** 28–6–1 (21) . . . . . (Mexico)

11. Danny Romero (U.S.), 12. Hugo Soto (Arg.), 13. Robbie Regan (U.K.), 14. Oscar Arciniega (Mexico), 15. Danny Nunez (D.R.), 16. Jesus Rojas (Vez.), 17. Alberto Jimenez (Mexico), 18. Luigi Camputaro (Italy), 19. Akihiro Okada (Japan), 20. Arthur Johnson (U.S.), 21. Scotty Olson (U.S.), 22. Chatchai Sasakul (Thai.), 23. Francisco Tejedor (Colombia), 24. Nam–Hoon Cha (Korea),25. Enrique Orozco (Mexico)

### JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS (108 lbs.)

**Champ: Humberto Gonzalez*** *** 38–2–0 (27) (Mex.)

1. **Michael Carbajal** 33–1–0 (20) . . . . . (U.S.)
2. **Ricardo Lopez** 36–0–0 (26) . . . . . (Mexico)
3. **Ratanapol Sow Voraphin** 19–2–1 (14) . . (Thai.)
4. **Chana Porpaoin** 30–0–0 (13) . . . . . (Thai.)
5. **Rafael (Leo) Gamez**** 26–3–1 (18) . . . . . (Vez.)
6. **Hi–Yong Choi** 14–1–0 (7) . . . . . (Korea)
7. **Ala Villamor** 24–1–1 (22) . . . . . (Phil.)
8. **Hideyuki Ohashi** 19–5–0 (12) . . . . . (Japan)
9. **Phalan Lukmingkwan** 22–2–1 (10) . . . . . (Thai.)
10. **Alex Sanchez** 15–0–0 (12) . . . . . (P.R.)

11. Josue Camacho (P.R.), 12. Eric Griffin (U.S.), 13. Jesus Chong (Mexico), 14. Melchor Cob Castro (Mexico), 15. Miguel A. Granados (Mexico), 16. Young–Soon Chang (Korea), 17. Jesus Herrera (D.R./U.S.), 18. Yuichi Hosono (Japan), 19. Juan D. Cordoba (Arg.), 20. Toto Pow Pongsawang (Thai.), 21. Rocky Lin (Japan), 22. Roger Espanola (Phil.), 23. Kwang–Sun Kim (Korea), 24. Carlos Rodriguez (Vez.), 25. Juan Herrera (Colombia)

* WBC Champion
** WBA Champion
*** IBF Champion

(Records after fighter's name are expressed as wins-losses-draws (KO's))

# GE
# ING
# NE

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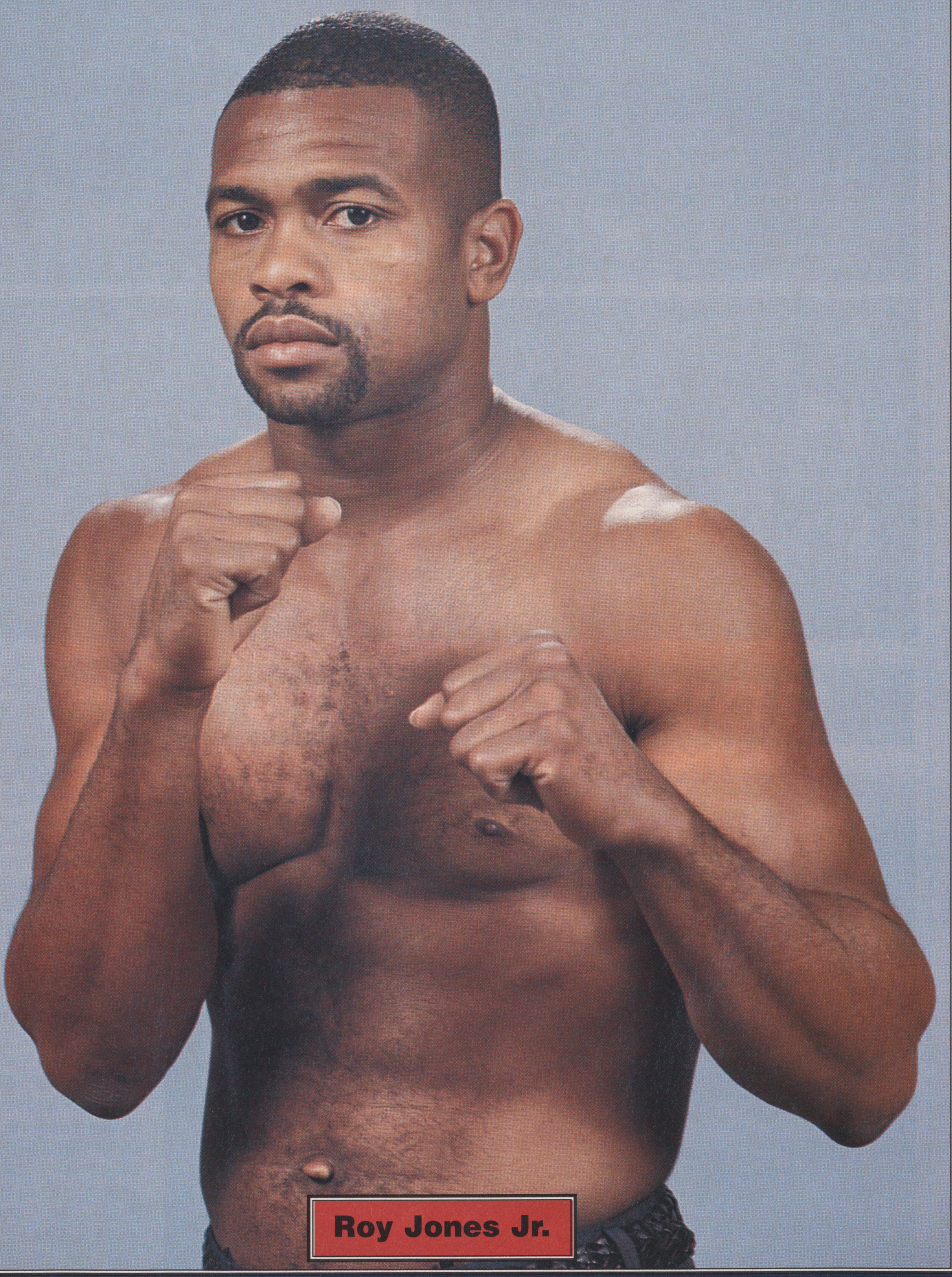
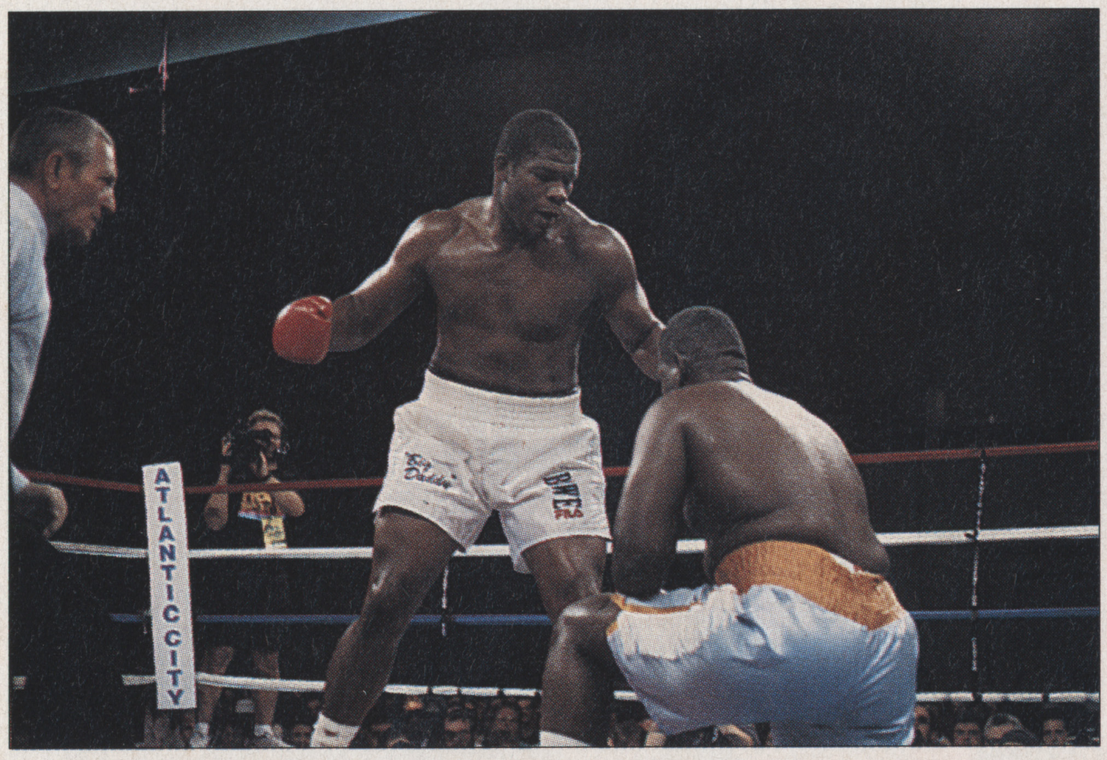
# Gallery of CHAMPIONS

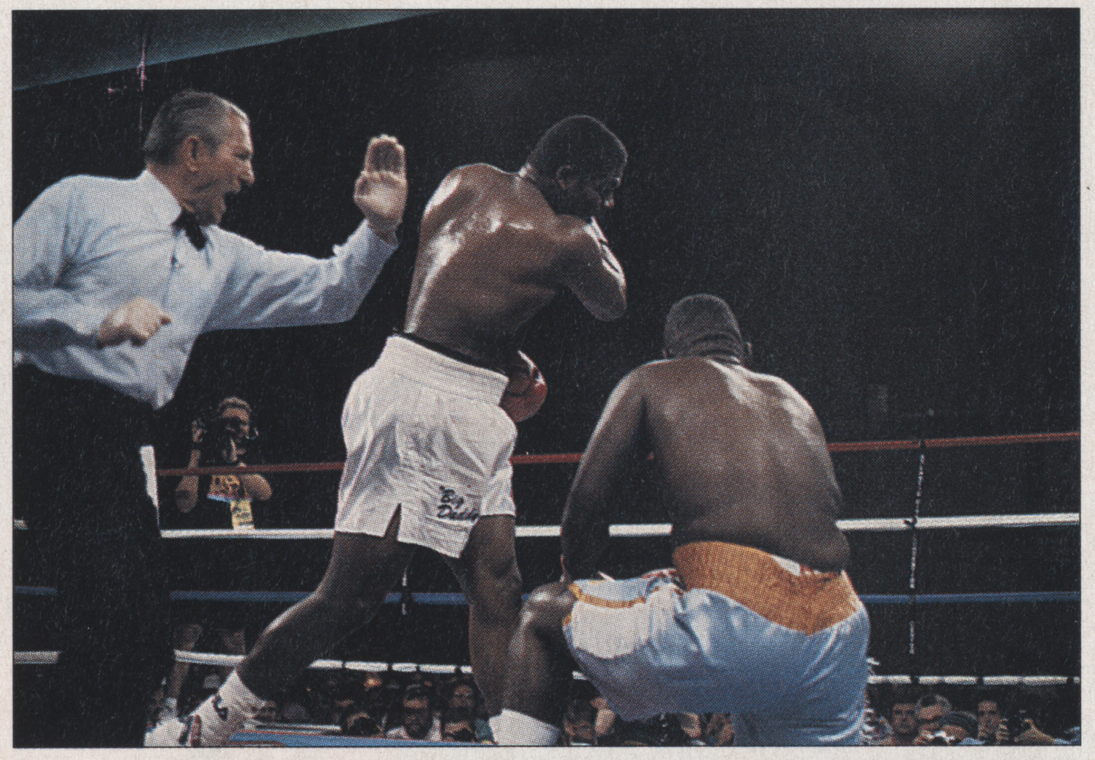


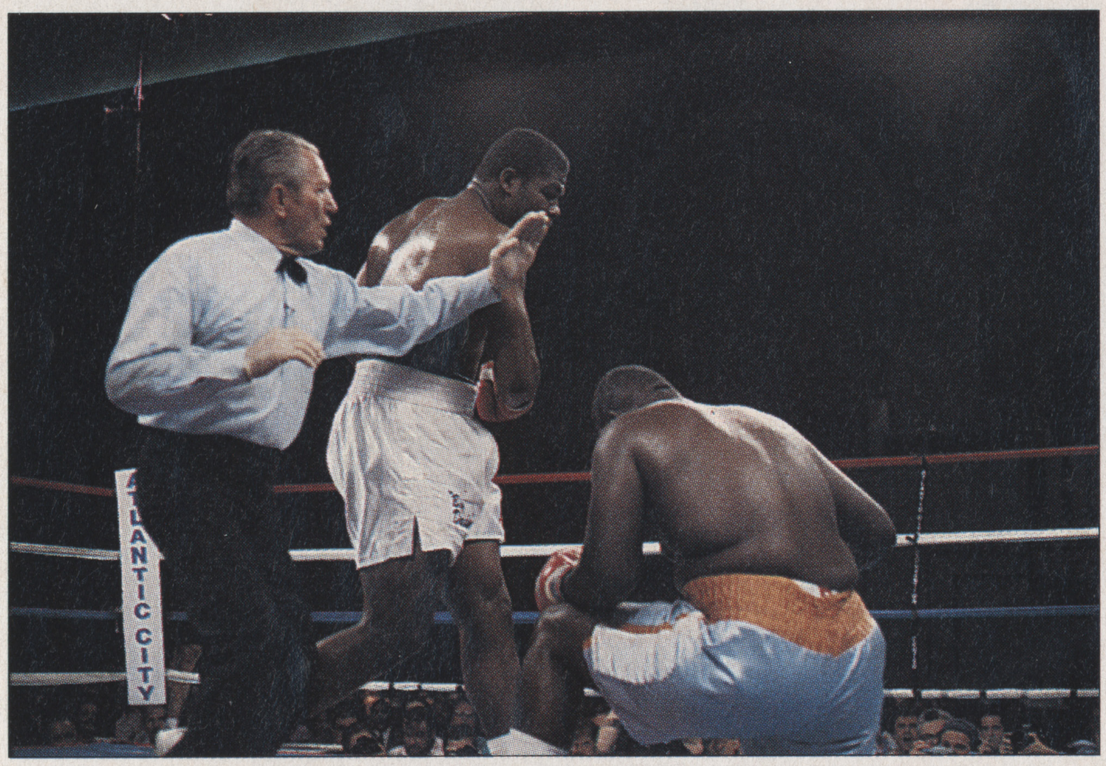
**Roy Jones Jr.**

POSTER BY TOM CASINO

BOXING ILLUSTRATED

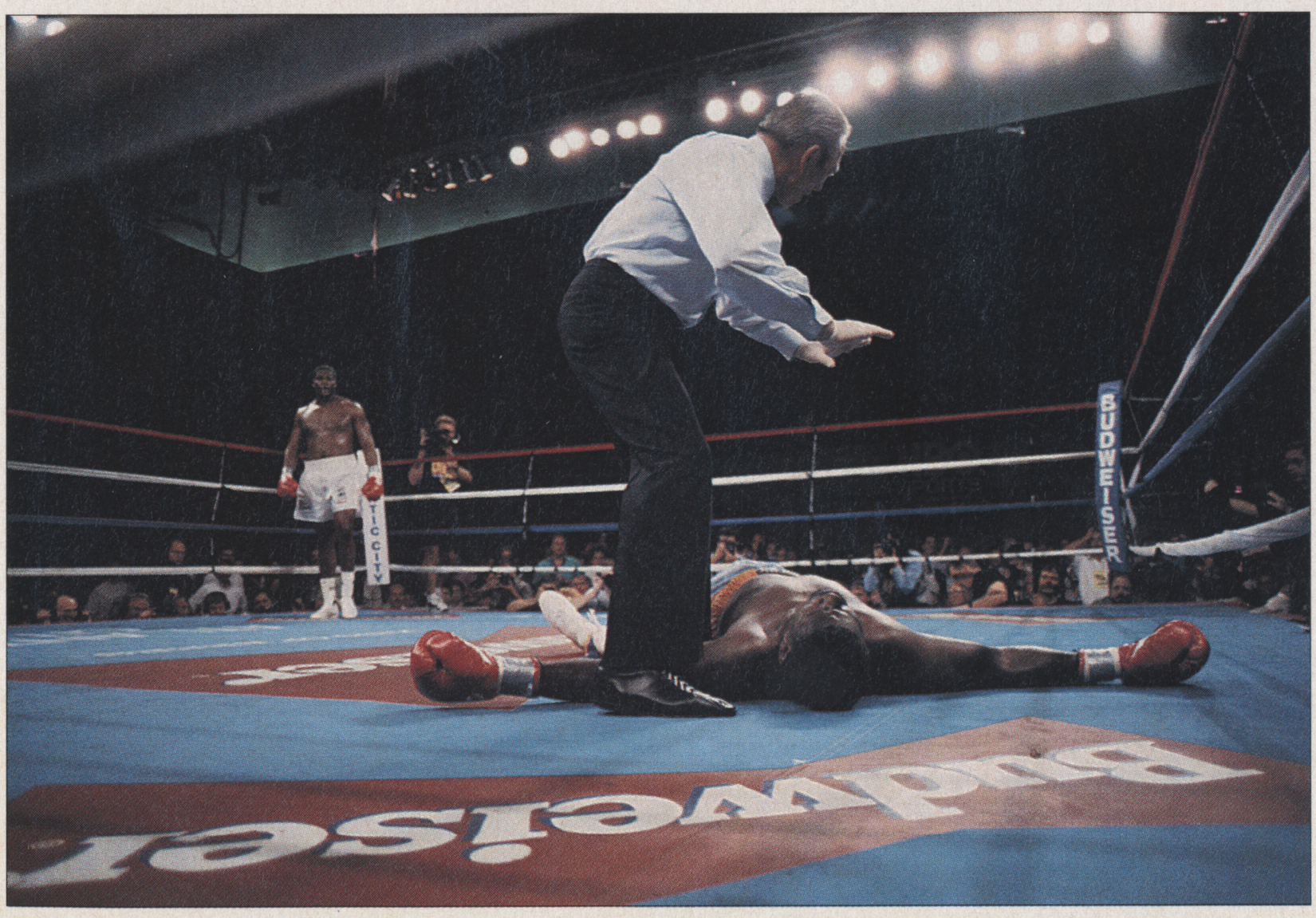




Photos by Tom Casino/HBO

# BOWE-MATHIS




For once I got a pre-fight prediction right; trouble is so did all the other media soothsayers. The universal vote called this one a no-contest. Little did we realize how right we would be. The official result of the Riddick Bowe-Buster Mathis Jr. ten rounder, was a NO CONTEST ruling at 2:11 of round four. All bets were off, of course, and the pool was refunded.

"Big Daddy," a hefty 247, was returning to the ring after a nine-month layoff—his longest as a pro. That fact didn't muster no-never-mind with the oddsmakers. The former heavyweight champion's opposition tonight would be the aforementioned Mathis, a 224 1/4 lb. feather-duster (only 3 KOs out of 14 wins), whose major claim to fame is that his own big daddy (6'3", about 245-260)

lost to both Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali.

The uncommon ending (for Mathis, this was his second NC, the other being being a loss to Mike "The Bounty" Hunter that was voided), came when an-already downed (on one knee) Mathis took a latent right hand from Bowe that deposited him flat on his back, whereupon the fight was initially ruled a KO win for Bowe by referee Arthur Mercante Sr.—the same ref who oversaw the Frazier-Mathis bout that helped open (I was there) the present Madison Square Garden for boxing back in March of 1968.

After a midring powwow that included Mercante, Larry Hazzard Sr. and two other Jersey athletic control board members, the official NC decision was reached. This didn't sit quite squarely with the fans, many of whom felt that Mathis was clearly taken advantage of in his vulnerable one-knee-to-the-canvas position. This Solomon-like verdict was reached even though Bowe—who has a yellow sheet of previous ring misdeeds and follies (see Elijah Tillary, Conroy Nelson, Tony Tubbs, Pierre Coetzee and Holyfield), including late hits—was charged on this occasion with an "intentional foul." The ruling took into account that there are degrees of intentional fouls and since Riddick was well ahead at that point (we'll get to the fight itself in just a bit), it would have been deemed inappropriate for Bowe to lose on a disqualification. As of this writing, a fine was also being considered, maybe $10,000. Does Buster get that money?

My opinion? This removed and unofficial voice would have declared Mathis the winner by DQing Bowe. Reasons? A) If Riddick was so clearly ahead (it was a shutout after three completed rounds), then why should he have to resort to such a tactic? His defense was that it was done "in the heat of action" and that since Buster himself had earlier stated that he would try to make himself even shorter (Bowe 6'5", Mathis 6') by ducking down, "I felt that he was just doing a Pernell Whitaker dip." Fair enough, I guess. But then you also have to consider that Riddick has a history of such borderline "in the heat of action" misadventures that he had gotten away with. A previous offender, if you will.

Also, it appears by the evidence of slow-motion replay that the left hook thrown by Bowe, which supposedly put Mathis to the canvas, was a shot that actually grazed the top of his head, pausing long enough on its journey to push downward on the neck area of Buster, thus causing him to "give" under the pressure and go down to one knee. Therefore, the "knockdown" of Mathis was bogus and could/should have been ruled as such. This would have compounded the error of his ways, thus adding more weight to a possible guilty verdict against Bowe. And with it, a victory for the plaintiff. Mathis, however, indicated that he was willing to take the eight count in order to clear his head, not mentioning anything about being "forced" to the canvas.

B) The time that elapsed between the "knockdown" left hook and the "knockout" right cross was somewhere between "One Mississippi" and "Two Mississippis." While maybe not overtly premeditated, the last blow was at least somewhere in the neighborhood of Flagrant Street and Thoughtless Avenue. Bowe, as we have said, has been down these same mean streets before and knows the back alleys well. The time has arrived to clean up those streets. To clean boxing's own backyard, what better way than to focus on the highly visible "Big Daddy"?

This crime of hitting a man while he is down has gone unpunished (much) too often. The referees and commissions (New Jersey is far from the worst offender) often fail to enforce the rules as they are stated in the book, but will fight to the death to have the boxers touch gloves before the start of the first and last round. Please show me *that* regulation!

Bowe is high-profile material and this was on HBO. Wouldn't it have been a perfect time to say, hey! we're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore?—and show other boxers that if we can DQ a Riddick Bowe for such an infraction then maybe the average leather-pusher out there will get the message that he too must behave? But, it's the little guy, as usual, who will be employed as the scapegoat in a meaningless match. If Jersey plays hardball with the likes of Riddick Bowe, could that possibly jeopardize future big-money matches for the Garden State?

Larry Hazzard, who is the point man for the state athletic control board, is a tough, yet fair-minded head hancho. He could have been the leader in the fistic integrity clubhouse by declaring Mathis the winner. Hazzard and Company made what they felt was a fair and equitable decision. They have a vested interest in the state of boxing in their state. I am just a non-vested sideline viewer who obviously can take the holier-than-thou route; it's so much easier for me to say hang `em. Their call allows Riddick to keep his shot at Lewis and a chance to win back the WBC HW belt that he and manager Rock Newman once deposited in a trash dumpster. The Lennox reps at the arena felt that tonight's call would more than likely only reduce Bowe's end of the purse. Putting this incident aside, Lewis-Bowe is THE heavyweight fight and it has to be made in order to give boxing at least some credibility with the lukewarm public.

As for the 11:11 fight itself, Mathis didn't use what he said was his best weapon: quantity punching. Buster obviously was put off by the sheer size of Bowe. The longer-armed Riddick proved too tall a task for the normally up-close and busy-handed pudgy Buster. He had to play ring-around-the-ring, dodging and ducking his way to safety as Bowe either pawed, slapped or shot the jab, all the while looking for the rapid-fire right hand follow-up.

Mathis was losing ground fast. And he knew it. The fourth round saw him move to the inside and for just a moment or two he was fairly successful with scoring volleys. These, however, only provoked Bowe's wrath. Annoyed by the pest-like landings of Mathis, Riddick slammed home a right that jarred his prey. This was the beginning of the end. Mathis was under seige, eventually going down in combination from the weight of Riddick's left forearm and his own thoughts of taking an eight-count breather. Then came THE PUNCH.

While Bowe now gets punched into the Sicklerville computer as 34-1, 29 KOs, with 1 NC, preserving his near-certain match with Lennox, the Mathis Fight Fax, Inc. entry will read, 14-0, 3KOs, 2 NCs. He also got his biggest payday ever (do I hear $250,000?), the crowd sympathy and a good chance of an immediate return. And HBO got the first "No Contest" on its record.

—Jack Obermayer

## CONNECTICUT

▲ **LEDYARD—Foxwoods Casino**—I was less than exhausted going into the most recent fight card at the Foxwoods Casino. This was a result of the fight's involved. I was asking myself, "Is Bronco McKart good enough to headline an internationally televised fight?" The answer was yes.

McKart, 154, Monroe, MI, showed great skill in dismantling Alain Bonnamie, 154, Montreal, Canada, to capture the highly-regarded WBC. International Jr. Middleweight belt.

Bronco easily won the first round, making it look easy by boxing circles around the Canadian. Caution was thrown to the wind after the first, and the two fighters went toe-to-toe the rest of the way. McKart was slightly wobbled in the third, but showed great recuperative power. The fourth was the turning point in the fight. A large cut was opened by McKart over Bonnamie's left eye. It looked as though the cut was a result of a butt, but it was ruled to be from a punch. In the fifth and sixth rounds McKart targeted the cut, turning Bonnamie's face into a pool of blood.

On the advice of the doctor, ref Arthur Mercante Sr. called a halt to the bout after the sixth round. McKart, 19-1, 12 KOs, showed he has power, boxing skills and good inside fighting skills. He will definitely be a comer in the near future.

In the first bout, heavyweight prospect, Daniel Dancuta, 242, Romania, dished out a beating to journeyman Jerry Jones, 234, Dale City, Virginia. Dancutta knocked down his foe three times throughout the fight, one of which came when he nailed Jones with a big right hand that sent him to the canvas as the bell sounded for the end of the fight. Although the KO was stolen by the bell, Dancuta still chalked one more for the win column. The final tallies were: 80-70; 79-71; 79-69. Dancuta now stands at 12-2, 8 KO's, his only losses coming to Larry Donald and Tony Tubbs. Jones falls to 9-9, 5 KO's.

Middleweight prospect Joseph Kiwanuka, 159, Las Vegas, Nevada, took on Nate Woods, 160, Hartford. Not much to write about here. Kiwanuka punished Woods until he felled him for the count at the 2:39 mark of the first. Kiwanuka remains undefeated at 16-0-2 12 KOs; Woods falls to 6-6, 5 KOs.

Streaking featherweight Sean Fletcher, 126, Virginia Beach, Virginia, took on Angel Gonzales, 126, Hartford, in a rematch. Why there was a need to do this again was beyond me, Gonzales clearly losing their first encounter last May 10. Fletcher, 5-0, 3 KOs, punished Gonzales, 11-15-1, 6 KOs, sending him to the canvas in the second and finally putting him away at 2:20 of the fourth round.

Crowd favorite Tommy "The Bomb" Galipeau, 172, Woonsocket, RI, took on Glen Bernett, 168, Boston MA, in a grossly one-sided affair. Galipeau, 10-2, 5 KOs, peppered Bernett, 11-9, 4 KOs with numerous right hands. He knocked him down in the first and again in the third before the bout was mercifully called to a halt following the third.

Jackie Kallen, who manages both McKart and Kiwanuka, is interested in having more of her fighters fight at Foxwoods, which is great news for New England boxing fans.

Promoter—Bobby Jones
Ring Announcer—Jimmy Lennon Jr.
Attendance—app. 1450 (out of 1896 possible)
Television - Prime Network
At Ringside—Ted "Dr. TKO." Panagiotis
(07/21/94)

## FLORIDA

▲ **MIAMI—Jai Alai**—Danny "Bazooka" Nunez failed to stop Julio Acevedo, but he administered a thorough thrashing to him over the course of their 10-round main event. Acevedo (4-10-1), 112, Puerto Rico, was a last-minute replacement for Kiki Rojas, who was injured during training. Acevedo had been stopped in each of his last two fights.

As usual, Nunez's big weapon was a stinging left hook which he sometimes uses to the exclusion of the right hand. Nunez, 112, Miami, made this fight, such as it was; he disdained the jab for lunging shots seemingly thrown from the soles of his feet. Acevedo had no intention of trading with Nunez, so he spent as much time as possible moving away from Nunez's power. Things got so dull that in the seventh and eighth rounds referee Juan Arias urged Acevedo to fight. Acevedo showed a little spark in the ninth round, but Nunez quickly extinguished it with a flurry of punches. At one point, Nunez faded back against the ring ropes and when Acevedo followed him, Nunez planted a perfect, albeit not powerful, left hook on Acevedo's chin. Nunez (25-2) closed the fight strongly en route to winning scores of 100-90 (twice) and 100-91.

Pepe Sauli, 145 3/4, Coral Gables, stopped Rafael Rodriguez, 141, Homestead, when Rodriguez failed to answer the bell to start the third round of the scheduled eight-round bout. Sauli dropped Rodriguez early in the opening frame, but Rodriguez, a ring wiseguy if ever there was one, fought back hard and weathered Sauli's blistering body attack. Sauli, 12-0 (9), continued his left-hook assault on Rodriguez's body in.the second round and again sent him to the canvas, this time with a bodyshot. Rodriguez, 3-20, survived the round, but he was absorbing a tremendous beating. Between the second and third rounds, Rodriguez's corner stopped the fight with Rodriguez complaining of an injured jaw. However, ringside physician Dr. Rodriguez-Acosta told *Boxing Illustrated*, "he complains about pain in the face, but the pain is here (gesturing to Rodriguez' midsection)." Rodriguez was absent from the ring for almost three and one-half years. The absence apparently did not help him; he is 0-3 since returning to action in February 1994.

Angel Chacon, 125, Puerto Rico, shut out (60-54 on all three cards) Juan "Tomato Man" Cruz, 123 1/2, Florida City, but you couldn't tell that from Cruz's behavior. Cruz's boxing style and demeanor is best described as that of a frenetic pest on amphetamines. He cannot box, but he is as gritty and quirky as they come. And he's a helluva lot of fun to watch. For example, in the second round, after Chacon landed a left/right combination, Cruz just stood in front of him, moving his head back and forth like a chicken on speed. Chacon watched him for a few seconds, then popped him in the head with a stiff jab. It was like watching a comedy duo, with Chacon playing the unwitting straight man to Cruz's sight gags. In the fourth round, Cruz responded to a battering by Chacon by throwing his arms into the air to show that he was not hurt. And when the final bell sounded, Cruz celebrated as if he'd won.

Leonardo Mas, 141, Miami, captured an easy six-round unanimous decison win over Angel Vargas, 148, Puerto Rico. Mas (12-0) simply was too quick for Vargas (12-15), but the wily veteran made Mas work hard to hit him. Mas won by scores of 60-54 (twice) and 58-56.

Crawford Grimsley, 237, Ft. Lauderdale, won as expected against A.W. Muhammad, 221, Smyrna, Georgia, but Muhammad surprisingly gave Grimsely something to think about before he exited the ring. Grimsely, a former kickboxer, was 3-0 coming into the fight, having stopped each of his previous opponents in less than one round. Muhammad, 1-11, landed a left/right combination within the opening minute in an effort to keep the ever-advancing Grimsley away from him. Grimseley pressured Muhammad, but a counter right stung Grimsley and a left/right combination caused his legs to sag, if only for a moment. Grimsley regained his composure and dropped Muhammad on his back with a straight right hand. The 39-year-old Muhammad grabbed the ring ropes in an effort to pull himself up, but he fell back to the canvas to take the full count.

Fernando Martinez, 123 1/4, Homestead, improved to 4-0 with a four-round unanimous decision over Pedro Ayala (0-1-1), 124 1/4, Orlando. This was a good action bout, but Martinez wore down Ayala with his relentless aggression and non-stop barrage of leather.

Gerald Mitchell, 225, Daytona Beach, made short work of perennial loser Bruce Johnson, 198, Cleveland, stopping Johnson with a left hook to the body at 1:53 of the first round; scheduled for six. Mitchell improved to 9-1 (8); Johnson is 9-28-1 and has been stopped in each of his last seven fights.

Promoter—Carmen Zabala
matchamker—Felix Zabala
Judges—Ric Bays, Fran Boyd, Bil Ray, Al Wilensky
Referees—Bill Connors, Juan Arias
At Ringside—Ken Knox
(06/11/94)

## MARYLAND

▲ **WOODLAWN—Martin's West**—In a contrast of styles, the dancing, quick-footed Richard "Too Slick" McGill, 145, Lima, Ohio, outlasted heavy-punching Wade Duncan, 146, Baltimore, for an eight-round split-decision victory. In the main event to this modest club sho., Duncan (11-2-2, 10 KOs) and the crowd looked for the KO, while McGill ducked into range only long enough to score quick points.

Duncan appeared in the driver's seat during the middle rounds, knocking McGill down in the fourth, and leaving him with a cut over his right eye. In the later rounds, sensing Duncan's constant barrage was winding down, "Too Slick" remained just out of harm's reach. And Duncan repeatedly missed the ducking and weaving McGill.

"It's like training a thoroughbred to run," McGill said after his victory. "My trainer tells me to do just that." The strategy worked for McGill. The judges scored 77-74 (twice) for McGill, 76-75 (once) for Duncan.

In a rematch of a bout one month earlier, Andrew Council, 172, Lanover, Md., repeated his decision over Aaron McLaurine, 179, Lima, Ohio, in the eight round co-main event. Once again, the judges were split. Despite twice losing points for low blows—in the third and fifth rounds—Council mustered just enough energy to dominate each round. McLaurine held on, but was unable to score frequently enough to win more than a couple rounds. It was an admirable fight, and the crowd enjoyed itself.

Leo Schumacher scored the fight 78-72 for Council, while Bill Holmes had it closer at 76-74. Larry Barrett was the lone McLaurine dissenter.

Kenny Blackston, 151, Baltimore, must have had other things to do, because he certainly didn't waste any time in the ring with Alphonso Dyer, 151, Washington, D.C. Maybe it was Dyer who had other business to which to attend. he certainly fell hard and fast to the canvas. At 2:28 of the first, Blackston dropped his opponent. To say Dyer fell like a ton of bricks would be using a tired cliche. A more-apt description would be to say he fell like the proverbial safe on Wile E. Coyote's head. The fight was scheduled for six rounds.

The anticipated welterweight battle between Jeff Passero, 147, Crofton, Md., and Matt Phillips, 147, Easton, Pa., didn't exactly pan out. Idle conjecture before the bout anticipated a bloody brawl of six rounds between two experienced fighters. Phillips started strong, pleasing his boisterous legion of fans who had made the long trek from upstate, by chasing Passero around the ring, preventing the favorite from settling into a rhythm. But the excitement didn't last past the initial round. To start the second, Passero caught Phillips across the left temple. And it was over. At 38 seconds into the second, referee Karl Milligan stopped the fight, much to the dismay of an irate Phillips, who conveyed his displeasure by pushing Milligan. The referee held steadfast to his decision. "I saw his eyes roll back in his head. That was it," Milligan said.

In just his second professonal fight, Junius Newton, 125, Washington, D.C., stretched his perfect record to two with a second-round TKO of Terry Smith, 126, Baltimore, at the 1:59 mark of the second, Newton looked anything but a rookie as he rendered Smith—previously undefeated—powerless. The fight was scheduled for four rounds.

Courtney Butler, 175, Baltimore, scored a unanimous decision win over Roy Payne, 170, Temple Hills, Md., in a four-round bout. Butler dominated in a listless fight. Judge Jodi Wingfield scored 39-37 for Butler; Leo Schumacher had it 40-36; and Larry Barrett saw the match 39-36.

In the opener, Alan Watts, 165, Landover, Md., scored a TKO at 1:52 of the third round over Walter Linkins, 165, Laurel, Md., when ringside physician Darrell Gray stopped the scheduled four-rounder.

Promote—Baltimore Professional bouts, Inc. (Stu Satosky)
Matchmakers—Stu Satosky, harold Moore
Referees and Judges—Larry Barrett, Karl Milligan, Leo Schumacher, Glen Hurst, Ray Klingmeyer, Jodi Wingfield, Bill HOlmes
Announcer—Fred Schubach
At Ringside—Chris Heun
(06/9/94)

## MASSACHUSETTS

▲ **LOWELL — Sheraton Inn** — While the rest of the country was watching O.J. Simpson's final stand, Lowell junior welterweight Mickey Ward stepped into the ring for the first time in 2 1/2 years and posted a fourth-round knockout over Luis Castillo of New York, N.Y in a scheduled 10-rounder.

Ward, 144, stayed at close range, against the 146-pound Castillo, punishing his body for the entire fight. In the fourth round, Ward switched to southpaw and delivered a right to Castillo's solar plexus, sending the New Yorker to his knees. Referee Mike Ryan reached the count of 10 at 2:31.

In the mid-and late-'80s, Ward (22-7, 15 KOs) was a regular on ESPN's Top Rank Boxing. His 1986 battle with John Rafuse was one of the more exciting fight's in the network's history. On his way to the top, however, his right hand was broken by a Lowell Police officer's nightstick outside a local watering hole and he was never the same since.

After his last fight in the summer of 1991, Ward worked as a prison guard and as a steamroller operator for a paving company. The time off, he said, helped give his hand some much-needed rest. "My hand is still tender, but not like before," said the 29-year-old Ward. "The hands feel great."

After the fight, Ryan said that Castillo told him that he had never been hit to the body as hard as Ward hit him. "I wanted to get his respect right away," said Ward. "The kid can take a good head shot but I knew he was wearing down."

Like the last time he was in Lowell, Chelsea middleweight George Heckley gave the crowd its money's worth, surviving some early punishment and a bloody nose to stop Malden's Glen Burnett at 2:43 of round five in a scheduled six. Heckley, 161, had the only knockdown of the fight in the first round, when he tagged Burnett, 166, just hard enough to get his right glove to touch the canvas. Up to that point, Burnett was winning the round with some good, stiff jabs to Heckley's face. Like in Holyfield-Moorer, a semi-good case could be made for giving the round to Burnett. In the third round, a cut began to open around Burnett's left eye. By the fifth, the eye was almost completely shut. After the doctor examined the eye, referee Bob Benoit stopped the fight.

Jake Gagliardi, the promoter's son, celebrated his 24th birthday with a first-round knockout over Domingo Olivera, 146, of Hartford. Gagliardi, 155, of Medford, improved to 5-0 (all knockouts) with the time of the stoppage at 2:04. With no amateur background, Gagliardi has shown a fair amount of improvement since his first fight in January. Knocking down the southpaw Olivera twice, first with a jab, then with a body punch, Gagliardi showed a lot more discipline than in his earlier outings.

Former amateur standout Anthony Cristodulo, 136, of Syracuse, stopped William Guzman, 136, of Hartford at 2:58 of round two of a scheduled four. Cristodulo put Guzman down with a low blow in the first round and sent him to the canvas with more legal shots three times in the second. After seven unanswered punches, Guzman went down to stay in the second.

Rochester, N.Y. heavyweight Milledge Bryant, 220, scored his third first-round knockout, stopping Kevin Wilson, 225, at 1:46. Wilson, a light heavyweight with 50 pounds of dead weight, went down on the third punch of the fight, a left hook. Later, Bryant put him down a second time, this time for good, when Ryan counted him out. Bryant improved to 3-1.

The evening started off with Rochester's Greg Mason, 148, stopping Springfield's Mike Harris in the first round at 1:48. Harris, 148, spent much of the round grabbing Mason's leg. Claiming an asthma attack, Harris quit in his corner. The Mass. state commission elected to withhold his purse pending investigation.

While Harris said he has asthma, nobody was quite sure what B.J. Holbrook, another Springfield fighter's excuse was. Against Cranston, R.I.'s Ray Healy, 171, Holbrook twice turned his back on Healy in the first round, wanting to quit. Benoit, however, would not stop the fight, instead ordering Holbrook, 167, to keep fighting. Holbrook did take one legitimate shot—a left hook at the bell to end round one—but he went back into his shell in the second. After realizing that Holbrook, was insistent upon quitting, Benoit stopped the fight, giving Healy the second-round TKO. The commission also decided to hold up Holbrook's purse pending investigation.

Promoter—John Gagliardi
Referees—Bob Benoit, Mike Ryan
Judges—Ryan, Benoit, Jim Kaslowski, Peter Monaker
Ring Announcer—Jim Tuberosa
At Ringside—Steve Tobey
(06/17/94)

▲ **MALDEN - MacDonald Stadium**—On the road again. Jowett-Boy and I, that is. A quick late lunch at The Main Street diner in downtown Plainville, CT. fuels both our bellies and our classic diner desires. First of back-to-back new towns (see my Springfield report) for yours truly.

The Dog Days of August officially end on this date, so the evening brought a pleasant calming sky to the outdoor proceedings; a calm broken only by the cheers of the nearly 4,000 who pushed forward to get a better glimpse of their hometown hero, Dana Rosenblatt.

The homefield of the Malden Tornado High School football team was a festive sight. With the M.B.T.A trains passing by just high and outside the property, passengers were able to sneak a peek throughout the eight-bout, 4 1/2 hour (7:05 to 11:35) mini-marathon held on the 50-yard line.

The featured bout naturally featured Dana. At 159 lbs, he was defending not only his undefeated (20-0, 16 KOs) record, but the New England middleweight title as well. His opponent was Jacques LeBlance, 160, of nearby Waltham, with a record of 22-8-2, 5 KOs. Never mind that Jacques was really a French Canadian and that he had never won in area rings (going 0-2 in New England rings), he was a live foe. And one who had never been stopped, having been in the ring with Roberto Duran and Vinny Paz. The huge press kit sang praises about the 22-year-old Rosenblatt, yet another in a long line of Jewish boxers, and how he was destained for stardom. Maybe.

Sure enough, the faithful went home happy when Dana notched another win this time posting a ten-round unanimous decision; he deserved it. Scores: alternate referee Paul Casey had it 97-94; Leo Garstel saw it at 98-94, while Ed Marchand tallied a 98-93. The *BI* card read 97-93. The referee was Bob Benoit. There were no knockdowns, and even though Dana received a cut right eye in the fifth round that demanded some post-fight medical attention, it was nothing too serious.

Early on in the contest, LeBlanc had enough guile and ointment to confuse his slower-footed leftie foe. Dana seemed surprised by Jacques' counter punching abilities, but stayed the course in pursuit until he took command in the later rounds—*BI* giving him the final four stanzas. It was more a case of the fresher (Dana is always well prepared physically) and physically-stronger fighter taking charge.

Afterward, LeBlanc felt cheated. He thought he won by boiling it down to the basics: "I hit him, he missed me," adding that, "He

(Rosenblatt) telegraphed too much his punch," as he defended himself in his rather substantial French Canadian accident. He may have made Dana look bad in spots, but the spots didn't cover the entire canvas of time. Said the victor, "You learn a lot going ten rounds with a guy like that. I'm only 22 and I have plenty of time. I'm a work-in-progress."

Edwin Santana, 130, Lawrence, pumped out his third decision win over southpaw Danny Mason, 130, Belmont, NH, in defense of his NE 130-lb. title. The swift Santana, 16-0-2, 4 KOs, used his pesky attack to ring up a virtual shutout (100-92, and 10-90 twice) ten-round victory over the ruggedly slow Mason, now 9-7-1, 2 KOs, who had his four-bout winning string broken. Edwin's two previous wins over Danny were of the six-round variety. No knockdowns. Ref: Casey.

Billy Irwin, 137, New Foundland, Ontario, went to 9-0, 6 KOs, with a clinical W-8U win over rock-tough loser Manny Santiago, now 3-25, 1 KO, 134, Haverhill. It just had to be a white-wash—no scores were announced. Irwin placed his punches properly, but then again the concrete speed of Santiago may have made him an easy target. Ref: Benoit.

Visitor Ron Presto, 188, Pittsburgh, received the support of the crowd after the decision was announced following his tango with the rangy Rich LaMontagne, 185, Everett. Despite flooring his opponent in the third and fifth, Preston had to settle for a six-round split draw. Preston, now 4-7-1, 2 KOs, used a pressing attack, featuring a zooming left hook. Putting the knockdowns aside, LaMontagne used his reach to his advantage in boxing Preston, therefore *BI* didn't have a quarrel with the outcome. Scores Benoit had it 57-56 for Preston; Garstel, 58-56 for Richard; while *BI* agreed with the 57-57 card of Marchand. LaMontagne slides to 7-0-1, 5 KOs. Ref: Casey. (P.S. I confess that I had to rely on Jowett-Boy for a majority of this portion of my report; a post-fight Rosenblatt-LeBlanc interview took me away from ringside.)

Ray Healy, 170, Providence, now 9-1-1, 6 KOs, and still only 19, jabbed and moved his way to a W-6U win over Carlos DeJesus, 169, Taunton. No knockdowns; no scores given. Did I hear shutout? This was a rematch of a previous Healy decision win. DeJesus completes the troika of the tough guy losers on tonight's card (see Mason and Santiago), falling to 7-9, 3 KOs. Healy kept his left low to lure DeJesus in, but Carlos was too slow to even think about it, getting clocked by any number of right hands, especially in round four. Ref: Benoit.

Rick Weeks, 222, Somervile, went to 2-0, 2 KOs, with a KO-1 (0:51), over debuting (DOB: 10-9-68), Dick Smith, 212, Hartford. One knockdown of the worse-than-novice Smith, who took a 9-1/2 count after being hurt by a right cross, and then dumped by a left hook. Ref: Casey. Set for four.

Bobby Harris, the 210 lb. Worcester heavyweight hopeful, improved to 9-0, 5 KOs, with a TKO-4 (2:20) win (set for six), over Butch Kelly, 205, Baltimore. The used-up Kelly, now 8-17, 5 KOs, and the loser of six in a row, has become nothing more than a human punching bag. Harris, not in the least a power puncher, swatted the crude, crowding and dipping Kelly with everything he had. After he received a S8C in the fifth, followed by another in the sixth, referee Benoit called matters to a halt.

The scheduled four rounder between southpaw Marcus Davis, 138, Somerville, and Joe LeRoux, 136, Belmont, NH, ended in a technical draw after just one round—LeDoux suffering an early-round cut left eye due to an inadvertent clash of heads and was not allowed to come out for the second session. Davis, now 4-0-1, 3 KOs, looked superior during the three minutes of action. LeDoux, now 2-0-1, 2 KOs, was just a rugged sort who was falling victim to the Davis edge in hand speed. Ref: Casey.

Promoter—Goodwin A.C. & The Golden Tornado Club.
Matchmaker—Al Valenti
Ticket Prices - From $15.00 up to $10.00
Crowd—Nearly all of the close to 4,000 were paid. the event was staged to try and raise funds to pay off the debt incurred in putting up new locker room facilities at the stadium.
Television—Various area cable outlets on a tape delay setup.
At Ringside—Jack "No Free Room Tonight" Obermayer
(08/11/94)

▲ **PLYMOUTH—Memorial Hall—**Add another new town to my menu. Jowett-Boy and I had to drag a kicking and screaming Eric "The Creep" Bottjer into classic diners along the way —up and back—but it was worth every dime, dollar and tip we laid out, be it Rosie's in Groton, CT. or Sisson's in Middleboro, MA. A midnight historical tour is led by Ben Ven and his buddy Jack. "Anybody seen a men's room?" asked "The Creep" as the stroll is tarnished by his dastardly act (my lips are sealed).

It's even money that our forefathers were spinning in their graves. The land of The Mayflower and the sacred Plymouth Rock was rocked by yet another so-called professional boxing card staged in this Commonwealth. Who's in charge here? Nine bouts, six ending in the opening round, a dull and one-sided finishing six, phony records, boxers on suspension, misspelled names on the house bout sheet, missed knockdowns by slow-to-react referees, blatant mismatches, substantial weight differences and won-lost records that would rival the best of the infamous Philadelphia Death Squad of the early 1980s. So now that I have opened my big mouth, let's get ready to enumerate. Details, please!

Main-event: Sean Fitzgerald, 168, Worcester, 19-2-2, 10 KOs, takes on Greg Cadiz, 162, Hartford. Cadiz is an out-of-shape welterweight who enters the ring at 4-25-1, 3 KOs, and is the loser of 14 straight. Post another win for Fitzgerald, naturally. No knockdowns; no thrills. Cadiz manages to hang around to hear the shutout scoring. Thankfully, it was only scheduled for six rounds. Ref: Harold Gomes.

Kippy Diggs, 152, Hyannis, shared top billing, if you will, with Fitzgerald and Peter McNeeley. It was a scheduled six against veteran Milton "Cuda" Leaks, 160, Hartford. It didn't go the full route, but was actually entertaining while it lasted. Leaks, a 33-year-old who launched a comeback last year, was cocky as all get-out. The cagey Leaks even had the audacity to sting the fancy-footed Diggs late in round two. All his tricks failed him, however, and he was TKO'd at 1:27 of the third round. Leaks, now 9-15, 5 KOs, was floored only once—that coming late in the first, when a right hand to the body drove him through the ropes and onto the apron. "Top Cat" Diggs, a slender 26-year-old, upped his stellar (on paper, anyway) record to 16-0, 10 KOs. Ref: Tinker Picot.

"Hurrican" (sic) McNeeley, 22], Medfield, a recent Don King signee, had been set to take on Bobby Crabtree. Instead, he finds Gwayne Hall, 207, Rochester, NY, in the opposite corner. McNeeley, a nice enough 25-year-old, with a 28-1, 22 KO mark, had already beaten Hall last November, but it was only by decision (I was there). Fair enough. No? Hall, 4-9, 3 KOs, going in, was on suspension in the neighboring state of Connecticut. He should have never been allowed to box. Who's to blame? Give Peter some credit; he was pumped, and came out smokin', putting pain to Hall via the three-knockdown rule at just 2:25 of the first round. The crowd loved it, but they are easily pleased when the big man wins. And when will Hall win another fight? And what exactly does King (if he's not in jail by then) have in mind for Mr. McNeeley? Ref: Gomes.

Terry Crawley, 156, Hyannis, tangled with Julio Torres, 149, Hartford, in a rare battle of losing records. The set-for-six ended by knockout at 0:53 of round two with Crawley, now 13-19-2, 5 KOs, having his hand raised in victory. Torres, with an Ichabod (the headless horseman)-like body, looked ungainly, but gave it a go. Good exchanges dominated the first stanza, but then Crawley unloaded with an overhand right and down went Torres, hard. The gangly loser tried to get up, but referee Gomes made sure he didn't succeed; it was all over. Torres now has lost 13 in a row; the last three coming by KO.

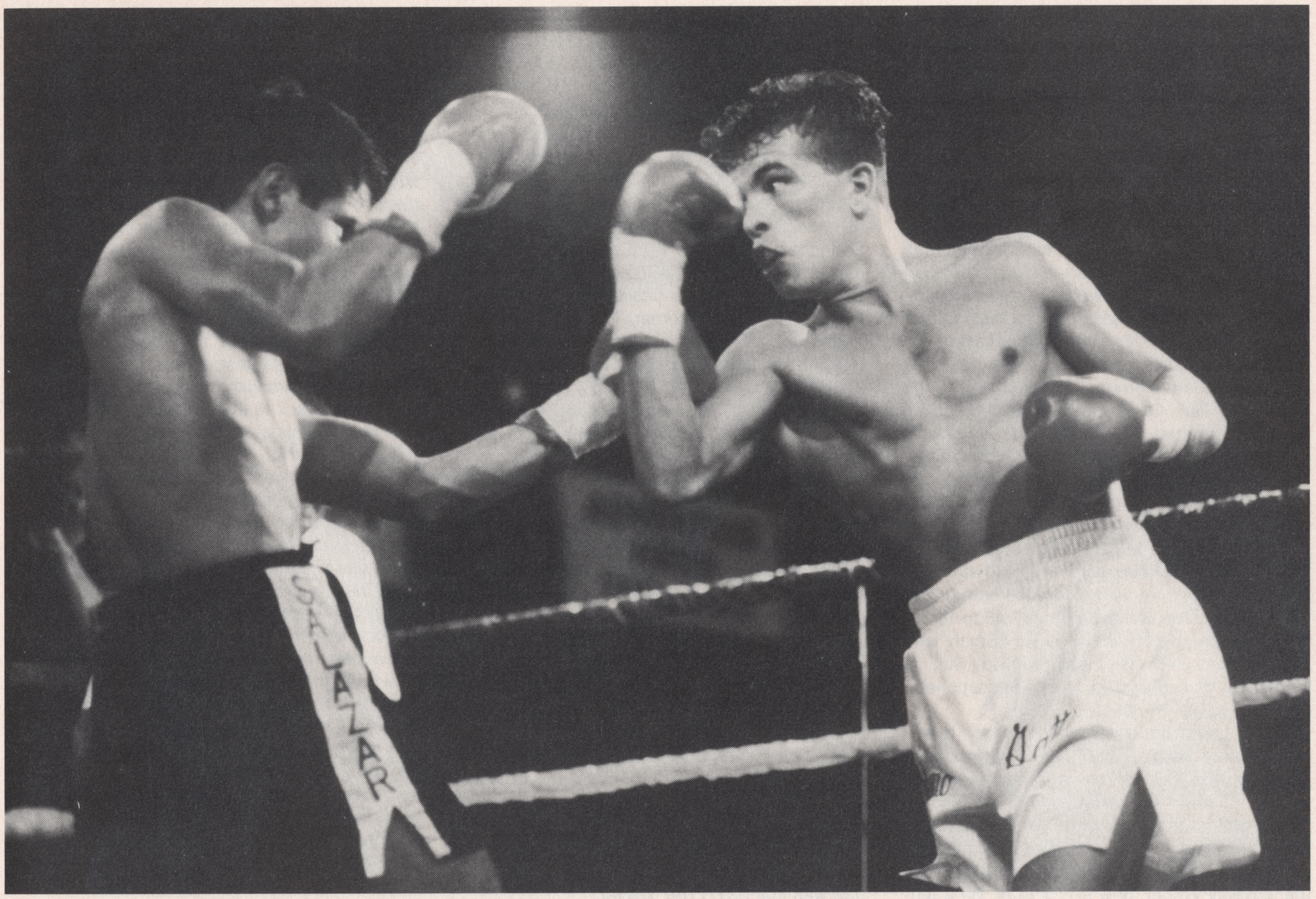
Now for some real insidious going's-on. It was five-for-five in all the prelim fours; all ended in the first round. Israel Cardona, 140, Worcester, even at an announced 11-pound disadvantage, registered the quickie KO win of the night, putting away Tony Rivera, Hartford, in just 79 seconds. Two knockdowns of Rivera; both body shots. You want competitive matches? Not in this one. Cardona continues unbeaten at 13-0, 10 KOs, while Tony remains winless at 0-l2, 7 by the stoppage variety. Ref: Gomes.

Leftie Ralph Chaplic, 140, Brewster, went to 12-0, 6 KOs, with a TKO 1 (2:49), over the frail and debuting (DOB: 8-28-75), Carlos Nieves, 126, Hartford. Two knockdowns and a S8C. What can I add? Oh yes, the referee was Picot. Move along.

Next: Dan Phippen, 153, Whitman, had the same numbers as his young foe, but only in reverse; so you kind of know the outcome. Phippen, now 4-0, 4 KOs, won by KO at 2:09 of the — (fill in the blank). A guttty Mike Harris, 154, Worcester, who turned 18 just three months back, suffered his fourth straight knockout defeat in falling to an imperfect 0-4. Harris was dropped twice; no need for more, as his corner said that's enough to referee Picot.

Dan Conway, 215, Dorchester, (DOB: 10-4-67) got his first paycheck with a TKO win at 98 seconds of—you guessed it!—round one over the tried and true Luis Oliveira, 186, Hartford (no wonder that town is going down the tubes). Luis is tried because this was his (as best as can be determined) eleventh pro outing. He is also true, because he now has been KO'd ten times—in other words, he's a true friend; he's harmless. Oh yes, one more thing: Oliveira, who is on indefinite suspension for boxing under an assumed name in Pennsylvania, gave his birthdate as November 20, 1952 when asked by this reporter. How did this farce end? Well, at least it appeared to be legit. Luis was tagged by a left/right combination and down he went. He did manage to arise by the count of eight, but Picot thought it wise to halt the proceedings.

Also turning pro (DOB: 11-26-72), was Bryan Dumas, 151, Cumberland, RI.. Dumas received his win in just 93 seconds of—all together now: ROUND ONE! His victim was one Pedro



Credit: Tom Casino

**Arturo Gatti knocks out Richard Salazar for USBA Jr. lightweight title.**

Guzman, 157, Worcester, who is at least 0-3, if not worse.This BUM, not to be confused with "the world's greatest man", Don Elb(a)um, was hauled off after "suffering" three knockdowns. Ref: Gomes.

P.S. Before the show started, I helped Mr. Bottjer make some dough by hawking his program around ringside. Attention IRS: he made a gross profit of $162.00, less my commission of a penny per program.

Judges—Bob McCoy, Don O'Neil, and the non-working referee.
Promoter—Rising Star and Jack Buckley (spelled Buckely on the bout sheet
Matchmaker—Jake Overmier (the name has been altered to protect both the guilty as well as the innocent).
Ticket prices—$15.00 and $20.00.
Crowd–Don't know about actual tickets sold (few were comped), but I'd say the hot house hall was quite full.
Ring Announcer—Larry "Remember Me" Rosoff.
At Ringside—Jack " Blabber Mouth" Obermayer
(07/22/94)

▲ **REVERE—Wonderland Park—**In his first U.S. fight since undergoing hand surgery, John "The Quiet Man" Ruiz of Chelsea stopped Mohammed Askia of Hartford at 1:40 of round two in an eight-round main event that preceded the closed circuit showing of the Vinny Pazienza-Roberto Duran fight.

Ruiz, 204, put the 195-pound Askia down three times before referee Gerry Leone stopped the fight. The first came at the end of a 15-punch volley, just before the end of the first round. Askia survived the first round and took a right to the temple for the first knockdown of the second round. After Askia got up, Ruiz hit him with two more punches, sending him back to the canvas for the final time. Ruiz, a former national amateur champ who recently posted a big win in England, improved to 19-1 (13). Askia, a last-minute replacement for Philadelphia's Joel Humm, fell to 11-5.

The best-marketed fighter in the show was Worcester junior welterweight Jose Rivera, whose friends were hawking T-shirts reading "Future World Champion." The undefeated Rivera (10-0) gave the crowd what it wanted to see, winning a lopsided six-round unanimous decision over Troy, N.Y.'s Alberto Alicea. It was the first time Rivera had gone the distance, but that was only because Alicea was skillful in holding on when he was in trouble. Rivera knocked Alicea down for the first time in the fifth round with a glancing blow that came at the end of long beating. Alicea just beat the count and was in trouble again at the bell. In the final round, Alicea's legs had all but abandoned him. He went down to a knee without being hit and later went down on a body shot from Rivera. But once again the man from Troy was able to get up and hold on for the final bell. Alicea dropped to 10-9.

The only top 10 fighter on the card, light heavyweight John Scully of Windsor, Conn., won an eight-round unanimous decision over Willie Kemp of Rochester, N.Y. Scully, 178, had his hands full in the early rounds with Kemp, 176, being more accurate. But, by the fourth round, Scully started to find his mark and was able to daze Kemp a few times. By the seventh, Kemp's left eye was starting to close. The judges had all eight rounds for Scully, the IBF's No. 7 contender.

Despite a cut over the left eye, Somerville junior middleweight Jerry Johnson posted a six-round unanimous decision over Jose Vera of Bridgeport, Conn. Johnson, 158, built up an early lead, winning four of the first five rounds with an effective jab. Vera was able to cut Johnson in the fourth, but just wasn't aggressive enough to take full advantage of the situation.

In a battle of welterweights from Hartford, Luis Maysonnet, 147, knocked out Julio Torres, also 147, at 2:43 of the first round. Two rights to the head dazed Torres, then a two-punch combination sent Torres to the canvas face-first where he took the 10-count.

Marvelous Marvin Hagler-clone Mike DeMoss of England TKO'd Steve Bedford of Troy, N.Y. at 1:47 of the first round. DeMoss sent to the canvas twice in quick order before the fight was stopped.

Featherweight Angel Vasquez, 125, stopped Adan Aviles, 126 at 2:35 of round one in the opening bout of the evening. Vasquez knocked Aviles down three times, putting him through the ropes on the third occasion before the fight was stopped

Referees—Gerry Leone, Nick Previte
At Ringside—Steve Tobey
(06/25/94)

▲ **SPRINGFIELD—The Sheraton—**J.R. Jowett and I pay a "must-stop" breakfast visit at

the 194 mini-Worcester in Woburn—The Main Street Diner, an entry for top-ten status—before heading southwest and my next destination My partner had long ago added this city to his hit list, so once we arrive, I hunt down the site (making sure the show was still on, of course), get a clean and cheap room (they wanted $119.00 at The Sheraton, and I know Bert only allocated $20.00 from petty cash for the entire trip) at the local YMCA—$25.00! I then purchased my AMTRAK ticket for the Saturday train to Atlantic City (see Bowe-Mathis). Once I accomplished all this, Jowett, secure in knowing his good buddy was safe and sound, took off heading south to cover a show in Lancaster, PA. the same evening.

Left to kill an afternoon, I walked over to the Basketball Hall Of Fame—wearing my Eder Jofre autographed 1992 Boxing Hall Of Fame T-shirt— for a one-hour visit to pay homage to idols Jerry West and Connie Hawkins. A first time visit for me. A pre-fight meal in the hotel coffee shop—no car, no diner side-trips—ended just in time for me to catch weigh-ins and pre-fight physicals still being administered at 6 P.M. across the hall from the boxing ballroom of this seven-bout card—which ran from 7:45 to 10:20. ( P.S. Philadelphia birthday boy Troy Smith, who wanted to celebrate today with a win, is scratched from the card when his opponent, Jose Rivera, is a no-show.)

The feature bout—all others set for four—had Stanley Wright, 6`10", 267, of Brockton, defending the N.E. HW title against the woebegotten Juan Quintana, 231, Holyoke. Woebegotten only because of his 6-30-2, 3 KO mark. The stocky 33-year-old, however, put on a career-best performance in swiping the title from the slovenly Wright, now 9-7, 9 KOs, via a ten-round unanimous decision. Scores: Joe Samataro, 98-94; while the *BI* card agreed with both those of Nick Cosmos and alternating referee Matt Mullaney at 97-94. The referee was Charlie Dwyer.

Wright took the opening session by backing Quintana to the ropes. However, once Juan got through that and showed he wasn't intimidated, he began to wear down his opponent with a vicious laminating of the rib cage area. Wright rallied in the fifth and sixth, but Quintana showed no quit and remained strong down the stretch. Wright had taken "Sugar" lightly, and he paid for his transgressions. The bigger Quintana's heart got, the smaller Stanley's became. The crowd's cheers increased in proportion to the effort put out by Quintana. When it became obvious to the assembled that David was truly beating up on Goliath, the crowd really got into it. Wright didn't help either. In the final round, there was a break in the action. A fan yelled to Wright to stop holding. Stanley turned in the direction of the voice and said, "shut up." That didn't sit too well with the paying customers, who just a couple of minutes later would fill the room with cheers for the victorious Quintana.

Jimmy Harrison, 212, Malden, the man of the pained expression, questionable IQ ad rudimentary hygiene, may yet have a career in boxing. He'll be 37 in less than a month, but he broke a string of 13 straight losses by holding fat boy Kilbert Pierce, 258, Brockton, to a split (1-1-1) draw! Acting like it's the last thing he'd ever want to do, Jimmy kind of Frankensteined his way through, actually making the bloated Pierce give ground. Despite the facial agony that Jimmy inflicts on his opposition, it doesn't count for much when it comes to padding his record with wins; he is now an unsightly 6-31-5, 0 KOs. Pierce, who himself is coming back from an out-of-the-ring injury, goes to 7-1-1 (he lost in his last outing), with 3 KO wins. Ref: Dwyer.

The debut (two wins in the unsanctioned state of North Carolina are not recognized) of Richie Melito, 201, Queens, NY, was a short, but successful one. It took him only sixteen seconds to knock out fellow rookie Chris Heath, 185, Springdale, M., via N.Y.C., (DOB: 3-1 1-75). The tension-filled Melito (DOB: 6-14-70) let it all hang out, catching the unsuspecting Heath not quite out of his own corner. The short fireworks ended with an already-unconscious and falling Heath being belted with a freebie by Malito. Talk about "in the heat of battle," Richie boy was pumped. Luckily for all concerned, Heath was eventually helped to his feet and able to leave the ring with only mild assistance. When I approached him in the dressing room, the still-groggy teenager (he couldn't at first tell me his birthdate) was having his gloves removed as well as being checked out by the doctor. Question? Why, if he was obviously still shaky, didn't the doc or his trainer have him seated in order to relax and further facilitate his recovery? The referee was Matt Mullaney.

Francisco Cruz, 133, Puerto Rico via Springfield, (first fight on the mainland), went to 4-1, 3 KOs, with a TKO-1 win (not out for two) over that most notable of New England losers, Adan Aviles, 123, Springfield. Aviles was down twice in the only round. So, once again, Aviles didn't try, seeing his most unglorious of records continue spiraling downward to 1-25-1. (P.S. For all you triia buffs out there, his lone win AND draw are both against Ramon Pichardo! How bad was that guy?) Ref: Dwyer.

Local lad Steven Anderson, 189, the youngest boxer on the card (DOB: 6-17-75), debuted with.a 41-second TKO of Kevin Wilson, 224, Hartford. Poor Kevin—now 0-3, and all coming in the initial stanza—was down once. Last August Wilson was suspended for 90 days by Massachusetts. This August it should be indefinite. Ref: Mullaney.

Local policeman Rupert Daniel, 148, got his initial "arrest" in boxing; it wasn't an easy bust, ending in a split decision. Now 1-2, the 31-year-old had a battle on his hands in subduing one Gerry Ocampo, 145, Holyoke. The sinewy Daniel received a 39-37 and 39-38, while Ocampo got the third at 39-38. Both gave an honest effort in this slapfest. Ref: Dwyer. Oh yes, Gerry (He's Hispanic, so it's not O'Campo), while certainly not the dog (sorry all you canine lovers out there) that Aviles is, nevertheless is now 1-17-2. Oh beautiful New England!

The capable (at least on the N.E. circuit) Luis Maysonet, 142, Hartford. bumped his record up to 22-5, 18 KOs, with a TKO-1 (2:01) win over Angel (Luis?) Guzman, 143, Hartford. Three knockdowns in this lamb-to-slaughter affair. Further investigation (who's gonna pay me?) may prove otherwise, but right now, I've got him listed at 0-6, though he said it was his paid debut and he was announced as "3-5." The referee was Mullaney.

Promoter—Paul Santaniello.
Matchmaker—As above.
Ticket Prices—$25.00 and $40.00.
Crowd—300 (Estimated)
At Ringside—Jack "New Town #179" Obermayer
(08/12/94)

## MINNESOTA

▲ **ST. PAUL—Bandana Square (Outdoors)—** St. Paul's "Jumpin" Johnny Montantasz, 134 1/2, had probably the toughest fight of his career, but in the end he came away with a kayo victory. His opponent was veteran Benji Marquez, 132, Denver, and Benji had come to town to win if he could as he outboxed the heavy-handed Montantasz over the first five rounds and appeared on his way to a possible upset.

From the opening bell the crafty Marquez was hard to hit as those little body movements a veteran picks up over the years caused the hard-hitting Montantasz to miss a lot. Marquez was able to score with multiple jabs then would switch his attack to the body, especially the left side of Montantasz, which turned beet red after a few rounds of pounding by Marquez. Of course Johnny wasn't just standing around taking punches. He scored with some heavy shots of his own as he worked to both the head and body in every round but just wasn't able to put his attack together enough to set up Marquez.

In the sixth round it was again Marquez scoring with jabs and banging to the body with effect. Midway into the round, Marquez unleashed a ten-punch attack with some telling blows. At this point Montantasz woke up and went after Marquez. As Johnny drove the Denverite into the ropes, Montantasz unloaded a vicious right to the heart and Benji dropped to his knees. Midway through the count Marquez spit out his mouthpece indicating he had had enough and referee Denny Nelson called a halt to the contest at 2:55 of the sixth round. Marquez did not complain.

The victory upped the pro record of Montantasz to 22-1-0, with 19 kayoes. Johnny has now won 21 in a row. The loss dropped Marquez to 19-11-1 and 1 no-contest. This was a definite learning experience for Montantasz who should be in line for bigger things soon.

In the semi-final, Ted Solheid, 168, St. Paul, 5-0-0 (5), had no trouble stopping Elmer Houge, 162, Bismarck 2-11-1 in the first round. Houge was down three times.

Miguel "El Perro" Ramos, 140, St. Paul, 7-0-1 (6), blasted out tough Merle Muniz, 143, Denver 0-3-0, in the first round of a terrific brawl.

Boyd Davis, 162, St. Paul 3-0-0, won a hard-fought four-round decision over Darrin Wagner, 162, Rochester, 1-1-0.

Clem Tucker Jr., 165, St. Paul, made his pro debut a winning one as his body attack brought down Leo Valdez, 164, Denver, 1-1-0, in the first round.

Harold Johnson, 202, Davenport, IA, 2-2-0, spoiled the pro debut of Pete King, 199, St. Paul, when he stopped King at 2:40 of the second heat.

Promoter—Ring Masters, Inc. (Rick Scales)
Matchmaker—Tommy Brunette
Referees and Judges—Denny Nelson, Carl Benson, Jerry LaGarde, Dale Jackson
Physician—Dr. Sheldon Segal
Time Keeper—Bob Andrich
At Ringside—George D. Blair
(08/3/94)

## NEW JERSEY

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—East Room of Convention Hall.—** It was 200 years ago on this date that French rascal Robespierre lost his

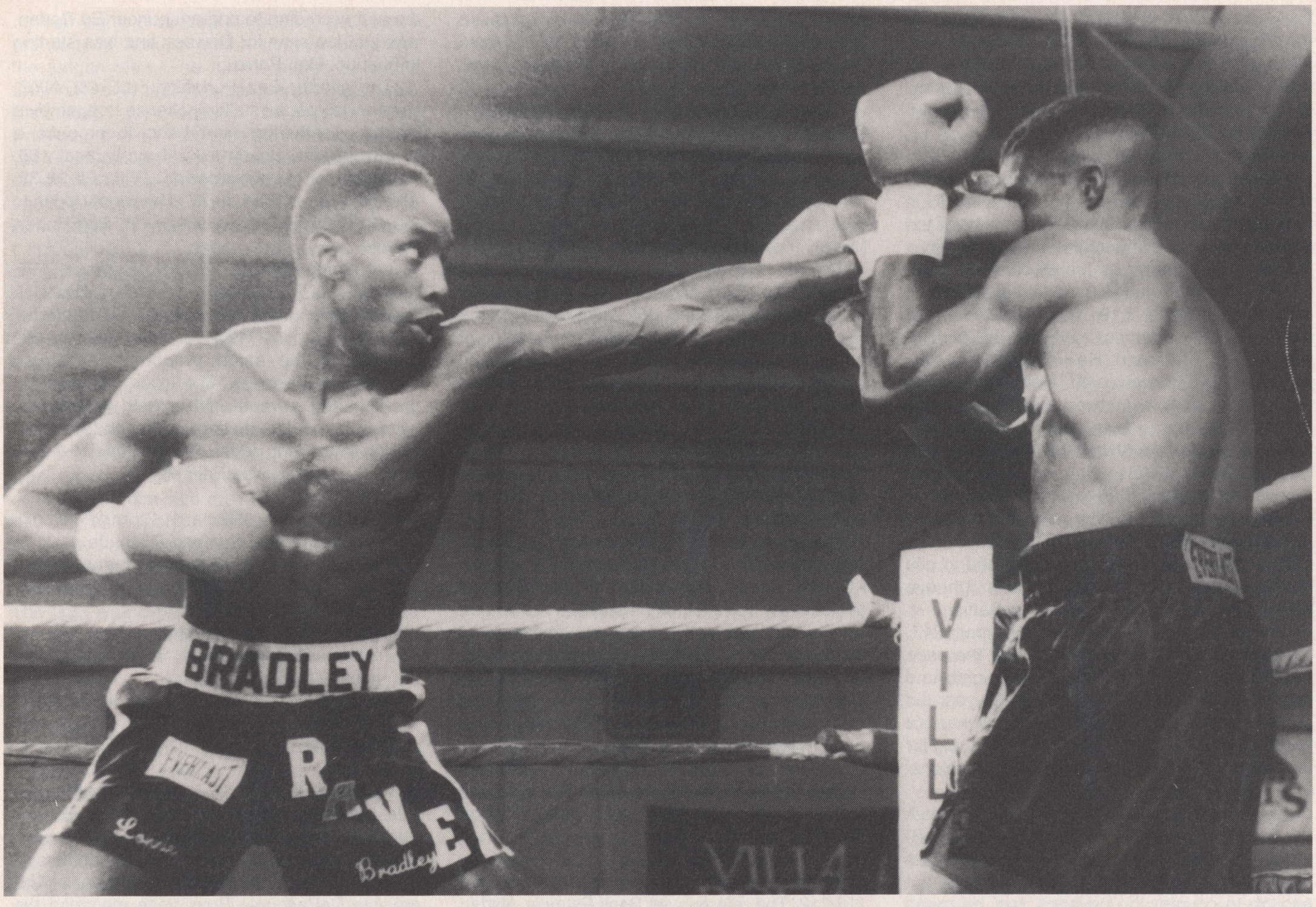



Photo: Ray Bailey

**Lonnie Bradley sticks it to Ron Morgan en route to a majority decision and vacant N.Y. State middleweight title.**

head via the guillotine. In celebration of that memorable(?) occasion, both Tommy Morrison and Ray Mercer did their darndest to have their respective noggins fall to a similar fate. While their necks managed to escape the blade, the festivities nearly cost them their fistic lives.

First up before the panel of judges (executioners?) was Mercer. Coming in at a hog-like 246 (he was reported to be as high as 280), which was 23 pounds heavier than his previous fight (the November win over Jesse Ferguson) and eight over his previous high—(the Ferguson loss in February of 1993). Mercer, though he possesses THE toughest chin in boxing, can ill afford, at age 33, to be lackadaisical in his approach to this "dangerous to your health" occupation.

Tonight he was taking on little-known (but I have seen him many times) Marion "Mo" Wilson, 208, Hillcrest Heights, MD., who brought a less-than-stellar 7-9-2, 4 KO mark into the ring. Just a tune-up for Ray on the road to Hong Kong with his tour buddy, Tommy. Wait a minute, not so fast! Mercer, at 23-2, 16 KOs coming in, didn't exactly put pedal to the metal in charting his course to the Orient.

"Merciless" started effectively, but was clearly breathing heavily by the middle rounds. The smaller Wilson stayed right in front of Mercer, but Ray punched less and less as the rounds wore on. *BI* gave Mercer four of the first five stanzas, but he had to hang on in the late stages. Mercer was the stronger of the two, but a so-so jab and few effective body punches kept Wilson in the thick of things as the bout unfolded.

Neither is known for speed or quick reflexes, but Mercer did his version of a two step to shake himself loose and/or just buy time. Wilson landed his most effective punch—a long left hook—at the 1:00 mark of round seven. Mercer went back to the ropes, but regrouped within a few seconds. Wilson had his hands up all night, respecting the power edge of Mercer, but this stance showed him to be just a bit too calculating; not taking full advantage of the situation.

Scoring: John Poturaj had it 97-94 for Mercer; Frank Brunette saw it as 96-94 for Wilson; while Shafreq Rashada had it 95-95—a split draw being the official verdict. *BI* agreed with Rashada. Brunette gave Wilson the last five rounds. *BI* gave Wilson the last two. Poturaj gave Mercer the first five sessions. *BI* had Mercer winning four of the first five, as he built a 1, 3, and 5 point lead at the 50-yard mark. The ref was Rudy "No Holding, No Holding" Battle.

After the fight Mercer said, "I had a bad night. It happens to the best of us." Yeah, but the best of us usually do something to correct our mistakes. Is it too late for Ray to be "Merciless" again?

Tommy, Tommy, Tommy. "The Duke" almost got nuked as the evening's main eventer. Going in against fellow Oklahoman (Jay vs Norman) Ross Puritty, 242, Norman. Morrison, of Jay, came in at a trim 225. Trim maybe, but was he ready? Will he ever be?

Puritty was billed as 11-8, but his actual record was 8-8 (6 KOs) going into the fight. I had seen him just this past March in L.A. My notes on him then said, "meek and mild." Just the right kind of opposition for Tommy "Gunn." Or anyone for that matter. WRONG. Ross was still m & m tonight, but it didn't help Morrison; he got floored twice, barely hanging on for a split draw verdict.

Round One was fairly active. Morrison, normally a quick starter, drew Puritty into battle. But for the next four rounds the pace became uneven. Puritty would lay back and spring into action just as Morrison would be finishing up his volley. A strong right uppercut by Ross early in round two gave fans notice that he was no walkover, despite never having gone past six rounds in his brief career. The crowd expected Morrison to blow Puritty out of there and when Tommy spent much of the time backing off and regrouping, they made their displeasure known. What made matters worse was that Puritty took that down time to relax himself. Nothing was happening.

In between those rest periods, Tommy pinned Puritty in a neutral corner, compliments of a left hook. He kept him there for some time, but very little unfolded once Morrison eased up. The sixth saw Puritty drop Morrison early on with a left hook/right uppercut. Morrison's gloves supported him on the ropes as he took an eight count from Frank Cappuccino before getting up. He managed to ride out the storm and come back to sweep the next two rounds on the official cards.

The tenth round saw a near carbon copy of the sixth; Morrison down early, this time from a right/left/right (uppercut). He took the 8 count, but then curiously, there was nothing from either man for 30 seconds. From that point on, they labored to the final bell in anti-climactic fashion.

Scoring: Puritty had to have a big last round in order to get a draw; he did just that. Poturaj once again went with the name fighter, having it

for Morrison at 95-94. Brunette again went with the "opponent," having it 95-93 for Puritty. Making it three for three, Rashada had it even; this time at 94-94. *BI* had it at 95-94 for Puritty, giving Morrison a 10-8 in the third, Morrison is now 41-2-1, 35 KOs.

Charles "The Natural" Murray, 141, Rochester, NY, made his initial return to the ring since losing the IBF 140-lb. title back in February to Jake Rodriquez. He got himself ten rounds of work in piling up a near-shutout win—100-90, 99-91 (same as the *BI* card), and 98-92—over rugged Lyndon Paul Walker, 141, D.C.

Murray, now 32-2,19 KOs, was his usual smooth, nearly effortless self, but still lacking was that dose of snarl, He's still trying to look stylish, rather than involved. Nevertheless, his fast hands, smooth footwork and quick rights kept his lean frame from being penetrated by the much slower, but always willing Walker, who falls to 10-9-4, 3 KOs. Walker was seemingly ready to hit the deck from the third round on, but Charles was content to take no undue chances. As Walker built his determination, Murray just stepped back a half step and continued to pile up the points. By fight's end, Walker's right eye was nearly closed. The referee was Battle.

In the evening opener, West Turner, 247, Morgantown, WV, came from way off the pace to TKO Joe Thomas at 1:06 of the eighth and final session. For the 6`6", 262 lb, 36-year-old Thomas, billed out of Philadelphia, this was his fourth bout of 1994 after being out of the ring for ten years. It was also his first professional defeat, falling to 21-1-1, 18 KOs.

By the end of round seven, Thomas had built up an insurmountable lead of 3,4, and 7 (!) points. Neither man was a speed freak as Turner plodded after his foe. Joe was competent enough to counter the advance, but, by round five, his face began to show signs of wear and tear. Nevertheless, Joe was still being effective, sweeping round seven, and even getting a 10-8 from one judge.

In the fateful eighth, Thomas retreated to the ropes, where Turner let fly some damaging punches that eventually would put Thomas to the canvas. He continued on, but not for long. With a puffy and bleeding right eye and a bloody nose, he was rescued from further punishment by Cappuccino. With the victory, the 6`3", 29-year-old Turner moves to 17-5, 15 KOs, having come off four straight losses, the first three coming by KO.

In the two sacrificial lamb walkout bouts, two area boxers remained unbeaten. Kassan Saxton, 213, Ocean City/A.C., went to 4-0, 3 KOs, with a TKO-1 (1:26), over Zuri Lawrence, 231 1/4, Troy, NY, now 0-1-1. The encounter was set for four heats. Zuri was dropped twice by the hard-hitting, but still green Saxton, who sent the faithful home happy

In a scheduled, six, Darroll Wilson, 210, Pleasantville, went to 6-0-1, 5 KOs, with a TKO-1 (not out for two) win over Robert Doyle, 227, DC. While the inept Doyle, now 2-7, 1 KO, was never down, he was also never in the fight. Ref: Battle.

Promoter—TopRank and Frank Gelb.
Matchmaker—Ron "Take A Bow" Katz.
Television—ESPN
At Ringside—Jack "Blinky Palermo" Obermayer

▲ **ATLANTIC CITY—Trump Castle.—**Early scheduled start time (6PM), had me steal away from my actual money-making job a few minutes early (don't I always?) for my singular 47-mile road race to The Bay area of town. Naturally, first bell didn't go off till 6:25. Would pro football, baseball, etc. ever run their operation this way?

Stop the presses! BOY BEATS MAN DECISIVELY! In a seven-bout card, sprinkled with three twelve-round title bouts, Russian-born Sergei Kobozev, 188 1/2, now residing in Brooklyn, showed little respect for former WBA cruiserweight champ Robert Daniels, 189, Miami, in capturing the vacant USBA title with a TKO-8 (not out for ninth) victory.

While he didn't score a knockdown, Sergei rolled over Daniels like a Russian tank, proving vastly superior to his opponent in every phase of the game. At the point of the stoppage, Kobozev was ahead by 7,10, and 13 points on the official cards. We had it 80-70. Quotes from other newsmen about the Russian's display were: "command performance;" "good lateral movement while deftly moving in and out to score with crisp, punishing combinations;" and, "absolute domination."

Kobozev couldn't miss with the right hand, and it was amazing that Daniels, now 25-3-l, 22 KOs, managed to stay on his feet. The workrate of Kobozev, however, didn't surprise his trainer, Tommy Gallagher: "He fights every minute of every round." Kobozev, a sturdily-built, mid-height cruiser, goes to 18-0, 14 KOs. The actual cause for the stoppage — besides the fact that he was getting his butt whipped — was a nearly swollen-shut left eye.

Paul Vaden, 153 1/2, San Diego, defended his IBF Intercontinental tltle with a W-12 U, over switch-hitting (mostly southpaw) Jason Papillion, 154, Broussard, LA. Scores: 117-111 from both John Stewart and Jean Williams; while Frank Brunette saw it at 118-110. *BI* had it 116-112. The referee was Benji Estevez. Vaden moved to 20-0, 9 KOs, while Papillion falls to 14-1, 8 KOs. It was a rather mild affair, as the mechanically-precise Vaden had enough craft to master a rather docile—confused?—Jason who, despite hurting Vaden in the first and last sessions, didn't have enough on the ball to secure the victory.

Hector Lizarraga, 126, Fresno, CA., went to 27-8-5, 15 KOs, in taking the vacant IBF intercontinental featherweight title via a W-12 S over leftie Cedric Mingo, 126, Lancaster, SC, now 20-5-1, 10 KOs. Hector used a steady, plodding aggression to overcome the sly, backward-boxing style of Mingo. Hector was stunned in the first and had his left eye busted up by the finish line, but his plucky outlook enabled him to wear down Mingo to grab a 115-113 from both Debra Barnes and Joe Paquale, while Steve Weisfeld had it at the same tally, but for Mingo. *BI* saw it at 116-113 for the winner. The referee was Earl Morton.

Rudy Nix, 180, Yakima, WA., went to 16-1-1, 15 KOs, by taking out Ernest Mateen, 181, Brooklyn, by TKO at 1:45 of round two; set for ten. After an uneventful opening stanza, Nix stunned Mateen with a right hand. Shortly afterward, while Mateen was holding on to clear his head, he was repeatedly banged on the top of his head by right hands. Literally hammered to the canvas, Mateen managed to struggle up, but was ruled unfit by referee Tony Perez. Were these punches (chops) rabbit punches? Guess not. This was the second straight KO defeat for Mateen, now 21-2-1, 8 KOs.

Southpaw Ray Downey, 168, Halifax, Nova Scotia via Westville, NJ, went to 3-0-1, 2 KOs, winning a scheduled four rounder by TKO-2 (not out for three) against stocky Valery Petrovsky, 168, Russia/Brooklyn. Val, now 0-1 "with two big draws," according to ring announcer Ed Derian, was just too slow for Downey and was starting to bust up. Ref: Perez.

The shorter Dan Portalatin, 165 1/2, NYC, used a well-paced stalking offense, topped by a strong over-the-top right hand to produce a W-4S over the clearly taller Troy Barnes, 165, Philadelphia. No knockdowns. *BI* had it 38-38. All official cards read 39-37. The winner goes to 3-0, 1 KO, while Barnes is now 1-1. Ref; Robert Palmer.

Off another hiatus, Terry Southerland, 135, registered a TKO-7 (2:38) over fellow Brooklyn resident (originally from Trinidad ), Learie Bruce, 135. Terry, now 17-2-1, 8 KOs, built up his bravado in the same proportion as Bruce showed his timidness. The loser was down in the fifth and seventh. While both participants were of lean build, it was Southerland who had his jab in working order. Bruce drops to 9-3, 5 KOs. The referee was Palmer.

Prelim judges—Richard Strange, Rocky Castellani and Snafeeq Rashada.
Promoter—Murad Muhammad and Impact Sports Productions, Inc. (JIm Browning, out of Newport Beach, CA.)
Matchmaker—Jimmy Montoya.
Television—Tape delay to various cable outlets.
At Ringside—Jack "I'm here, Let's Start" Obermayer
(06/30/94)

▲ **HASBROUCK HGTS.—Sheraton—**This hot little promotion presented what they billed as their sixth show. But who's counting? The point is that first-rate club boxing has somehow survived in North Jersey on an ongoing basis. The amiable DePasquale Boys have managed the neat trick of developing house fighters without resorting to non-competitive opposition. The fights are fast and furious and the heroes get not only upset, but even robbed! This card had great fights, but was dreadfully officiated. Any one of these judges would be "qualified" to work Vegas as none of the three went home without a smudge.

The DePasquales like to title their shows and this one was bloodthirstily-christened "Summertime Shark Attack". The "Shark," of course, is the rising Frankie Toledo, 125, Paterson, who faced a useful opponent in Felix Marti, 126, Brooklyn, in a scheduled 10. Sharks are actually cold-blooded predators, so the analogy didn't really fit what was to happen in the ring. Toledo was cool enough, as he boxed skillfully and swept the first five rounds. But the real "shark attack" didn't come until Felix pissed Frankie off.

That came in the sixth. Marti's quite competent, schooled in tough club fights on obscure shows. But Toledo was too quick and versatile for him. Marti's only recourse, or so he evidently thought, was to resort to rough-housing; and Frankie's temperature was rising. "I was taking my time, but he was hitting me with his head and hitting me low through the fight and he just pissed me off," the favorite explained afterward. When Felix launched a whimsical, leaping-scissors punch, Toledo stepped deftly inside. Marti's gloves collided harmlessly behind his neck and the audience howled with laughter. The comedy break, however, was brief indeed. Frankie'd had enough and went on an extended roll of precise shots to body and head, driving Marti around the ring until a left hook felled him. Felix got up, but was battered and ref Tony Orlando stopped it at 1:40.

Two eights produced a crackling good battle with a good decision plus a sloppy mauler that the judges blew. The former paired hard-luck Shawn Wilkins, 122, Paterson, versus classy Jose Pantaleon, 123, Brooklyn,. This was a furious, two-fisted battle without the semblance of a let-up. While battle-ready, Pantaleon tried to be a bit too perfect, allowing Wilkins to get off first—and last. This was a focal point of an otherwise close battle, as even when Jose landed his best combinations he couldn't escape without some payback. Shawn's attack was so single-purpose that he didn't notice his own trunks coming down in the second, and, for a time, rivaled Freddie Blumstein's luscious round-card girls for exposure.

Wilkins gained the upper hand when he scored a flash knockdown in the third. It was flaky, but still seemed to take something away from Pantaleon. Shawn gained momentum and was having his best round in the seventh when Jose clipped him with a slapping right late and had Wilkins wobbly at the bell. Pantaleon tried to close the show in the eighth, but Wilkins seemed to revive after a break for a lost mouth-piece and battled tooth and nail to the finish. The fight was close, but definitely belonged to Wilkins. Not so, thought Vinnie Rainone, who scored it for Jose, 76-75. Wilkins emerged with a split victory, however, as John Riley scored 76-75 and Al DeVito 77-74 for Shawn. Orlando refereed.

In the companion eight, southpaw "Rocky" Rosas, 141 1/2, Passaic, took on rugged Jose Fernandez, 142, Bronx. This one was fought in earnest, but was crude and mauling. Fernandez doesn't have a clue when it comes to boxing, but is tough and dead serious. Rocky's lefty stance and awkward style didn't make for a pleasing mix. Nevertheless, he was tough enough to stand up to Jose's mugging tactics and had the better hands, sweeping the first five rounds. Fernandez's right eye was closing, but he was persistent and began to finally reach a tiring Rosas just when victory seemed out of reach. Fernandez could have made it uncomfortable by sweeping the last three, but when Rocky stunned him with a left early in the eighth and took the final session, it should have removed all doubt. Should have, that is. This time, while Rainone redeemed himself with a perfect 78-74, Rosas, the other two behaved like boobs and both had it 76-76, for a majority draw. Brian O'Melia refereed.

It was nothing unusual to see Diego Rosario in one corner of a scheduled six, as he is the chief trainer for Paterson's Lou Costello Gym. But this time, Rosario, 136 1/2, Paterson, decided to do the fighting for the first time since the old Ice World Arena was turned into a department store. The matchmaking did him no favor either as Diego was paired with unschooled but ambitious Antonio Gonzalez, 133 3/4, Brooklyn, in a barnburner that soon turned the cozy ballroom into a virtual bedlam. Rosario could have gone back to the corner between rounds and talked to himself, but had a strong crew of Peter DePasquale, David Toledo and "The Black Mamba," Eddie Aliano, helping out. Their plan worked well enough, with Rosario staying inside Antonio's looping punches with short, economical counters.

Then, in the fourth, the fight broke wide open! Gonzalez was dropped early by a right to the body, seemingly wearied by the pace more than "hurt." The knockdown stirred him up, however, and he trapped Rosario in his (Antonio's) corner with a wild, two-handed volley. Diego tried to appear nonchalant and "style" his way out, but when O'Melia stepped in to break up the action for no obvious reason, Antonio thought he was stopping the fight and charged across to Diego's corner to leap "triumphantly" onto the turnbuckle. The ref had to pull him down to resume the bout, and it must have been a bit of a shock to see Roasario there, ready to go. Antonio seemed dispirited thereafter, and took a lathering on the ropes. If O'Melia hadn't interrupted again, this time for a low blow by Rosario, Gonzales might have been out of there. After that hectic round, both had a lot taken out of them, but continued to fight hard to the finish. Rosario got a unanimous decision, the only one the judges didn't bungle, by 59-54 from Riley, 58-55 from Rainone and 59-57, DeVito. Oddly, many in the excited crowd booed. So, in this case, it was the fans who flubbed the decision.

In the evening's upset, Dave Clark, 144, Brooklyn TKO'd touted Scott DePompe, 142, Kinnelon, NJ, at the end of two; scheduled four. DePompe was severely cut, but couldn't get out of the way of a right and was being walloped anyway when it was decided to to let him out. Ref: O'Melia.

Ernest "Grandpa" Stormn, 146 1/2, Phila., won a unanimous decision over Wayne Richard, 151, St. Croix via Manhattan, in an action-packed four. Stroman was clearly the better boxer, but had a habit of letting the spirited West Indian back into the contest. It nearly cost him, when Richards wobbled him with a right behind the ear to close a tight second. Even though the outcome was proper, the unanimous scores of 40-36 indicated the judges missed Stroman's narrow escape, which should have won Richards an otherwise close round. Ref: Orlando.

Two heavyweight fours were surplus baggage, In one, "Butch" Lewis' built-up prospect Vaughn Bean, 220, Chicago, disposed of punching bag Jeff Bowman, 193, Chattanooga, in the first. Bowman went down twice from left uppercuts with little resolve. Orlando stopped it at 1:46.

The opener was even less, as Lenny Shaw's hopeful Mike Grant, 249, Paterson, debuted under the guidance of Don Turner, but didn't need much of that to TKO pathetic Ernest English, 262, Manhattan, at 0:24 of the first. English took a couple of light jabs and went down, making faces. Commissioner Larry Hazzard confiscated English's purse, though such actions, unfortunately, rarely hold up. Matchmaker Ludivico was genuinely embarrassed by this and pointed out that Bill Cayton had sent in English, promising that he was "another Mike Tyson!" Cayton must have been suffering retro-shock. While Ernest may still be capable of getting booked on a trumped-up charge at 36 years of age, he certainly wasn't about to be like Mike! Ref: O'Melia.

Promoter—Michael DePasquale
Matchmaker—Luddy DePasquale
Attendance—500, $12,000 (est.)
Timekeeper—Roosevelt Gilbert
Announcer—Fred Blumstein
At Ringside—J.R. Jowett
(07/21/94)

▲ **SECAUCUS—Meadowlands Convention Center**—Thankfully, I saved myself enough time to make it. Traveling alone—95 miles each way—I missed the turn twice, but managed to get in the door at 7:05, for the bumped-up 7:15 first bell.

The main-event saw James "Buddy" (a/k/a "Mr.Magoo") McGirt, 151, (tying his heaviest ever), Brentwood, NY, post a near-shutout W-10 victory over Kevin Pompey, 152, Troy, NY. Despite the supposed excess baggage, James still managed to orchestrate his normally splendid dissection. No knockdowns, but McGirt did trust his surgically repaired left shoulder enough in this his fourth bout since the procedure, to throw—and land—some highly visible left hooks. That punch, however, still played second fiddle to his prominent, couldn't-miss right hand—both in leading and countering.

McGirt upped his mark to 63-3-1, 44 KOs—but none in his last eight outings—controlling the action throughout in posting a 100-90 from Debra Barnes, and 99-91 from both John Stewart and Vinnie Rainone. Pompey, a scrappy club-level entry, and now 29-7-2, 12 KOs, was coming off a devastating January knockout defeat to Harold Brazier. Tonight, he didn't really get banged around, but it was clearly a learning experience. It was as if someone with a high school diploma was trying to match wits with the holder of a PhD. in the manly art. Buddy's own version of the "stepaside" is classic stuff and he used it to full advantage to pull off yet another no-fuss, no-muss win. McGirt had answers for everything Pompey tried as he marks time for his return bout with Whitaker.

A scheduled twelve for the USBA 130 lb. title ended quickly when challenger Arturo Gatti, 129, Jersey City, TKO'd defending champ Pete Taliaferro, 130, Mobile, Alabama" at the end of round one." Gatti, now 17-1, 15 KOs (11 in the opening round), dropped his foe twice with quick right hands. When Pete touched down again, referee James Condon stopped the bout. No three-knockdown rule was in effect, but despite not actually being hit by a clean blow ( it appeared that Taliaferro had been shouldered down), Condon said he was too hurt to go on. A real judgment call, indeed. Taliaferro heads south at 25-3, 18 KOs.

Little Eddie Hopson, 133, St.Louis, gave himself an early birthday present (DOB: 6-30-71), by taking a scheduled ten via KO at 0:57 of the fifth over Bryan Jones, 132, Philadelphia. Hopson, now 23-0, 12 KOs, proved too fast (handed) for his still rusty (third comeback bout after an eight-year "vacation") foe. While on the ropes, Jones was dropped by a single right hand. He got to one knee and proceeded to arise, but went back to a kneeling position where he was counted out by referee Arthur Mercante Sr. It was later established that Jones was taken to a hospital for treatment of a broken jaw. Jones falls to 12-3, 3 KOs.

Plodding Rick Sullivan, 230, Troy, evened his mark at 3-3, 2 KOs, with a TKO-3 (2:16) win over the even slower — and taller — Vinnie Dell, 261, Paterson. Dell, a 35-year-old sometime pro since 1981 is now 6-3-1, 4 KOs. This was his latest — and hopefully last — return to the ring. Dell was dropped in the second and third. The totally exhausted Dell was ready to go again when Mercante stepped in.

Jimmy McMahon, 153, Ireland via Brooklyn, went to 11-0-1, 6 KOs, in taking a W-4 U over James "Rocky" McCray, 151, Philly, now 3-5, 3 KOs. Scores: two at 39-37; the other at 40-36. No knockdowns. McMahon had too many boxing skills (it's all relative, of course) for the defensively deficient McCray, who did give it a go. Ref: Smoger.

Michael Covington, 149, Trenton, boxed rather cautiously in pulling off a so-so W-6 U over Eric Mitchell, 150, Philadelphia. Covington took scores of 59-55 and 58-56 twice in moving his record to 10-0, 3 KOs. Mitchell drops to 3-1,

2 KOs. Ref: Smoger.

In a match-up of 19 year olds, Freddy Curiel, 136, Jersey City, had a successful pro debut (DOB: 11-11-74) by squeezing out a W-4 S over Roberto Sierra, 135, Elizabeth. Even though Sierra was floored in the opening stanza, it looked as if his strength was overcoming the tiring boxing stance of the baby-faced victor. Sierra drops to 1-2. Ref: Smoger.

Title Bout Judges—Kason Cheeks, Al DeVito, and John Poturaj.
Promoter—Garden State Boxing and Main Events.
Matchmaker—Carl "Ogalthorpe" Moretti.
Television—USA Cable
Ticket Prices /Paid Crowd - $20.00 & 30.00. 2,020 paid plus 320 comps.
At Ringside—Jack "No Jowett, No Diners, Just Boxing" Obermayer
(06-28-94)

## NEW YORK

▲ **CALLICOON (the closest town)—The Villa Roma Resort**—What a gorgeous weekend nestled among the beautiful rolling hills of the Catskill Mountains region. A lovely 200 mile drive on Saturday brought Mr. Bottjer, Mr. Jowett and myself to a late afternoon dinner at Tilly's—a classic diner, of course—in Monticello, right off exit 104 of Rte. 17W, a stone's throw from Woodstock. Thirty minutes later, we arrived in time for the 6 PM weigh-in and got up to snuff with some familiar faces. Always a pleasure to see the crew and get a "what's up" earful.

James McGirt, 150, Brentwood, had a fight on his hands; it wasn't really expected. Opponent Pat "The Cat" Coleman, 147, Chicago, fought his fanny off in dropping a ten-round split decision, thus allowing "Buddy" to keep a recently-signed October return with "Sweet Pea". Scores: McGirt, now 643-1, 44 KOs, took tallies of 96-94 from George Colon, and 97-93 from Barbara Perez (same as *BI*), while judge George DeGabriel had it 96-94 for the now 19-3, 13 KO Coleman. The referee was Arthur Mercante Jr.

Coleman, 23, used an aggressive boxing style in showing that he was not awed by the mechanical expertise of the 67-fight veteran he was up against. And in "enemy" territory to boot. McGirt did get off to a fast start, at least on the official cards, not mine. He swept the first two sessions, getting two votes in the third and all three again in the fourth. Coleman had dug himself a deep one, but he never gave up, remaining attentive till the end, taking all votes in the fifth, ninth, and tenth. Too little, too late, officially.

At least half the rounds—especially four through eight—included heightened exchanges that nearly brought the Sunday afternoon crowd to their collective feet. McGirt relied heavily on his right, all along insisting that his left (shoulder) is fine. This was fight number nine in a row for him without an early ending.

The chief support (off television) saw Lonnie Bradley, 159, NYC, win the vacant state middleweight title with a W-10 M, over Ron Morgan, 159, Huntington. The winner, now 16-0, 13 KOs, took a 97-93 from Colon, a 98-92 from DeGabriel, and Perez had it 95-95. *BI* saw it as 97-94 for Bradley. Morgan drops to 15-2-1, 8 KOs. It was a close affair through six rounds, even though Lonnie was ahead by two and four points at that point. The shorter Morgan looked to be the harder puncher, but often times he was reluctant to let 'em fly. The taller Bradley held together well under some early Morgan volleys, then showed his mettle by remaining clearly the busier and more determined as the rounds wore on. While he didn't pack a deadly punch (forget the KO total), his eagerness to stay the course held Morgan in check. Bradley swept rounds seven, eight and nine to seal the victory. The referee was Sammy Viruet.

Frank Savannah, 162, Brick, NJ, pounded out an eight-round unanimous win over stocky Edwin Rodriguez, 159, The Bronx, billed as 5-2, 2 KOs coming in, but Fight Fax, Inc. showed him at only 0-2-1 afterward. Savannah goes to 15-0, 4 KOs. He took scores of 79-72, and 79-73 twice. Ref: Viruet. Savannah, under the guidance of new trainer Tommy Brooks, was busy enough, using a strong, steady jab to set things up. His efforts were made all that easier, however, by a rather moribund opponent. Edwin backed and covered for the most part, but when he did open up it often caught Savannah by surprise. *BI* scored it 79-72.

In a delightful six, Felipe Nieves, 123, NYC, hung on to post a close, but unanimous verdict over comebacking (out for three years) Gordon Trotman, 120, Guyana/Brooklyn. Both men had their respective styles nearly down pat. Nieves, a deliberate two-fisted attack artist, while Trotman was a smooth wait-it-out-and-counter disciple. Nieves clearly took the first two rounds, but Trotman came back to drop his foe with a left hook in the third for a two-point edge on two cards. Nieves looked good again in four and five, but Trotman rallied in the final stanza. Ref: Mercante. Scores: 58-55, 58-56, and 57-56. *BI* had it 58-56. A rematch is in order. The winner goes to 7-0-1, 3 KOs, while Thorman comes back to 4-4-1, I KO.

Promoter—Garden State Boxing.
Matchmaker—Carl "Ogalthorpe" Moretti.
TV—CBS
Ticket Prices—$40.00, $25.00, and $15.00.
Paid Crowd—467 (plus those taken in trade with Villa Roma).
At Ringside—Jack "Front and Center" Obermayer
(08-7-94)

▲ **MANHATTAN—Hotel Pennsylvania.**—I should have known something like this would happen. After all, it was Friday the thirteenth! And as my virgin traveling companion, Argentine Annibal, would put it, oh so succinctly during the drive back home, "no eres bienvenido en la manzala podrida."

Massive traffic tie-ups at the Holland Tunnel have us speeding one hours for a two-mile trip to and through the tube. A plenty-of-time start ends up a hasty run three blocks North on 7th Ave, arriving with the bell beginning round two of bout one. Not bad. But of course, the best has yet to come. Eight-bout card drags on till midnight, and, instead of falling asleep at ringside, I leave in mild protest at start of final round. I must have angered someone. All four of my hubcaps had decided to take off on their own! BLEEP, BLEEP!!?? Call the police?! Forget about it! It's the price you pay for working for free.

Excuse the brevity, backload of shows and lack of funds have cut back on time allowed by yours truly for reporting the news (if you still want to call it that by the time you get to read this stuff). Does anybody care? Does anybody read this stuff? I get more response to my diner runs and closing nicknames then to who-did-what-to-whom. The only one who gets serious about this ancient history is the promoter-matchmaker or the occasional boxer I rip.

Southpaw Kevin Marston, 133, Queens, got jobbed in a defense of his state lightweight title. After some really strong efforts by comebacking (last fight: 3/92) Manuel Batista, 135, Dominican Republic via The Bronx, it appeared to be all for the slick, give-`em-angles Marston, who falls to 14-4-1, 5 KOs. While Al DeCesar and Malvian Lathan were way off the mark at 95-95, "the world's greatest judge," Harold Lederman tabbed it 98-92. *BI* saw it at 99-91. Ref: Kelly.

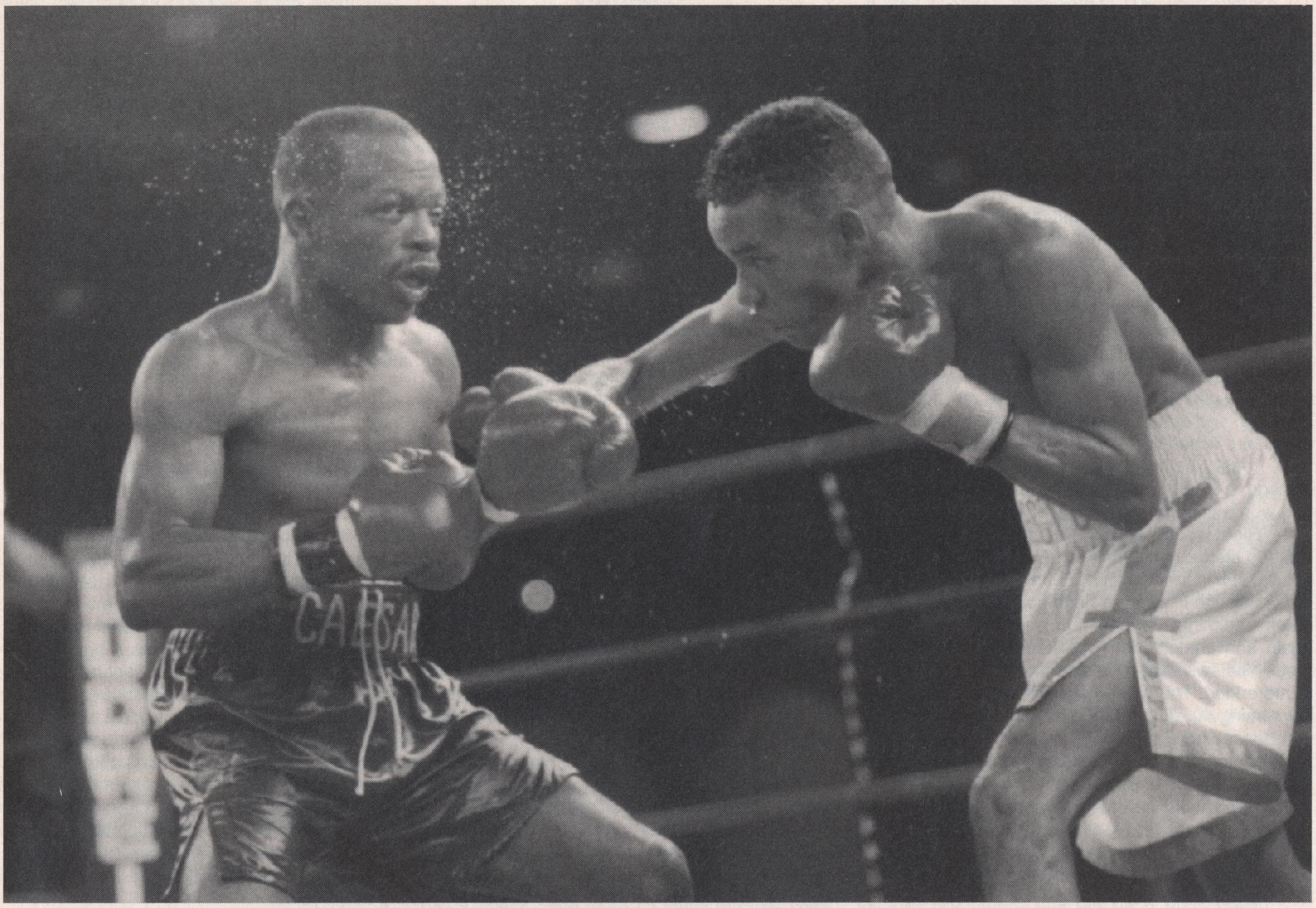
The certainly more-relaxed style of Marston allowed him to wage an evenly-paced bout, landing the right hook effectively. The ruggedly-built Batista pressured matters during the first four rounds, but had very, very, little down the stretch. Batista is now 28-7-1, 18 KOs. (Aside to Randy "Too Sweet" Gordon: stop grandstanding for the media and make sure that your judges attend the seminars on scoring—and refereeing.)

In the curtain riser, word of mouth told me that Pedro Cotto, 134, The Bronx, won round one with an effective body attack. I picked it up from there and the long and lean Jamar Carter, 134, Newark, NJ, did the same, taking the final three chapters, to post a W-4 U victory. Carter goes to 2-0; Cotto now at 1-5.

Adam Garland, 168, of nearby Piscataway, NJ, who had been on the shelf for 18 months, won the vacant NYS (Who cares?) super middleweight title with a W-10 U victory over Mike Peoples, 168, who at least comes from The Empire State, namely Newburgh. Peoples, a relaxed sort of veteran loser, managed to do some damage with a well-spaced-out right that drew some blood from the left eye lid of Garland in round five. Garland now 21-2, 13 KOs, found the slow going much to his liking; it allowed him to get his ring legs back at a leisurely pace. As the round wore on, Peoples backed off further and further. Garland did enough scoring in the eighth to warrant a 10-8 on my sheet, as well as one of the judges. Scores: 100-89, 100-90 and 97-94. *BI* saw it 98-91 giving Peoples rounds one and five. Peoples drops to an inglorious 10-29-4, 2 KOs.

Hector Acero, 125, The Bronx, W-8 U over diminutive Jose Hernandez, 127, Elizabeth, NJ. The little man was a semi-bundle of energy, but he accomplished little against Acero. The smooth-flowing Acero's victory makes him now 29-2-2, with a deceiving 20 KOs, is a fine defensive fighter, but this fragile-looking 24-year-old better be prepared to punch a bit more often. Jose, who received a cut left eye in the fourth, drops to 1-7-1, KO. P.S. How many states would allow a 28-2-2 to take on a 1-6-1 opponent? Scores: That's easy, all at 80-72.

It's a shame that Imamu Mayfield, 187 1/2, New Brunswick, NJ, has a fair amount of fans, for this guy is most assuredly DULL. His safety-first, no harm-no foul, afraid-to-mix-it-up approach backfired on him this night as he dropped a four-round unanimous decision to Richard Brown, 190, Westbury. My short notation on Mayfield (I've seen him before) scribbled on my bout sheet read: "no fun." Brown wasn't exactly a ball of fire either; Brown almost blew it on my card by playing a wait-and-see-game in the first and third sessions, but his step-up in activity in the other two rounds carried him to victory. Scores: 38-37; and 39-36 twice and that is with Brown losing a point in round four for holding. Hey, what about Mayfield! Records: Brown goes to 3-1-1, 0 KOs, while the elongated Mayfield is now 3-1, with a "don't count" 3 KOs—none of his victims had ever tasted victory; they were set-ups.



Credit: Teddy Blackburn

**Hector Sanchez decisions Tracy Harris Patterson to win WBC Jr. Feather Crown.**

Joe Paladino, 170, Brooklyn, debuted (DOB: 2-16-74) with a TKO-1 (1:32) over Danny Musico, 167 1/2, Nutley, NJ., now 1-1. Musico was floored once, plus received a S8C and a bloody nose. Poor fella. The highlight of the bout, though, was referee Kelly somehow briefly losing it. After Musico was decked, he bounced up fairly quickly and in the split moment, Kelley gave his mandatory count to Paladino instead!

Danny Portalatin, 166, the Bronx, debuted (DOB: 7-4-68) with a KO-2 (0:33) over Joe Kenna, 169, Putman Valley, now 1-1. The Puerto Rican native scored a left hook knockdown. Kenna got up a bit too quickly and stumbled back down. With that, referee Kelly stopped the contest.

Carlos Menodza, 141, Franklin Square, W-6 U over Troy Blackmoore, 142, Brooklyn. No Knockdowns. The aggressive Mendoza, now 4-2, 0 KOs, took scores of 58-56, 58-55, and 60-54. Blackmoore, who reminds me somewhat of Field (see above) falls to 3-2, 2 KOs. *BI* scored it 48-47 for Mendoza. This being the walkout bout, yours truly was busy checking for further foul play with my auto.

Referees—Wayne Kelly and Arthur Mercante, Jr.
Promoter—Stillman's (Ron Scott Stevens and Cary Alex)
Matchmaker—Stevens a/k/a Gil Scott Heron.
Ticket Prices— 20, 35, and $50.00
Paid Crowd—575 plus 299 comps
At Ringside—Jack "Happy Birthday, Joe Louis" Obermayer
(05/13/94)

▲ **MELVILLE—Huntington Hilton**—Miracle Promotions is aptly named, as it's a miracle for anyone to successfully promote club boxing without TV, let alone on Long Island. The massive suburban area, seemingly ripe with the overflow of both fans and fighters from the Big Apple, has baffled would-be promoters for years, with promotion-after-promotion coming up fruitless. Now David Meyerowitz and his team are defying traditional logic and doing an excellent job, closing out their first year of fairly regular cards at this luxurious hotel.

With their principal hero, heavyweight hopeful Melvin Foster booked for a big date against Trevor Berbick within a month, the club format provided an opportunity for the return of Daren Zenner in a scheduled 10 for the "Light Heavyweight Championship of Westchester County." No one apparently noted that while Zenner, 175, is from Hartsdale, his opponent, Roosevelt Williams, 176, is billed out of Brooklyn. Old die-hard Dodger fans, among others, would be quick to point out that Brooklyn is its own county and answers to no one! Did "Too Sweet" Gordon sanction this?

No matter how spurious the title, though, the fight was a good, no-nonsense match between a prospect and a dark horse. The blonde, youthful Zenner looks like he belongs on a diving board or over at Forest Hills, but is at home in the ring. Williams didn't come to play flunky, but tore into Zenner with a vigorous attack. Zenner was ready for him. A sneak right bounced Roosevelt off the floor in the first and as he tried to pop right up (as if no one would notice he was down!), Daren tried to nail him with another. Apparently, the events five days prior in Atlantic City left no fear in Zenner! Ref "Duke" Schroeder had to quickly get between them to administer the count and restore order. Immediately after, Zenner found Roosevelt in front of him and popped him with another sharp right. Williams tottered backward, but remained erect and Schroeder gave him a standing eight.

The Brooklynite looked nearly finished, but no big fireworks ensued and he survived the first. This set the style for the rest of the fight. Williams would attack and Zenner would counter. Roosevelt fired some nice combinations, but the punches were wide and left him open. Every time he started to gain some momentum, the poised Zenner would be waiting with a counter right hook or one-two and send Williams reeling. Roosevelt was in trouble at the bell after an otherwise strong second, and a beautifully executed left hook and right cross canvassed him again in the fourth. Daren's harder and better-placed punches constantly undid Roosevelt's rallies. In the seventh, Williams was drilled by a right counter that rocked him and when Daren came back immediately with another big right, Schroeder stopped it at 2:10. Williams protested and some of the fans, who were roundly enjoying the crackling action, booed. But Zenner had clearly dominated. Daren went to 13-1-2 (6), and Williams 5-6-1 (2).

Adrian Stone, 148, Paterson, hammered Richards, 151, St. Croix via NYC, into a TKO at 1:15 of the fifth; scheduled six. With manager Stan "The Bubelah" Hoffman exhorting him on, Stone dished out a relentless beating to the game Richards. Wayne never stopped trying, but looped his punches, while Adrian was right

there with short, jolting blows. Richards' left eye was closing and he was fumbling through a fog when ref Wayne Kelley started a standing eight, then decided Richards was in no condition to go on.

Hot prospect Joel Scott, 240, Albany, halted Barry Kirton, 204, Brooklyn, after one of a scheduled six. Kirton was in trouble from the start against the massive Scott. The first punch of the fight was a left hook that jolted him. And it didn't get any better. Barry was merely trying to survive, for what God awful reason only he knows as he took a standing eight, had his left eye cut and was wobbly at the bell. Apparently, it was the corner who stopped the fight over Kirton's protests. Ref: Kelley.

Doug Gray, 148, Yonkers, won a TKO when Jose Nieves, 150, Bronx, threw out his right shoulder and had to retire after one routine round of a scheduled four. Ref: Schroeder.

A local Golden Gloves standout, Luis Rosado, 140, Bronx, debuted in a tough match and won a majority decision over Evon Lefevre, 141, Ridgewood, in an action-packed four. Rosado started a bit shaky and suffered a flash knockdown in the first. But late in the second he broke through in hand-to-hand combat when he began reaching LeFevre with overhand rights, again and again. Evon was nearly out on his feet—hips swiveling in all directions—when the round ended. The game LeFevre was still wobbly coming out in the third and Schroeder gave him a standing eight, but he hung in and made a determined effort to recoup. It nearly cost Rosado, as Oscar Perez scored it 37-37, for which he should be given a choice between retirement and termination. Fortunately, Al DeCesar and the vaunted Harold Lederman didn't let Evon steal it, scoring the bout for Rosado 38-36 and 38-35, respectively.

James McCloskey, 128, East Meadow, LI, pounded Randy Knight, 128, Brooklyn, for a unanimous win in a spirited four. Both tore into each other in an unpolished crowd-pleaser, with the rugged McCloskey outlasting the game Knight. Randy had bad intentions, but his vigorous arm swings had more flash than power and left him tiring and fighting for his life in the final two. James overran and battered him late, but Knight hung in and never stopped trying to end it with one haymaker. Ref: Schroeder.

Caezar Harewood, 150, Brooklyn, won a deserved unanimous decision over Maurepaz Auguste, 149, Irvington, NJ, in a bit of a tame bout. Both could box well, but Maurepaz spent a little too much time posing and setting up, then looked stunned when the just verdict went against him. Harewood used his jab well and clearly "made" the fight. Ref: Kelley.

Promoter—David H. Meyerowitz (Miracle Prom'ns, Inc.)
Matchmaker—Bruce Silverglade
Attendance—600, $15,000 (est.)
Timekeeper—Jim Borzell
Announcer—Patrick Waldron
At Ringside—J. R. Jowett
(08/18/94)

## OHIO

▲ **YOUNGSTOWN—Youngstown State University.**—Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini brought boxing back to his hometown, but this time as a promoter. Teaming up with former top contender Ruben Castillo, the pair staged an eight-bout card that seemed to be ill-fated from the start.

Headlining the show was the return of 37-year-old ex-bantamweight champion Greg Richardson. The original opponent for Richardson was to have been unbeaten Mexican sensation Marco Antonio Barrera. Soon after publicity for the show began, however, Barrera pulled out claiming a hand injury. Next up for Greg was Armando Salazar, but he quickly became unabilable due to "prior" commitments. Finally, the promoters settled on Mexican Armando Castro who was a former world title challenger. At stake, the Penta Continental bantamweight championship. Then the newly-formed Ohio Boxing Commission stepped in and almost pulled the plug. The O.B.C. felt that the promoters had not properly prepared the necessary paperwork needed for licensing all the boxers on the card. Due to this some boxers were forced off the card, leaving Mancini and Castillo scrambling for last-minute replacements. By fight time only about 900 people were on hand at Beeghley Center for a night of fisticuffs.

Richardson, with Victor Valle in his corner, won every round against the aggressive but ineffective Castro. Richardson boxed beautifully, hitting Castro as he pleased while avoiding almost every one of the Mexican's offensive attempts. Greg dropped Castro with a right hand in round five and wobbled him in several others. Castro also suffered a cut under his left eye in round seven. A round-by-round report would be repetitious. All three judges scored the bout 120-107. It wasn't *that* close! Richardson is now 33-5-1; Castro dips to 48-14.

Former champion Louie Espinoza won a decisive ten-round verdict over Jeff Trimble of Youngstown. Trimble tried to make a fight of it but he was just outgunned. He fought back gamely throughout the contest despite bleeding heavily from the nose the last seven rounds. Espinoza put Jeff on the canvas late in round seven and Trimble lost his mouthpiece. The delay in having it washed out may have saved Jeff rom a knockout. Still, it was a gutty display by the Y-Town boxer against a superior foe. Espinoza who still wants a title shot, upped his record to 48-8-2; Trimble is now 12-9-6.

In another scheduled ten rounder, unbeaten Mike Maggio of Erie, PA, almost saw his streak end against Mike Bryan of Indiana in a junior welterweight bout. Hardly had the sound of the opening bell faded when a Bryan right hand sent Maggio reeling back. Maggio tried to fight back, but another right staggered him again. Bryan was all over him and Maggio was lucky to last out the round. Bryan's first-round assault left him spent and Maggio worked his way back into the fight in round two. Bryan was fading fast in the third and Maggio hurt him with left hooks that drove him into a corner. Bryan was covering up when referee Jackie Keough stepped in and halted the match. Bryan protested vehemently and the crowd erupted with boos and catcalls. Even promoters Mancini and Castillo lashed out at Keough. The referee's call was debatable, but Bryan probably wouldn't have lasted much longer anyway. Finally, order was restored and Maggio left the ring with a 14-0-1 record; the disappointed Bryan falls to 12-5.

Three quick knockouts preceded the main events. Each prelim featured a pro debuting local boxer. Jr. welterweight Craig Kitka and lightweight Jim Lytle registered easy first-round kayos. Welterweight Ken Sigurani, who was 44-4 as an amateur, won when his opponent failed to answer the bell for round two. Louie "The bull" Turchiarelli, a heavyweight, and middleweight Brian Halinan each won in the walkout bouts.

The very personable and popular Frankie Randall was at Ringside. He wants Chavez again in a big way, but he's convinced Chavez is avoiding him. Also present were Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini and Michael Carbajal. Carlos Palomino did the color commentary for cable T.V. (And a special thanks to my friend, Jim Borgen, for all his help.)

Promoters—Ray Mancini/Ruben Castillo
Tickets—$20 - $30 - $50 -$60
T.V.—Prostar
Attendance—900 Estimate
At Ringside—Jim Amato
(07/22/94)

## PENNSYLVANIA

▲ **MANHEIM TWP.—Olde Hickory Inn**—Boxing man-about-town Barry Stumpf describes his sport as "The most exciting business in the world to be in to make nothing." With fans difficult to lure into the crime-and drug-ridden Amish Hellhole of Lancaster, Stumpf went searching around the pastoral fringes for a new location after failing to come to terms with boxing's traditional local base, the Host Farm.

The idea was to keep the brilliant but unheralded local star, Fernando Rodriquez, active and interested. A promotional deal with Don King has yielded next to nothing, with King evincing no interest in underwriting a local show. Fernando's career is reaching a critical point and manager Stumpf has taken it upon himself to do what King has not. In the meantime, a club-level card was to keep him busy at this pleasant little ballroom out in the rapidly-dwindling countryside.

Alas, the best-laid plains of mice and boxing promoters often fail to get the cheese. After an action-packed undercard, the crowd had been brought to a fever pitch of expectancy, only to have the main event and abruptly in confusion. Rodriquez, 131, Lancaster, faced a useful opponent in James Ayers, 132 1/2, Phila., in a scheduled 10. Ayers didn't figure to beat Fernando, but was expected to give him rounds and a solid workout. But facing another southpaw like himself may have taken away the underdog's safety net. Whatever the reason, Ayers held his own for three rounds by "running," while Fernando stayed after him and tried to slow him down by stroking his ribs. Then, just when the contest seemed to be taking shape, the visitor quit in his corner, claiming his back hurt. We won't say it...

Fans wanted more, and expressed their displeasure. Then, when the mike went out during the 50/50 drawing, the crowd got antsy and announcer Hank Kropinski had to make a yeoman effort to get things back in order. The loser scurried away, leaving manager Fred Jenkins to cover his retreat. "He told me in the corner that his back was killing him," Jenkins apologized. "I tried to coax him into going in the fourth round, but it hurt too much." In fairness, Ayers (2-8-1, 1 KO) had put up much better efforts on his recent comeback. The winner (20-1-1, 9) expected more. "I was surprised he stopped the fight," said Fernando. "But I was connecting with some hard shots to his sides and chest. I knew those shots were catching up to him, but I didn't think they were catching up that fast." The referee was Tony Wolfe.

Some familiar local faces were missing from the undercard (prospect Manny Rose, a policeman, was on duty), but fans got their money's worth in spite of the abbreviated main event.

Jenkins' heavyweight hopeful James Stanton, 228, Phila., TKO'd Robert Perry, 240, Norristown, at 2:58 of the first; scheduled for four. The squat, tubby Perry, said to be returning from a long vacation, bored in low and worked to the body, but only hastened his own demise. Stanton answered back with his own body barrage, digging into the flab with a booming right that dropped Perry. Shortly after, with Robert getting bombed, trainer "Smiley" Haywood signalled ref Hurley McCall to stop it.

Demetrius Lloyd, 125, Wilmington, an unheralded kid looking to make it the hard way—by fighting for it—didn't have an easy time gaining a unanimous decision over Ed Butts, 120, Phila., in a tedious four. Lloyd, trained by Joe Tiberi, had to turn southpaw to in order to track Butts down. Ref: Joe Crockett.

Lou Chester, 188, York, belted out Craig Butts, 187, Phila., at 2:04 of the fist; scheduled for four. Butts came out windmilling, but had nothing on the punches, while Chester waited for his opening, then buried him with a right. Ref: McCall.

Carney Bowman, 164, York KO'd Bryan Woodall, 163, Wilmington, at 2:29 of the third; scheduled four. The flamboyant Bowman, returning after a long hiatus, bounced into the ring wearing shades, a cowboy hat and a confident grin—and then proceeded to back it up! Woodall was not a slouch, but used the ring in some uncommon ways. Sitting on floor level in the low-ceilinged banquet room, the ring had almost no apron, but was surrounded by a moat of officials' tables. At the very start, Woodall was charged with a knockdown when his trailing foot slipped off the nearly non-existent apron about the time he was being hit. A protest to the referee was to no avail, but was succeeded by a clear knockdown in the third. Bryan was tiring under a hectic pace from the in-your-face Bowman when the switch-hitting Carney started to shift from southpaw—then changed back again—and nailed him with a crisp right. Woodall sagged backward through the ropes and came to rest with his rear outside the ring, sitting on the officials' table. Too tired to extricate himself, Bryan became one of the few fighters to be counted out while seated on a table. This provided a noteworthy professional debut for young referee Joe Crockett.

Issy Ponce, 144 1/2, Reading, debuted impressively, taking out Donald Gregory, 145, Pleasantville, NJ, at 1:14 of the first; scheduled for four. Gregory didn't show much resolve and Ponce was quick to discourage him. Two chopping rights as Donald tried to duck sent him to the floor. And when he stumbled up, Wolfe stopped it.

Lamont Cooper, 172, Phila., was as surprised as anyone when he was awarded a bad decision over Edwin Jenkins, 172 1/2, Hamonton, NJ, in a wild and woolly four. Whoever taught these guys to box didn't as they whaled away with total abandon. Actually, they had competent corners—Fred Jenkins for Cooper and Mike Hall for Jenkins—but elected to forego any strategy and fight head-on. Jenkins clearly outgunned Cooper, being busier, shorter and more precise with his punches, but the histrionic attack of Lamont got him the votes of Sarah Jones (39-37) and Paul Battle (39-38), while Dave Greer had 38-38. Ugh! Ref: McCall.

Promoter—Steve Groff Prom'ns
Matchmaker—Pat Duffy
Attendance— 466
Timekeeper—Fred Blumstein
At Ringside—J. R. Jowett
(08/12/94)

## VIRGINIA

▲ **GRUNDY—Jr. High**—There was a time when boxing in Virginia centered around DC, Richmond and the Tidewater area, the frontier going as far south and west as Roanoke. Not any more. Now, it just keeps going and going and going. Not even the Energizer Bunny could make it all the way to Grundy, which is so far back in the foothills of the Appalachians that it's hard to believe this is still Virginia. Some sort of geopolitical fluke must have kept it from being part of West Virginia—which it far more resembles culturally and topographically than it does Virginia. This is a whole different world, virtually unknown to the boxing community who stop for gas down on the interstate on their way to Bay St. Louis.

That boxing exists here at all seems a miracle. Actually, it is more like the result of dogged determination by Danny Tiller, a local convenience store owner who isn't about to let mountain roads, isolation and a local population base not much over 1300 stop him. This guy is no flim-flam man or Johnny-come-lately, but has built the local game from the ground up. Developing out of his son's desire to become an amateur boxer, Tiller organized a local team and claims to have drawn 1200 to amateur cards. After a few years, however, there came another dead end: no local pro boxing. Tiller realized, "You could go just so far around here, so we decided to try it right here." The pro game proved to be a logistic nightmare. "This is the hardest thing I've ever done in my life," Tiller states flatly.

For this card ring ropes had to be flown in, then worked on and stretched `til just shy of first bell. Crowds have been so small that the cozy junior high gym was selected so that a hundred or so people wouldn't look lost. The promotion struggled through some five cards, then lay dormant for a while, but refused to die. Now Tiller is back, with optimistic plans for a bold future.

The second "inaugural" had to be trimmed to four bouts when George Samms outweighed his opponent by some four divisions and amiable Commissioner Doug Beavers said "no!" Samms wisecracked to late arrivals that they had missed the best fight, meaning his own.

The opening four had Robert Hollifield, 148, of nearby Limestone, TN, beating Billy Outley, 158, Nashville, by unanimous decision in a lively contest. The two boxed well in spite of limited opportunity, with the underdog holding his own for a couple of rounds but fading in the final two. Hollifield's persistence and better conditioning paid off as he battered Outley down the stretch and came home a clear winner. Larry Doggett refereed.

Local pride Darris Stanely, 172, Coeburn, VA, made short work of James Fleming, 162, Nashville, in a scheduled four. Looking pumped by cheering fans, Darris came out aggressively, bombed the retreating visitor with a volley, then tossed him to the floor disdainfully. Fleming reposed for the count, face buried in canvas and tail in the air like a downed helicopter, apparently too embarrassed to get up and face any more music. The time was 0:50 of the first. Ernie Green refereed.

The lone six paired Robert Curry and Caseny "K.C." Truesdale, a couple of guys who travel up and down the East coast winning and losing and rarely get a chance to star. This time, it was Robert's turn. Curry, 170, from nearby Beckley, WVA, wasn't given any gift, however, as he started off by visiting the floor. Truesdale, 181, Winston-Salem, surprised Robert with a big, slapping, hesitation right that sent him to the canvas in the first. Curry restored order over the next three rounds in an earnest, but slow-motion contest as both picked their shots judiciously and looked afraid of running out of gas. As the end neared, Truesdale picked up the pace and brought the gym alive with a wild last-ditch rally to start the sixth. Curry held him off in some furious, undisciplined trading then had it back under control after Caseny punched himself out without connecting for the big score. Curry got a deserved, unanimous decision: Judge #1, 58-57; Judge #2, 58-55; Judge #3, 57-56. Curry edged his winning career margin to 33-31 (11), while Truesdale dropped to 5-8-1 (5). Ref: Doggett.

The intermission was highlighted by Elvis, who came in carrying a portable amp, then performed all his hits *a capella*. About half the fans in the sweltering gym headed for the doors, while the others remained in amazement as the rock `n' roll legend rendered a unique version of "Old MacDonald." Elvis is apparently picking his appearances judiciously and couldn't pass up a chance to play Grundy despite Beavers' observation that he should be strangled.

The closest thing to a main event was a scheduled four featuring the debut of Elmer "The Fightin' Lumberjack" Jackson, 214, Vansant, which is just up the road a piece. The fans had come mainly for Jackson, putting him in a limited category with Joe Louis, who also main-evented in his pro debut. Elmer faced one Steve Woods, 256, Nashville, who had no known pro record, but put up a brief, action-packed battle that brought up the crowd. The stubby Woods had most of his weight bulging over the top of his trunks and was much shorter than the lighter favorite. His tactic was to bob and bushwhack, getting so low that he resembled a basketball dribbling itself as he bored in. It almost worked in the first. Frenetic action included punching, mauling and pushing, plus a right by Woods that shook Jackson. Steve didn't seem to realize it amidst the frenzy, however, and by the second the pace and all the lard had him puffing and trying to buy time by turning and walking away, then suddenly whirling and firing. Elmer was wary and approached cautiously, but when Steve missed, Jackson would close in and work him over. Woods' corner was in bedlam, with the commissioners trying to settle them down as the exhausted Steve sagged into the ropes, took a pounding, then got a standing eight from Green. The ref then stopped it at 2:47 of the second, a short but satisfying encounter.

The pleased promoter observed that they had some boys who can fight and the fans should get behind them within the year. The early show was over by 9:00, giving fans the opportunity to go watch Bowe-Mathis.

Promoter/matchmaker—Danny Tiller
(Appalachian Sports, Inc.)
Attendance—160, $3000 (est.)
Judges—Vaughn LPrade, Doug Bevers,
plus ref not in ring
Timekeeper—Gail Carpenter
Announcer—Joel Meade
At Ringside—J.R. Jowett
(08/13/94)

## TITLE FIGHTS IN EUROPE APRIL - JUNE '94

### EUROPEAN

Dane Racheed Laval got off the canvas to kayo Briton Paul Burke in the fourth to win the vacant lightweight title. A right sent Laval to the canvas in round two to land on the seat of his pants. He was up quickly but hurt and held on to the ropes for support and then fell in close. The Briton was on top until the fourth when he was caught by a terrific right that sent him to canvas. He made his feet as referee Erki Meronen, Finland, reached "eight" but was counted out. The last Briton to win European laurels in Denmark was Colin Jones in 1982

Aalborg Denmark
04/02/94

Welterweight champion, southpaw Gary Jacobs of Scotland, defended successfully, beating Italian Alessandro Duran in eight rounds. A right hand to the head dropped the challenger in round three and a right hook had him taking another count. By round eight the Italian had closed the gap but then ran into a left hook followed by a right that sent him to the canvas to land on his back. German third man Norbert Krosch took up his count with the bell sounding as he reached six, but he continued his count to the end. Judges Knud Jensen, Denmark, and Andre Ducrocq, France, tabbed it 68-65 and 67-64, respectively, and Krosch's scorecard read, 68-67. This was Duran's fourth defeat in 39 starts.

Glasgow, Scotland
04/13/94

Middleweight titleholder Agostine Cardamone, Italy, remained undefeated in 21 starts, retaining his laurels on points against his French challenger, Gino Lelong (30). The champion's left eyebrow was cut and Lelong's left eye also bled. The fight that neither France or Italy could sponsor was taken over by the Spanish promoter Enrique Soria with a sparse crowd of only 500 in the venue. It was Lelong's 7th defeat in 33 bouts with one draw.

Victoria, Spain.
04/14/94

Frenchman Valery Kayumba won back his light welter title from fellow countryman Christian Merle, who took it from him rather surprisingly last December. Kayumba won the return by stopping his man in the third before a crowd of 3500. Both fighters visited the canvas and Merle's forehead was cut.

Clermond Ferrand, France
04/17/94 .

Flyweight champion Luigi Camputaro, Italy, had a close call in retaining against Briton Mickey Cantwell (30). The champion. In the view of the officials, won or shared the last round which made him the winner. Scores : Henk Adriaanse, Holland, 115-114; Jess Anderson, Denmark, 115-114; and Alfred Asaro; France, 116-113. Caputaro's left eye was cut in the opening round.

London, UK
04/27/94 .

Italian bantam champion Vicenzo Belcastro (33) lost his crown to 20 -year-old Naseem Hamed over 12 rounds. Scorecards were all in favor of challenger: Judges Walter Schall, Austria, 119-110, Pentti Rautatnen, Finland, 120-109; and third man, Bob Logist, Belgium, 120-109. Southpaw Hamed, who is the youngest Briton to rule Europe, is undefeated in 12 bouts. Belcastro was dropped from a left with only seconds gone of the opening round and then touched down again in frame eleven from a straight right. He has had 38 starts, winning 27, losing 8 and drawing 3.

Sheffield, UK
05/11/94

Super feather champion Jacobin Yoma, France (28), retained his title, beating British southpaw Neil Haddock (29), who retired between rounds six and seven. He later complained of a nose injury. Yoma is undefeated in 29 bouts.

Cayene, French Guyana
05/14/94

Light middle champion Javier Castillejo, Spain, retained with a 12 - round decision over Patrick Vungbo's Belgium.

Las Palmas, Spain
05/20/94

Valery Kayumba, France, lost his light welter title to fellow landsman Klalid Rahilou (27) rather surprisingly on points. Scorecards read: referee Armand Krief, 115-113; Judges Alfred Asaro, 117-115, and Raymond Bachelet, 117-115, all in favor of the challenger.

Levaltois Perret, France
06/04/94

In his third attempt at a European crown, Frederic Seillier, France, finally became the new super middleweight champion. He beat Vincenzo Nardiello, Italy, who retired in round five. The champion was decked from a right in the third and the bell saved him when he took a second count. In round five a right to the jaw decked Nardiello again and although he beat Larry O'Connell's count, his manager, Rocco Agostino, threw in the surrender towel. Crowd: 4000.

Toulon, France.
06/11/94

Cruiserweight champion Carl Thompson of Britain defended successfully against former champion Akim Tafer (26) France, Thompson survived two knockdowns before taking Tafer out in the sixth. The Frenchman beat referee Franz Marti's count, but the latter waved it over.

Epernay, France
06/14/94

### COMMONWEALTH

Lightweight champion Billy Schwer (25) of Britain retained by beating Canadian Howard Grant when referee Dave Parris called a halt in round nine after Grant appeared hurt. It was Grant's first defeat in 17 bouts with one draw. For Schwer, it was his career best, bringing his record to 26 wins with one loss. As an amateur Grant won a silver medal at the world championships, a gold at the Commonwealth Games and a bronze at the Seoul Olympics.

Stevenage, UK
05/11/94

Feather Billy Hardy WKO 8 over Alan McKay. Third man was Paul Thomas, who waved it over with 26 seconds gone of the frame.

Sunderland, UK.
05/14/94

Ross Hale won the light welter title beating Andy Holligan (26) with third man Dave Parris calling a halt with 1:59 gone of the third. It was only Holligan's second defeat in 24 starts and his first to a fellow Briton. Hale has one loss in 23 contests. Crowd: 2000.

Bristol, UK
05/15/94

### WBO

In the first world title fight bout to be staged in Holland, light welter champion Zack Padilla retained his title when challenger Harold Miller retired in the interval between rounds six and seven. Miller's trainer, Freddie Roach, took his man out, thus saving third man Norbert Krosch, Germany, the task of breaking up this one - sided affair.

Rotterdam, Holland
04/18/94

Briton Chris Pyatt (30) handed over his middleweight laurels to Steve Collins (29), the bout being stopped in round five. Pyatt took a count of eight in round five from a right to the face leaving him with a bloody nose and mouth. Referee Thomas finally waved it over with 2:27 gone in the round. It was Pyatt's eleventh major title bout in his 46 - bout career with only four losses. Collins now has 28 wins in 31 fights.

Sheffield, UK
05/11/94

Briton Chris Eubank held on to his super middle laurels outscoring Irishman Ray Close in twelve rounds. American officials Gene Glen and Clark Sammarino both had Eubank in front, scoring it 118-112 and 115-114, respectively. But Briton Roy Francis favored Close by a 117-114 score. In a previous meeting points were shared. It was Eubank's 15th world title bout in 42 months with 114 completed rounds of boxing. He is undefeated in 8 1/2 years of boxing with 37 wins and two draws. Crowd: 8000.

Belfast, Ireland
05/15/94

Super bantamweight champion Daniel Jimenez, Puerto Rico, retained his title outscoring Christobal Pascual (34), Spain in 12 rounds. For an outsider, Pascual did extremely well and gave the champion a good fight.

Utrela, Serville, Spain
06/15/94

German southpaw Henry Maske (30) successfully made a fourth defense of his light heavyweight title with a unanimous 12-round decision over Italian Andrea Magi (27). Scorecards read: Leroy Brown, US, 117-112; Richard Vilano, San Marino, 119-110; and Heinrich Muehmert, Germany, 117-114. The German touched down in the closing seconds of round ten, but was not hurt. The last time the German visited the canvas was in a French amateur tournament in Nazaire in 1988 when he lost to the Dutchman Zwezerijnen. Third man for the Maske - Magi

bout was American Robert Gonzales and the MC was American Michael Buffer. Crowd.: 9500.

Dortmund, Germany
06/04/94 .

Feather champion Steve Robinson (25) made a successful fourth defense outscoring Dominican challenger Freddy Cruz, (32) over 12 rounds. Scorecards read: Rick Bays, US, 116-112; Frank Cairo, US, 117-110; and Luis Rabon, Puerto Rico, 118-109, all in favor of the champion. Getting a third caution for pulling Robinson onto his punches, Cruz, picked up a penalty point in the ninth.

Cardiff, Wales
06/04/94

South African flyweight champion Jake Matala (32) retained his title stopping Briton Francis Ampofo (27) in round nine. Ampofo fought his heart out in the early rounds and after dropping to one knee from exhaustion rather than from a blow, his manager, Barry Hearn, informed referee Raul Criz of his boxers retirement. Matala, standing just 4 feet 10 inches tall, is considered to be the world's smallest pro boxer. It was his 50th contest.

London, UK
06/11/94

## WBA

Julio Cesar Vasquez, Argentine, making the ninth defense of his light middle title, beat Ahmet Dottuev (23), Russia, who was taken out by the third man, John Coyle, with 47 seconds gone of the tenth after three touchdowns. The champion also visited the canvas. Officials Gutavo Padilla and Nestor Ramirez, both had Vasquez in front, 86-85, as did Henk Meijers, who tabbed it 89-83. Vasquez's lone defeat in 51 bouts was a disqualification against Verno Phillips. Crowd: 8000.

Belfast, Ireland
05/21/94 .

Ghanaian Ike "Bazooka" Quartey (24) caused a major upset dethroning welter champion Venezuelan Crisanto Espana, who dropped to the canvas, exhausted, in round nine with the surrender towel flying in. At the time of the stoppage scorecards read: Lou Tabat, 96-94 for Espana; Oscar Perez, 95-95 and Juto Vasquez, 99-96 for Quartey. The champion had complained of a stomach ailment before the fight. Third man was Julio Cesar Alvaado, Panama. Quartey is now 26-0 and Espana, 30-l.

Levallois Perret, France
06/04/94

## WBO Penta Continental

Briton Garry Delaney (23), the light heavyweight champion, retained his title by knocking out fellow countryman Simon Harris (32) with a left hook with 2:48 of round six. When they met last year points were shared. Delaney has 16 wins and a draw and Harris 14 wins, 4 losses and a draw.

London, UK
04/09/94

Ukrainian Andrei Sinepupov won the vacant lightweight crown outscoring Briton Mark Ramsey over 12 rounds before a crowd of 8000. The verdict, although unanimous, was to many controversial. Sinepupov was cut around both eyes.

Dnepropet Rousk, Ukraine
05/07/94

Jon Jo Irwin (25) decisioned fellow Briton Michael Armstrong over 12 rounds to win the feather crown.

Doncaster, UK
05/10/94

Wayne Ellis of Wales won the vacant middleweight title when Englishman Paul Bushy was taken out with a cut left eye caused by an accidental clash of heads with 2:20 gone of the fourth. Referee Keane raised Bushy's hand as the winner, but it was not to be. WBO rules state otherwise and with officials Larry O'Connell and Billy Raferty scoring 30-28 and 29-28, respectively, for Ellis and Roy Francis having Bushy in front 29-28, it was Ellis who left the ring as the winner.

London, UK
06/28/94

***– Jack Tree***

### EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS AS AT JUNE 30, 94.

| Weight | Champion | Born | Won Title | Defenses |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fly | Luigi Camputaro | Jan 28, `66 Gioia Sannitica, Italy | Sep. 22, `93 | One |
| Bantam | Naseem Hamad | Feb. 12, `74 Sheffield, UK | May 11, `94 | None |
| Feather | Stefano Zoff | Mar. 17, `66 Monfalcone, Italy | Mar. 22, `94 | None |
| S. Feather | Jacobin Yoma | Sep. 17, `66 Maripasoula, Italy | Jun II, `93 | Three |
| Light | Racheed Laval | Dec. 4, `65 Sierraheone, Denmark | May 2, `94 | None |
| L. Welter | Klalid Rahilou | Jun. 19, `66 Argenteuil, France | Jun 4, `94 | None |
| Welter | Gary Jacobs* | Dec. 10, `65 Glasgow, Scotland | Feb. 6, `93 | Two |
| L. Middle | Javier Castillejos | Mar. 22, `68 Parla, Spain | Jan. II, `94 | Three |
| Middle | Agostine Cardamone* | Dec. I, `65 Montoro, Italy | Jun. 23, `93 | Two |
| S. Middle | Frederic Seiller | Jun. 17, `64 Toulon, France | Jun II, `94 | None |
| L. Heavy | Fabrice Tiozzo | May 8, `69 St. Denis, France | May 3, `94 | None |
| Cruiser | Carl Thompson* | May 26, `64 Manchester, UK | Jan. 28, `94 | One |
| Heavy | Henry Akinwande | Oct. 12, `65 Delwich, UK. | May I, `93 | Two |

*Southpaw

In the first six months of 94 there were 21 European contests, one more than in the same period of last year. Reigning champions as of June 30th, `94: Great Britain and France 4 each, Italy 3, Denmark and Spain one each.

# AT THE BELL

## HEAVYWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 15 | Melbourne, Aus | Vince Cervi TKO 1 Garry Wills |
| July 22 | Robinsonville, Miss. | Alexandre Zolkin TKO 7 Carl Williams |
| July 23 | Berlin, Germany | Henry Akinwande KO 7 Mario Schiesser (Retained European Boxing Union Title) |
| July 25 | Joliet, Ill. | Boris Powell Wu 10 Kimmuel Odum |
| July 28 | Atlantic City, N.J. | Ray Mercer Ds 10 Marion Wilson |
| July 28 | Atlantic City, N.J. | Tommy Morrison Ds 10 Ross Puritty |
| Aug. 2 | Los Angeles, Cal. | Jeremy Williams KO 6 Mark Wills |
| Aug. 4 | Ledyard, Conn. | Danell Nicholson Ws 12 Johnny Ruiz (Won Vacant IBO Title) |
| Aug. 6 | Sao Paulo, Brazil | J. Adilson Rodrigues KO 2 Terry Davis (Won Vacant Penta Continental Title) |
| Aug. 9 | Prior Lake, Minn. | Larry Holmes Wu 10 Jesse Ferguson |
| Aug. 12 | Springfield, Mass. | Juan Quintana Wu 10 Stanley Wright (Won New England Title) |
| Aug. 12 | S. Padre Is., Tx. | Tim Witherspoon TKO 3 Sherm. Griffin |
| Aug. 13 | Atlantic City,N.J. | Corrie Sanders TKO 1 Carlos DeLeon |
| Aug. 13 | Atlantic City,N.J. | Riddick Bowe NC 4 Buster Mathis Jr. |
| Aug. 13 | Las Vegas, Nev. | David Tua Wu 10 Everton Davis |
| Aug. 13 | Las Vegas, Nev. | Andrew Golota TKO 2 Jeff Lampkin |

## JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 14 | Monte Carlo | Marcelo Figueroa KO 1 Jeff McCall |
| July 14 | Monte Carlo | Anaclet Wamba Dm 12 Adol. Washington (Retained WBC Title) |
| July 23 | Bismarck, N.D. | Alfred Cole Wu 12 Nate Miller (Retained IBF Title) |
| Aug. 4 | Ledyard, Conn. | David Izeqwire TKO 5 Bobby Czyz (Won Vacant IBO Title) |
| Aug. 11 | Boise, Idaho | Kenny Keene TKO 10 Vincent Boulware (Retained WBF Title) |

## LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 15 | Sharon, Pa. | Greg Everett KO 1 John Keys |
| July 18 | Pretoria, S.A. | Martin Opperhan Wu 10 Moh. Isaacs (Won Vacant Transvaal Title) |
| July 20 | Solofra, Italy | Yawe Davis KO 1 Josip Jovic |
| July 23 | Bismarck, N.D. | Mike McCallum Wu 12 Jeff Harding (Won WBC Title) |
| July 23 | Bismarck, N.D. | Virgil Hill Wu 12 Frank Tate (Retained WBA Title) |
| Aug. 12 | Newtown, Aus. | Mick Beattie TKO 4 Heath Bulgin |

## SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 13 | Montreal, Canada | Eric Lucas Wu 12 Laurie Grosse (Retained Canadian Title) |
| July 18 | Louisville, Ky. | Alex Ramos KO 2 Steve Brown |
| July 28 | London, Eng. | Hunter Clay TWu 9 Lou Gent (Regained WBC International Title) |
| July 29 | Las Vegas, Nev. | James Toney KO 12 Charles Williams (Retained IBF Title) |
| Aug. 2 | Memphis, Tenn. | Tim Dendy Wu 10 Tim Cooper |
| Aug. 12 | Tucuman, Arg. | Frankie Liles Wu 12 Steve Little (Won WBA Title) |

## MIDDLEWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 16 | Centreville, Ala. | Terry Acker TKO 3 Larry Johnson |
| July 17 | Buenos Aires, Arg. | Jorge Castro KO 4 Royan Hammond |
| July 19 | S. Ste. Marie, Mi. | Joe Lipsey Jr. TKO 3 Kenny Lopez |
| July 20 | Solofra, Italy | Agostino Cardamone TKO 7 Nev. Brown (Retained European Boxing Union Title) |
| July 22 | Doyalson, Aus. | Mark Bargero TKO 2 Mark Picker (Won New South Wales State Title) |
| July 25 | Reynosa, Mexico | Ray. Torres Jr. TKO 6 Brigido Alvarez |
| July 30 | Tucson, Ariz. | Augustin Renteria Wu 10 Jose Cataneo |
| Aug. 5 | Houston, Texas | Lalo Gutierrez Wu 12 Rafael Gomez (Retained Mexican Title) |
| Aug. 7 | Callicoon, N.Y. | Lonnie Bradley Wm 10 Ron Morgan (Won Vacant New York State Title) |
| Aug. 11 | Malden, Mass. | Dana Rosenblatt Wu 10 Jacques LeBlanc |
| Aug. 12 | Tucuman, Arg. | Jorge Castro Ws 12 Reggie Johnson (Won Vacant WBA Title; court action pending) |
| Aug. 18 | Ledyard, Conn. | Quincy Taylor TKO 8 Derrick Rolon (Retained NABF Title) |

## JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 13 | Montreal, Canada | Darrin Morris TKO 6 Stephane Ouellet (Won Vacant IBC Title) |
| July 19 | S. Ste. Marie, Mi. | Lonny Beasley Wu 10 Fitz Bruney |
| July 21 | Ledyard, Conn. | Bronco McKart TKO 6 Alain Bonnamie (Won WBC International Title) |
| July 22 | Melbourne, Aus. | Leo Young TWu 11 Grahame Cheney (Retained Australian Title) |
| July 22 | Plymouth, Mass. | Kippy Diggs TKO 3 Milton Leaks |
| July 23 | Boiro, Spain | Javier Castillejos TKO 8 Ludovic Proto (Retained European Boxing Union Title) |
| July 25 | Inglewood, Calif. | Verno Phillips TKO 7 Jaime Llanes (Retained WBO Title) |
| July 30 | N. Las Vegas, Nev. | Emmett Linton TKO 4 Scotty Smith |
| Aug. 3 | Durban, S.A. | Eric Spalding Wu 10 Zephania Mpungosi (Won Vacant Natal Title) |
| Aug. 8 | Tokyo, Japan | Hitoshi Kamiyama Wu 10 Jiro Aoyama (Retained Japanese Title) |
| Aug. 16 | Philadelphia, Pa. | Eric Holland Wu 10 James Hughes |

## WELTERWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 11 | Tokyo, Japan | Jintoku Sato Wu 10 Minoru Horiuchi |
| July 15 | Melbourne, Aus. | Lester Ellis KO 3 Armando Andales |
| July 21 | London, Eng. | Michael Smyth TKO 3 Maurice Forbes |
| July 22 | Truj. Alto, P.R. | Wilfredo Rivera TKO 1 Carlos Cartagena |
| July 22 | Robinsonville, Ms. | Anthony Stephens Wu 12 Harold Brazier (Won USBA Title) |
| July 22 | Las Vegas, Nev. | David Gonzales TKO 9 Wangila Napunyi |
| July 26 | Honolulu, Hawaii | Peter Giles Wm 10 Erwin Villaver |
| July 27 | Tijuana, Mexico | Ramon Campas TKO 9 Anthony Ivory |
| July 30 | Hollywood, Calif. | John Armijo KO 1 Rene Arredondo |
| Aug. 3 | Durban, S.A. | Eric Nxumalo KO 2 Joe Vunasi (Retained South African Title) |
| Aug. 4 | Ledyard, Conn. | Roger Mayweather Wu 12 John Bizzarro (Won Vacant IBO Title) |
| Aug. 6 | Juarez, Mexico | Rene Herrera Wu 10 Genaro Leon |
| Aug. 7 | Callicoon, N.Y. | Buddy McGirt Ws 10 Pat Coleman |
| Aug. 13 | Bayamon, P.R. | Manning Galloway TKO 6 Anthony Jones (Won WBO Interim Title) |
| Aug. 15 | Inglewood, Calif. | Jose A. Flores TKO 8 Jesus Cardenas |
| Aug. 20 | Sun City, Boph. | Luvuyo Kakaza Wu 12 David Potsame (Won South African Title) |

## JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 17 | Buenos Aires, Arg. | Juan Martin Coggi KO 3 Mario Morales |
| July 23 | Sarno, Italy | Pasquale Perna Wu 12 Massimo Bertozzi (Retained Italian Title) |
| July 24 | Los Angeles, Cal. | Zack Padilla TKO 11 Juan LaPorte (Retained WBO Title) |
| July 28 | Atlantic City, N.J. | Charles Murray Wu 10 Lyndon Walker |
| July 29 | Culiacan, Mexico | Miguel A. Lopez KO 10 Ed. Mendoza |
| July 29 | Culiacan, Mexico | Juan C. Sanchez Wu 12 Luis Verdugo (Retained Mexican Title) |
| Aug. 2 | Los Angeles, Cal. | Corey Johnson KO 10 Paco Cuesta |
| Aug. 2 | Brooks, Calif. | Hector Lopez KO 5 Fernando Rodriguez |

# AT THE BELL

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Aug. 12 | Springfield, Mass. | Luis Maysonet TKO 1 Angel Guzman |
| Aug. 13 | Miami, Fla. | Leonardo Mas TKO 9 Lupe Pintor |
| | (Won Central American & Caribbean B.F. Title) | |

### LIGHTWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 11 | Tokyo, Japan | Ronnie Quinto Wm 10 Kengo Fukuda |
| July 15 | Huixtla, Mexico | Juanito Paz Wu 12 Benjamin Martinez |
| | (Retained Southeast Mexican Title) | |
| July 23 | Berlin, Germany | Artur Grigorjan TKO 5 Senturk Ozdemir |
| July 24 | Los Angeles, Cal. | Shane Mosley TKO 5 Narciso Valenzuela |
| July 25 | Inglewood, Calif. | Fabian Tejeda Wu 10 Mauricio Aceves |
| July 26 | Honolulu, Hawaii | Roberto Granciosa Ws 10 Selwyn Currie |
| July 29 | Las Vegas, Nev. | Oscar De La Hoya KO 2 Jorge Paez |
| | (Won WBO Title) | |
| July 30 | St. Mary's, Aus. | Alwyn Duke Wu 10 Kevin Selby |
| | (Won New South Wales State Title) | |
| Aug. 3 | St. Paul, Minn. | Johnny Montantasz KO 6 Benji Marquez |
| Aug. 5 | Newcastle, Aus. | Justin Rowsell TWu 3 Darrell Hiles |
| | (Retained Australian Title) | |
| Aug. 5 | Houston, Texas | Rodrigo Cerda Wu 10 Edward Toba |
| Aug. 6 | Pittsworth, Aus. | Gilbert Hooper Wu 10 Tony Thompson |
| Aug. 6 | Juarez, Mexico | Mauro Lucero Ws 10 Bruno Rabanales |
| Aug. 6 | Juarez, Mexico | Miguel A. Gonzalez TKO 8 Leav. Johnson |
| | (Retained WBC Title) | |
| Aug. 20 | Sun City, Boph. | Philip Holiday KO 5 Danny Myburgh |

### JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 11 | Ansan, Korea | Young–Soo Choi KO 9 Roger Borreros |
| July 20 | Gold Coast, Aus. | Tony Wehbee Wu 10 Glen Sutherland |
| July 22 | Truj. Alto, P.R. | Esteban Flores TKO 7 Ricardo Rivera |
| | (Won Puerto Rican Title) | |
| July 24 | East London, S.A. | Mtobele Mhlope TKO 4 Zandi. Dyonashe |
| | (Retained South African Title) | |
| July 30 | Mexico City | Aaron Zarate Dm 12 Francisco Martinez |
| | (Retained Mexican Title) | |
| July 30 | London, Eng. | Tony Pep TKO 1 John Williams |
| | (Retained Commonwealth Title) | |
| Aug. 3 | Durban, S.A. | Dietau Molefyane TKO 7 Joseph Murray |
| Aug. 11 | Malden, Mass. | Edwin Santana Wu 10 Danny Mason |
| Aug. 13 | Ballarat, Aus. | Cliff Samardin Ws 12 Glen Sutherland |
| | (Won Australian Title) | |
| Aug. 16 | Philadelphia, Pa. | Arturo Gatti TKO 10 Richard Salazar |
| | (Retained USBA Title) | |

### FEATHERWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 13 | Osaka, Japan | Tsuyoshi Harada KO 3 Jerry Villacorta |
| | (Retained Orient & Pacific Boxing Federation Title) | |
| July 13 | Montreal, Canada. | Barrington Francis TKO 10 V. Salvatore |
| | (Won Canadian Title) | |
| July 21 | Hasb'k Hts., N.J. | Frankie Toledo TKO 6 Felix Marti |
| July 22 | St. Ptsburg., Fla. | David Santos Wu 10 Steve Young |
| July 22 | Youngstown, Ohio | Louie Espinoza Wu 10 Jeff Trimble |
| July 23 | Indio, Calif. | Francisco Segura KO 5 Cesar Decena |
| July 26 | Oak Forest, Ill. | John Lowey TKO 7 Albert Rendon |
| July 30 | San Salvador | Orlando Soto Wu 10 Raul Martinez Mora |
| July 31 | Nagoya, Japan | Junichi Nakamura Wu 10 Ric Bajelot |
| Aug. 6 | Juarez, Mexico | Alejandro Gonzalez Ws 12 Cesar Soto |
| | (Retained WBC International Title) | |
| Aug. 6 | Mexico City, Mex. | Javier Leon TKO 6 Javier Pichardo |
| Aug. 19 | San Antonio, Tx. | Louie Leija TKO 1 Eduardo Castillo |

### JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 16 | San Mateo, Calif. | Eddie Croft Wu 10 Richard Duran |
| July 16 | Mexico City, Mex. | Otilio Gallegos Ws 12 Jose Valdez |
| | (Gallegos stripped of title; failed to make weight) | |
| July 23 | Mexico City, Mex. | Enrique Jupiter Wu 10 Conc. Velazquez |
| July 30 | San Salvador | Edgar Monserrat KO 2 Julio Goinz |
| Aug. 15 | Inglewood, Calif. | Marco A. Barrera TKO 8 Israel Gonzalez |
| Aug. 20 | Sun City, Boph. | Vuyani Bungu Wu 12 Kennedy McKinney |
| | (Won IBF Title) | |

### BANTAMWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 16 | Uttaradit, Thai. | D. Chuvatana TKO 2 John M. Johnson |
| | (Won WBA Title) | |
| July 16 | Mexico City, Mex. | Efrain Pintor TKO 4 Moises Rodriguez |
| July 21 | Irvine, Calif. | Sammy Stewart TKO 8 Jose L. Peralta |
| July 22 | Youngstown, Ohio | Greg Richardson Wu 12 Armando Castro |
| | (Won WBC International Title) | |
| July 24 | Rockingham, Aus. | Kevin Daly KO 5 Daniel Hoskins |
| July 30 | Hollywood, Calif. | Cuauhtem. Gomez Wu 10 Juan Mendoza |
| July 30 | London, Eng. | Alfred Kotey Wu 12 Rafael Del Valle |
| | (Won WBO Title) | |
| July 31 | Nagoya, Japan | Yasuei Yakushiji TKO 11 Jung–Il Byun |
| | (Retained WBC Title) | |
| Aug. 12 | S. Padre Is., Tx. | Sergio Reyes Wu 10 Juan Fran. Soto |

### JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 15 | Phoenix, Ariz. | Johnny Tapia KO 2 Oscar Aguilar |
| | (Won NABF Title) | |
| July 15 | Huixtla, Mexico | Alcibi. Gallegos TKO 3 Martin Juarez |
| | (Won Vacant Southeast Mexican Title) | |
| July 24 | Nagoya, Japan | Satoshi Iida TKO 7 Takayuki Akazawa |
| | (Retained Japanese Title) | |
| July 25 | Reynosa, Mexico | Arturo Estrada Wu 10 Oscar Andrade |
| July 30 | San Salvador | Julio Gamboa KO 5 Rene Dimas Valle |
| | (Won Vacant NBF Title) | |
| Aug. 5 | Newcastle, Aus. | Colin Nelson Ws 12 Lucas Mathew |
| | (Won Vacant Australian Title) | |
| Aug. 6 | Surabaya, Indo. | Pirus Boy Ws 12 Alexander Yoqupov |
| | (Won Vacant IBF Inter–Continental Title) | |
| Aug. 7 | Tokyo, Japan | Hiroshi Kawashima Wu 12 Carlos Salazar |
| | (Retained WBC Title) | |

### FLYWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 20 | Bangkok, Thai. | Jaosing. Chalermsri Wu 10 Benjie Duran |
| July 24 | East London, S.A. | Dudu Bungu Wu 10 Leo Dyakip |
| | (Won Vacant Cape Title) | |
| Aug. 1 | Tokyo, Japan | Yuri Arbachakov KO 8 Hugo Soto |
| | (Retained WBC Title) | |
| July 31 | East London, S.A. | Zolile Mbityi KO 8 James Drumhond |
| Aug. 3 | Albuquerque, N.M. | Danny Romero KO 1 Facundo Rodriguez |
| Aug. 6 | Surabaya, Indo. | Abdi Pohan TKO 4 Ratanachai Voraphin |
| | (Regained IBF Inter–Continental Title) | |

### JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 15 | Phoenix, Ariz. | Michael Carbajal Wu 12 Josue Camacho |
| | (Won WBO Title) | |
| July 18 | Tokyo, Japan | Tomohiro Tamura KO 2 John Medina |
| July 20 | Bangkok, Thai. | Phanieng Poontarat KO 6 Rubie Alaman |
| July 20 | Gold Coast, Aus. | Roger Espanola TKO 10 Jack Russell |
| Aug. 2 | Tokyo, Japan | Yoshiaki Sasaki Wu 10 Kazumi Watanabe |
| Aug. 2 | Tokyo, Japan | Juan Herrera KO 9 Joel Saguid |
| Aug. 5 | Newcastle, Aus. | Ricky Budgen KO 2 Lyall Appo |
| | (Won Australian Strawweight Title) | |
| Aug. 9 | Prior Lake, Minn. | Eric Griffin KO 9 Javier Juarez |
| | (Retained NABF Title) | |
| Aug. 13 | Bangkok, Thai. | R. Voraphin TKO 4 Marcelino Bolivar |

## HEAVYWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Lewiston. ME | Brad Luker | TK02 Ronnie Bennett |
| 4 | Reno, NV | Jade Scott | W10 Mike Sedillo |
| 4 | Reno, NV | Darren Hayen | TK04 Lamont Williams |
| 4 | Reno, NV | Marion Wilson | W6 Thomas Williams |
| 5 | Brunswick, AUS | Vince Cervi | TK01 Tommy Hammers |
| 6 | LaVergne. TN | Kenny Merritt | W4 Lopez McGee |
| 6 | LaVergne. TN | J.R. Spears | W4 Lamar Long |
| 7 | Flint, MI | Chris Byrd | TK02 Gerald O'Neil |
| 7 | Memphis, TN | Elvin Evans | W6 Jerome Jones |
| 9 | Rosemont, IL | Carl Williams | W6 Dave Cherry |
| 10 | Kolding, DEN | Brian Neilsen | TK01 George Stephens |
| 10 | Kolding, DEN | Mikael Lindbled | W6 Tony Phillips |
| 11 | Toulon, FRA | Bouzid Tebouibi | TK05 Phillipe Houyvet |
| 11 | Atlantic City, NJ | Kasan Saxton | TK06 Biko Botowamungo |
| 11 | Paducah, KY | Robert Straw | W4 J.J. Johnson |
| 13 | Louisville, KY | Jimmy Haynes | W6 David Payne |
| 13 | Louisville, KY | Darren Hayden | W6 J.J. Johnson |
| 16 | Las Vegas, NV | Obed Sullivan | W4 Daniel Moore |
| 17 | Atlantic City, NJ | Kevin McBride | W6 Stan Wright |
| 17 | Atlantic City, NJ | Vincenzo Cantatore | TK06 Doug Davis |
| 17 | Lowell, MA | Millidge Bryant | K01 Kevin Wilson |
| 17 | Jasper, TN | Kenny Merritt | NC1 Lamar Long |
| 17 | Jasper, TN | Keith McKnight | TK01 Roy Bedwell |
| 17 | Jasper, TN | Sherman Griffin | TK02 Jose Cruz |
| 18 | Brisbane, AUS | Tone Fiso | TK02 Pio Anitales |
| 18 | Brisbane, AUS | Colin Wilson | TK03 Theo Tsakis |
| 18 | Louisville, KY | Russell Chasteen | K02 Ed Carter |
| 18 | Chicago, IL | Axel Schulze | W10 Jack Basting |
| 18 | Chicago, IL | Zeijko Mavrovic | W10 James Pritchard |
| 19 | Brisbane, AUS | Zane Alkan | TK02 Inoka Tabualeya |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Zorie Lawrence | D4 Maurice Harris |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | Tom Glesby | TKO9 Everton Davis |
| 21 | Denver, CO | Will Hinton | TK02 Dave Cherry |
| 23 | Florrisant, MO | Anthony Willis | TK03 Rodney Coe |
| 24 | Los Angeles, CA | Jimmy Mullen | K01 Darrell Becker |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Peter McNeeley | TK02 J.B. Williamson |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Charles Livingstone | K01 Keith Harthorne |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Jeff Wooden | K01 Steve Brown |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Shazzon Bradley | TK03 Frankie Hines |
| 25 | Las Vegas, NV | Jorge L. Gonzalez | K02 Mike Evans |
| 25 | Las Vegas, NV | Jonathan Grant | W4 Ben Sullivan |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Fellino Feliz | K01 Mike Ericson |
| 28 | Secaucus, NJ | Rick Sullivan | TK03 Vinnie Dell |

JULY

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 19 | Sault Ste.M., MI | Waxxen Fikes | K01 Dave Cherry |

## JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | London, ENG | John Keeton | TK02 Devon Rhooms |
| 3 | Vigo, SPA | Roberto Dominguez | W6 Joao Cabreiro |
| 3 | Vigo, SPA | Manuel Osie | W4 Jose Barreira |
| 4 | Reno, NV | Wayne Fierro | W4 Shawn Lamere |
| 7 | Flint, MI | Mike Suski | K01 Charles Morgan |
| 10 | Erie, PA | Greg Everett | TK06 Butch Kelly |
| 11 | Sydney, AUS | Heath Bulgin | W10 Tal Strickland |
| 11 | Sydney. AUS | Alan Fuller | D4 Tony Nichols |
| 11 | Atlantic City, NJ | Leif Keiski | W4 Santiago DePaula |
| 12 | Atlantic City, NJ | Alonzo Hollis | TK02 Sulamain Muhammad |
| 16 | Las Vegas, NV | Roman Santos | TK01 Armin Van Damme |
| 18 | Chicago, IL | Torsten May | TK05 Dale Jackson |
| 19 | Melbourne, AUS | Tosca Petrides | K02 Colin Weetra |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Rich LaMontagne | K01 Danny Chapman |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | Lavelle Robinson | W8 Roman Santos |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | Brian LaSpada | TK06 Martin Love |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | John Kiser | W6 Krishna Wainwright |
| 23 | Florrisant, MO | William Guthrie | TK02 Darrell Kizer |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Millidge Bryant | TK01 John Lamprey |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | James Hays | TK01 Anthony Peat |
| 27 | Providence, RI | John Andrade | TK06 Mike Harris |
| 30 | Atlantic City, NJ | Rudy Nix | TK02 Ernest Mateen |
| 30 | Mesquite, NV | Anthony Caputo | TK01 Scott Baldwin |
| 30 | Mesquite, NV | Bobby Anderson | TK04 Seoni Tolutatu |

## LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Lewiston, ME | Kirk Kaleta | K01 Tony Mendez |
| 3 | London. ENG | Luan Morena | W6 Stinger Mason |
| 3 | Dieppe, FRA | Germain Mensah | W6 Paul Tronchi |
| 4 | Mooloolaba, AUS | Roy Gainey | W6 Dave Smith |
| 6 | LaVergne. TN Karl | Willis TK04 | Tim St. Clair |
| 6 | LaVergne, TN | Steve Hall | W4 Roy Bedwell |
| 7 | Flint, MI | Tim Byrd | K03 Colin Calhan |
| 7 | Flint, MI | Demetrius Jenkins | TK02 Ron Hall |
| 11 | Inglewood, CA | Asluddin Umarov | K01 Felipe Rocha |
| 13 | Inglewood, CA | Ray Lathon | K04 Jesus Casteneda |
| 16 | Bazzano, ITA | Giuseppe Scarpati | W6 Moba Salay |
| 16 | Bazzano, ITA | Maurizio Colombo | TK03 Ben Said Abdekaziz |
| 16 | Bazzano, ITA | Claudio Passini | W6 Emmanuel Akinnly |
| 17 | Las Vegas, NV | Rocky Gannon | TK03 Charles Scott |
| 17 | Atlantic City, NJ | Ramzi Hassan | K06 Jimmy Joseph |
| 18 | Louisville, KY | Terrence Collier | K01 Ron Jackson |
| 18 | Chicago, IL | Tony Golden | W4 Don Penalto |
| 19 | Melbourne, AUS | Darren Hedgecock | W8 Dave Smith |
| 24 | Los Angeles, CA | Konstantin Semedjev | K01 Carlos Vasquez |
| 25 | Revere, MA | John Scully | W8 Willie Kemp |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Nate Jackson | W8 Kevin Whaley-El |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Lincoln Carter | TK02 Dorrall Van Horn |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Ray Healey | W6 Carlos DeJesus |

## SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Manchester, ENG | Eric Nol | W6 Seamus Casey |
| 3 | Paris, FRA | Zdravo Kostic | TK04 Trevor Ambrose |
| 3 | Paris, FRA | Rund Kanika | W6 Nebojsa Milosevic |
| 3 | London, ENG | Dave Cranston | W6 Steve Thomas |
| 3 | Dieppe, FRA | Mickahel Chaillou | TK02 Fardi Diedou |
| 3 | Dieppe, FRA | Pascal Desavoye | W6 Jose Lerouge |
| 4 | Cardiff, WAL | Joe Calzaghe | K01 Karl Barwise |
| 6 | Glasgow, SCO | Willie Quinn | TK04 Marvin O'Brian |
| 10 | Kolding, DEN | Ole Klemetsen | K02 Karl Willis |
| 11 | London, ENG | Mark Delaney | TK05 Ernie Loveridge |
| 11 | Gace, FRA | Pascal Lustenberger | TK06 Biagol Sokolov |
| 13 | Louisville, KY | Randy Maynard | W4 Tony Golden |
| 13 | Louisville, KY | Nate Jackson | W4 Sam Wilson |
| 17 | Plymouth, ENG | Peter Vosper | W6 Paul Murray |
| 17 | Plymouth, ENG | Dean Francis | W6 Martin Jolley |
| 17 | Lowell, MA | Ray Healy | TK02 V.J. Holbrook |
| 18 | Brisbane, AUS | Garth Cussion | W8 Joseph Polu |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Terry Seay | K04 John Taylor |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Carlos DeJesus | W6 Greg Cadiz |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Brian Barbosa | W6 Anthony McNeil |
| 30 | Atlantic City, NJ | Ray Downey | TK02 Valery Petrowski |
| 30 | Atlantic City, NJ | Dan Portalatin | W4 Troy Barnes |
| 30 | Mesquite, NV | Dave Boone | W8 Robert Britt |

## MIDDLEWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Lewiston. ME | Kippy Diggs | W6 Greg Cadiz |
| 2 | Lewiston, ME | Muhammad Brooks | W4 Ed Caderette |
| 3 | Marrickville, AUS | Scott Beverly | TW4 Mark Picker |
| 3 | London. ENG | Paul Matthews | TK03 Jason Hart |
| 4 | Fulton,. KY | Brad Baker | TK01 Robert Hudson |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | Buenos Aires, ARG | Jose Aguirre | TK05 | Ariel Vidal |
| 4 | Paris, FRA | Hassine Cherif | K03 | Felix Hernandez |
| 4 | Cardiff, WAL | Robin Reid | TK02 | Andy Furlong |
| 4 | Cardiff, WAL | Adrian Dodson | TK02 | Andrew Jervis |
| 7 | S. Padre Island, TX | Derrick James | TK02 | Ulysses Boulware |
| 9 | Rosemont, IL | Lorenzo Smith | W4 | Jake Torrance |
| 9 | Niagara Falls, ONT | James Fortune | W6 | Reno Pasqua |
| 9 | Niagara Falls, ONT | Donny Glanac | W4 | Ron Caron |
| 10 | Erie, PA | Syd Vanderpool | W6 | Greg Harper |
| 11 | Paducah, KY | Brad Baker | W4 | Sam Wilson |
| 12 | Atlantic City, NJ | Lonnie Bradley | TK06 | Darrell Brooks |
| 12 | Atlantic City, NJ | Julio C. Green | TK05 | Kevin Tillman |
| 13 | Inglewood, CA | Art Serwano | W4 | Chris Sande |
| 14 | Philadelphia, PA | Rafael Williams | TK06 | Charles Brewer |
| 14 | Philadelphia, PA | Eric Holland | W8 | Tyrone Haywood |
| 14 | Philadelphia, PA | Darren Maciunski | W6 | Mark Simmons |
| 16 | Las Vegas, NV | Chris Wright | W4 | Garfield Knowles |
| 17 | Melbourne, AUS | Mick Maddeford | W6 | Joe Figotto |
| 17 | Lowell, MA | George Heckley | TK06 | Glen Burnette |
| 19 | Brisbane, AUS | Paul Briggs | W10 | Ronald Doo |
| 19 | Brisbane, AUS | Danny Radecker | TK05 | Paul Callip |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Robert Allen | K01 | Lloyd Ratowski |
| 23 | Florissant, MO | Ike Porter | TK01 | Lester Croy |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Dan Phippen | K01 | Hector Rodriguez |
| 25 | Revere, MA | Jerry Johnson | W6 | Jose Vera |
| 29 | Huntington Park, CA | Rick Stewart | TK03 | Don Goodwin |
| 30 | San Antonio, TX | James Coker | TK01 | Heron Garcia |

JULY

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 | Sault Ste M., MI | Joey Stevenson | K04 | John Yost |

## JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Lewiston, ME | Butch Gannon | TK02 | Mike Harris |
| 3 | London, ENG | Paolo Roberto | TK01 | John Hughes |
| 4 | Paris, FRA | Ronald Wright | TK01 | Orlando Orozco |
| 4 | Cardiff, WAL | Derek Grainger | TK03 | Lee Crocker |
| 6 | LaVergne, TN | Don Wilford | W6 | John Jeter |
| 7 | Flint, MI | Pat Byrd | TK01 | Vince Middleman |
| 7 | Memphis, TN | Lank Franklin | W4 | Cecil Robinson |
| 9 | Rosemont, IL | Hector Camacho | W10 | Craig Snyder |
| 9 | Rosemont, IL | Bernard Matthews | TK07 | Eric Podalak |
| 11 | Blaye, FRA | Larbi Mohammed | W8 | Eric Deponte |
| 11 | Blaye, FRA | Carlos Angulo | W6 | Romeo Cruz |
| 11 | Paducah, KY | Buck Smith | ND6 | Mark Brannon |
| 17 | Lowell, MA | Genaro Gagliardo | K02 | Domingo Olivera |
| 17 | Lowell, MA | Greg Mason | TK01 | Mike Harris |
| 18 | Brisbane, AUS | Ernie Artango | K01 | Armand Picar |
| 18 | Yerington, NV | Hector Gutierrez | K02 | Shawn Holley |
| 19 | Melbourne, AUS | Gavin Reyan | TK03 | Brendan McGuire |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Chris Rosenbaum | W6 | Billy Outley |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Tarick Salmaci | TK01 | Terrence Parker |
| 25 | Las Vegas, NV | Ray Lovato | TK03 | Pat Briceno |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Larry Barnes | TK06 | Greg Cadiz |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Curtis Mombelly | W8 | Dario Illrano |
| 28 | Secaucus, NJ | Jimmy McMahon | W4 | Rocky McCray |
| 28 | Secaucus, NJ | Mike Covington | W6 | Eric Mitchell |
| 29 | Huntington Park, CA | Jose Alonso | W6 | Diego Andrade |
| 29 | Huntington Park, CA | Terry Wright | K03 | Carlos Zamora |
| 30 | Mesquite, NV Jin | Wen Mok | TK01 | Tim Tiller |

JULY

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Philadelphia, PA | Tony Marshall | D10 | Andrew Council |

## WELTERWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | Tlainepantla, MEX | Miguel Narvaez | TK02 | Estanisiao Hernandez |
| 3 | Juarez, MEX | Rene Herrera | K08 | Jesus Cardenas |
| 4 | Mooloolaba, AUS | Danny Bellert | W6 | Donnell Pitts |
| 6 | LaVergne. TN | Ted Hatfield | TK03 | Billy Outley |
| 6 | LaVergne, TN | Scott Rooker | TK01 | Jackie Bedwell |
| 6 | Glasgow, SCO | Tanveer Ahmed | K04 | Chris Aston |
| 6 | Glasgow, SCO | Eddie Haley | W6 | Brian Dunn |
| 7 | S. Padre Island, TX | Theo Carradine | K04 | Robert Campos |
| 8 | Pico Rivera, CA | Anthony Johnson | W4 | Alex Ariza |
| 9 | Rosemont, IL | Pat Coleman | TK02 | Carlos Bates |
| 9 | Rosemont, IL | Gary Kirkland | TK02 | Roy Hunley |
| 11 | London, ENG | Ojay Abrahams | TK01 | Darren Dyer |
| 11 | Surfers Paradise, AUS | Donnell Pitts | W6 | Darrell Hiles |
| 11 | Surfers Paradise, AUS | Corey Bricker | W6 | Troy Power |
| 11 | Toulon, FRA | Daniel Bicchieray | W8 | Yuri Epifantaev |
| 11 | Atlantic City, NJ | Doug Gray | W4 | Andrew Rowe |
| 17 | Plymouth, ENG | Paul Dyer | W6 | Dewi Roberts |
| 18 | Louisville, KY | Mike Cook | K01 | Jerry Woods |
| 18 | Louisville, KY | Wayne Tribble | W4 | Ben Tafari |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Franco Diorio | W10 | Clarence Coleman |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | Mike Powell | TK03 | Mike Mora |
| 23 | Florissant, MO | Derrick Robinson | K01 | Maynard Nelson |
| 24 | Inglewood, CA | Alfredo Flores | K03 | Roland Rangel |
| 25 | Revere, MA | Luis Maysonet | TK01 | Julio Torres |
| 25 | Knoxville, TN | Sammy Rivera | TD2 | Ted Hatfield |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Kippy Diggs | TKO9 | Tyrone Downes |
| 30 | San Antonio, TX | Jaime Lerma | TK07 | Jeff Leggett |

## JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Manchester, ENG | Nick Boyd | TK06 | John Stovin |
| 2 | Manchester, ENG | Scott Walker | TK01 | Brian Coleman |
| 2 | Lewiston, ME | Glen Cugno | W4 | Nelson Rodriguez |
| 3 | Marrickville, AUS | Fawaz Muhammad | W6 | Steve Cox |
| 3 | Marrackville, AUS | Brad McCutcheon | KO4 | Jason Kelley |
| 3 | Dieppe, FRA | Stephane Mezzourd | TK07 | Phillipe Binante |
| 4 | Reno, NV | Aaron Steadman | W6 | Ruben Granillo |
| 4 | Fulton, KY | Shawn Simmons | K01 | James Hall |
| 5 | Brunswick, AUS | Chris Noble | W6 | Ken Roberts |
| 7 | S. Padre Island, TX | Danny Reyes | TK01 | Elijio Mejia |
| 7 | Flint, MI | Jim Poe | TK02 | Jeremy Brown |
| 8 | Pico Pivera, CA | Jaime Oceguera | W8 | Ray Collins |
| 8 | Plco Rivera, CA | Ruben Beccerada | K03 | James Bosch |
| 10 | Kolding, DEN | Soren Sondgaard | TK04 | David Santos |
| 10 | Erie, PA | Johnny Bizzaro | TK08 | Allan Osbourne |
| 11 | London, ENG | Andreas Panayi | W8 | Tony Swift |
| 11 | London, ENG John | O. Johnson | W6 | Paul Knights |
| 11 | Mexico City, MEX | Alfonso Sanchez | TK02 | Jose L. Villagran |
| 11 | Gace. FRA | Christophe Beaurain | W8 | Jean Guilliotin |
| 11 | Atlantlic City, NJ | Jamal Corbin | TK01 | Ron Smith |
| 11 | Paducah, KY | Ron Gladden | D4 | Michael Hernandez |
| 14 | Philadelphia, PA | Miguel Garcia | W4 | Luis Andino |
| 18 | Campiglia, ITA | Michele Piccirilla | K04 | Antonio Hernandez |
| 18 | Chicago, IL | Rocky Martinez | W6 | Elvesto Mills |
| 18 | Yerington, NV | Fernando Chacon | K03 | Mario Martinez |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Marcos Davis | W6 | Vernon McGriff |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | Gerald Shelton | D6 | Steve Valdez |
| 24 | Los Angeles, CA | Pepe Reilly | K02 | Ruben Granillo |
| 25 | Revere, MA | Mike DeMoss | K01 | Steve Bedford |
| 25 | Revere, MA | Jose Rivera | W6 | Alberto Alicea |
| 25 | Las Vegas, NV | Tony Lopez | TK010 | Greg Haugen |
| 25 | Las Vegas, NV | Mike Maggio | W8 | George Samms |
| 27 | Providence, RI | Louis Veador | W8 | Derrick Francis |
| 30 | San Antonio, TX | Juan Alderete | TK02 | Ricky Villar |
| 30 | San Antonio, TX | Frank Garcia | TK03 | Essam Aljabar |

JULY

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | Biloxi, MS | Mike Walsh | TK06 | Rodney Garnett |

## LIGHTWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Noumea, AUS | Tony Wehbee | K01 | Fahnhikat Luktanfa |
| 2 | Los Mochis, MEX | Antonio Pitalua | TK02 | Lupe Rodriguez |
| 3 | Tlalepantla, MEX | Alfredo Sanchez | TK04 | Andres Rosales |

# THE UNDERCARDS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | Paris, FRA | Julien Lorcy | TK01 | Kalman Varadi |
| 4 | Paris, FRA | Charles Marie | W6 | Aziz Terroufi |
| 4 | Cardiff, WAL | Gareth Jordan | TK01 | Terry Smith |
| 7 | S. Padre Island, TX | Golden Johnson | W4 | Juan Zuniga |
| 7 | Memphis, TN | Jeff Williams | W4 | Simmie Black |
| 7 | Memphis, TN | Darrell Morgan | W4 | Donnie Denton |
| 8 | Pico Rivera, CA | Miguel A. Rodriguez | W4 | Luis Garcia |
| 10 | Glasgow, SCO | Alan McDowell | W6 | Mark Anthony |
| 10 | Glasgow, SCO | Dave Anderson | W6 | Peter Till |
| 10 | Glasgow, SCO | Bradley Welch | TK01 | Kid McAuley |
| 11 | Zaragoza, SPA | Miguel A. Pena | K02 | Jose Felix |
| 11 | Mexico City, MEX | Julian Mejica | D4 | Eric Rodriguez |
| 11 | Atlantic City, NJ | Ivan Robinson | W10 | Freddy Valera |
| 13 | Louisville, KY | Michael Hernandez | W4 | Kenny Baldwin |
| 14 | Philadelphia, PA | Angelo Novelli | TK01 | Steve Martino |
| 14 | Philadelphia, PA | Eric Green | TK01 | Michael Golden |
| 15 | Juarez, MEX | Antonio Pitalua | TK01 | Gerardo Castillo |
| 15 | Juarez, MEX | Ricardo Estrada | TK04 | Juan C. Nunez |
| 15 | Juarez, MEX | Martin Felix | K01 | Roberto Romero |
| 16 | Las Vegas, NV | David Sample | D8 | Johnny Bryant |
| 17 | Plymouth, ENG | Wayne Jones | W6 | Trevor Royal |
| 17 | Melbourne, AUS | Stuart Patterson | W6 | Karim Nasher |
| 17 | Lowell, MA | Anthony Christodoulou | TK02 | William Guzman |
| 18 | Mexico City, MEX | Cesar Bazan | TK02 | Miguel A. Cornejo |
| 18 | Yerington, NV | Juan Arias | W8 | Jose Herrera |
| 21 | Boston, MA | Robert Parkman | W6 | Manny Santiago |
| 25 | Buenos Aires, ARG | Raul Balbi | K01 | Raul Notti |
| 28 | Secaucus, NJ | Freddy Curiel | W4 | Roberto Sierra |
| 29 | Alburquerque, NM | Juan Baldwin | K01 | Charles McClelland |
| 29 | Alburquerque, NM | Fernando Sanchez | TK01 | Jesus Delgado |
| 30 | Atlantic City, NJ | Terry Southerland | TK07 | Learie Bruce |
| 30 | Mesquite, NV | James Crayton | TK03 | Ahru Dyer |

## JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Durban. RSA | Olivio Mthambu | TKO9 | Alfred Ngcazu |
| 2 | Manchester, ENG | Wayne Rigby | W6 | Kid McAuley |
| 4 | Cardiff, WAL | Marcus McCrae | W6 | Andrew Reed |
| 5 | Brunswick, AUS | Richard Eyeles | D4 | Shane Hammond |
| 6 | Glasgow, SCO | Miguel Matthews | W6 | Russell Davison |
| 10 | Kolding, DEN | Dennis Petersen | W6 | Paul Wynn |
| 11 | Zaragoza, SPA | Carlos Pena | W8 | Benjamin Felix |
| 11 | Zaragoza, SPA | Carlos Lerin | KO3 | Manuel Dias |
| 11 | Toulon, FRA | Frederic Perez | W6 | Juan Estupinan |
| 11 | Toulon, FRA | Frederic Bonifal | W6 | Rodislav Gaidev |
| 11 | Inglewood, CA | Carlos Hernandez | KO2 | Tommy Valdez |
| 11 | Paducah, KY | Shawn Simmons | KO3 | Jason Harrison |
| 12 | Atlantic City, NJ | Greg Torres | W4 | James Ayers |
| 13 | Inglewood, CA | Brian Cimicata | D4 | Eduardo Contrearas |
| 20 | Tokyo, JPN | Takanori Hatakayama | KO3 | Haechul Yang |
| 21 | Las Vegas, NV | Saul Avelar | TKO3 | James Fimbres |
| 24 | Los Angeles, CA | Roberto Garcia | KO6 | Raul Contreras |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Mike Capiello | KO2 | Ray Aponte |
| 24 | Foxboro, MA | Israel Cardona | KO4 | Jose Flores |
| 28 | Secaucus, NJ | Ed Hopson | KO5 | Bryan Jones |
| 29 | Huntington Park, CA | Rodolfo Aranda | KO1 | Juan Rivas |
| 29 | Alburquerque, NM | Chris Crespin | TKO4 | Martin Ochoa |

JULY

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | Biloxi, MS | Fred Liberatore | W10 | Harold Warren |

## FEATHERWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Tlalnepantla, MEX | Jose L. Martinez | TW2 | Crecencio Flores |
| 3 | Marrickville, AUS | Hoon-Sik Shin | KO4 | Spencer Thompson |
| 7 | S. Padre Island, TX | Manuel Sepeda | KO2 | Javier Navarez |
| 10 | Glasgow, SCO | James Murray | W8 | Graham McGrath |
| 11 | Surfers Paradise, AUS | Mick Thompson | TKO3 | Matt Dickman |
| 11 | Inglewood, CA | Daniel Zaragoza | W10 | Juan F. Soto |
| 13 | Inglewood, CA | Jose L. Martinez | W8 | Idelfonso Bernal |
| 18 | Campiglia, ITA | Beniniamino D'Angeli | W6 | Claudio Vacarlu |
| 18 | Chicago, IL | John Lowey | TKO7 | Julian Flores |
| 24 | Inglewood, CA | Jose Martinez | KO6 | Israel Gonzalez |
| 24 | Inglewood, CA | Arnulfo Castillo | KO9 | Eduardo Castillo |
| 30 | San Antonio, TX | Gil Salinas | TKO1 | Fernando Puente |

## JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Manchester, ENG | Andy Lewis | TKO1 | Dave Campbell |
| 3 | Juarez, MEX | Martin Gallegos | KO4 | Pedro Rabago |
| 17 | Atlantic City, NJ | Angel Vasquez | TKO4 | Mike Rafferty |
| 17 | Jasper, TN | Kenny Mitchell | W6 | Jose L. Gonzalez |
| 20 | Tokyo, JPN | Yasushi Arai | TKO8 | Tomoya Kobayashi |
| 25 | Revere, MA | Angel Vasquez | TKO1 | Adan Avila |
| 29 | Alburquerque, NM | Johnny Vasquez | KO2 | Jesus Chavez |

## BANTAMWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | Pico Rivera, CA | Alvaro Soto | W4 | Jesus Robles |
| 11 | London, ENG | Michael Alldis | W8 | Conn McMullan |
| 11 | Mexico City, MEX | Luis Espinoza | TKO8 | Nicolas Maldanado |
| 11 | Mexico City, MEX | Ramon Leyete | TKO3 | Juan Andrade |
| 17 | Plymouth, ENG | Danny Lawson | W6 | Danny Ruegg |
| 18 | Mexico City, MEX | Adan Vargas | TKO6 | Augustin Lorenzo |
| 18 | Mexico City, MEX | Efren Gonzalez | W6 | Ulysses Flores |
| 18 | Mexico City, MEX | Hugo Dianzo | TKO4 | Sandro Vargas |
| 27 | Bangkok, THA | Lakhin CP Gym | KO6 | Joel Marino |

## JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 | Kolding, DEN | Jasper Jensen | TKO4 | Mustapha Kadim |
| 15 | Juarez, MEX | Jesus Rodriguez | TKO1 | Simon Gonzalez |
| 15 | Juarez, MEX | Saul Duran | W10 | Leobardo Mancillas |
| 19 | Brisbane, AUS | Joshua Pollard | W3 | Tim Brown |
| 23 | Los Angeles, CA | Johnny Tapia | KO9 | Rafael Granillo |
| 24 | Inglewood, CA | Jorge Barrera | W6 | Diego Barrera |

## FLYWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | Dieppe, FRA | Phillipe Desvoye | W8 | Krasimir Tcholakov |
| 11 | Inglewood, CA | Mark Johnson | KO3 | Jose Quirino |
| 18 | Mexico City, MEX | Javier Malgarejo | W6 | Cruz Zamora |
| 20 | Tokyo, JPN | Miguel A. Granados | W10 | Melvin Magrano |

## JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

JUNE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 | Zaragoza, SPA | Alex Sanchez | KO3 | Jose Rodriguez |
| 11 | Mexico City, MEX | Javier Perez | TKO2 | Antonio Rojas |
| 11 | Kyongkido, KOR | Tae-Koo Kim | W8 | Chul-Woo Lee |
| 17 | Jasper, TN | Eric Griffin | TKO3 | Silvero Perez |

*-Bela Szilagyi*

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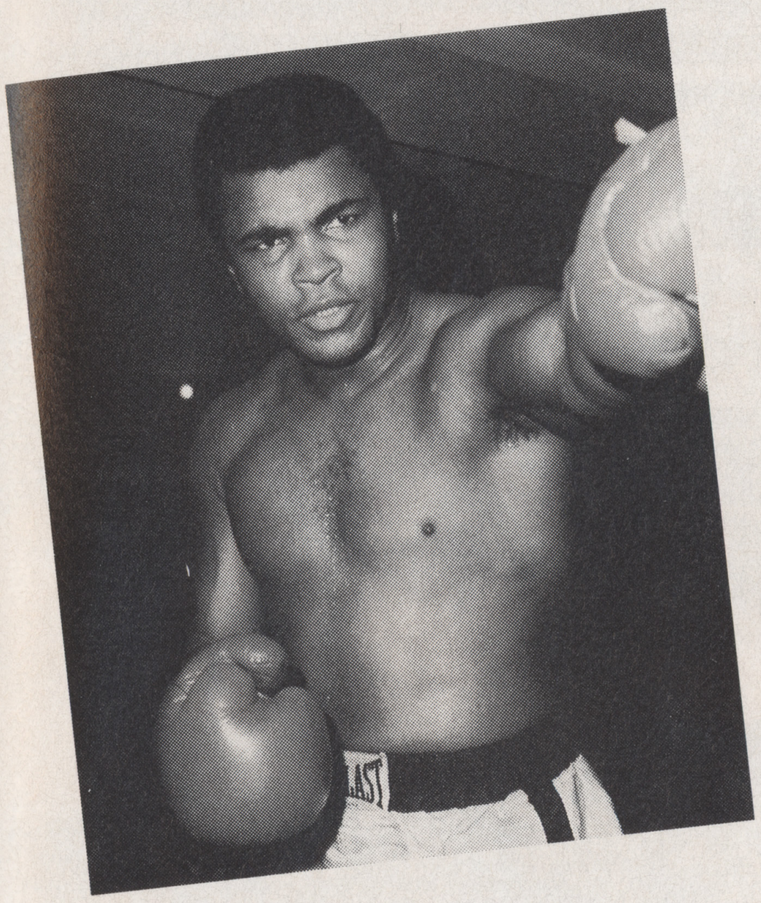

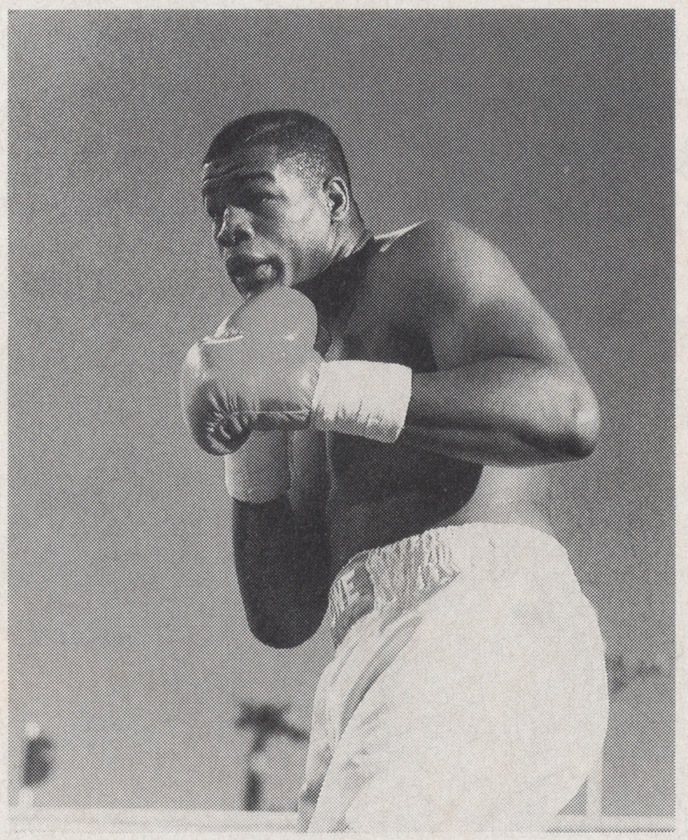

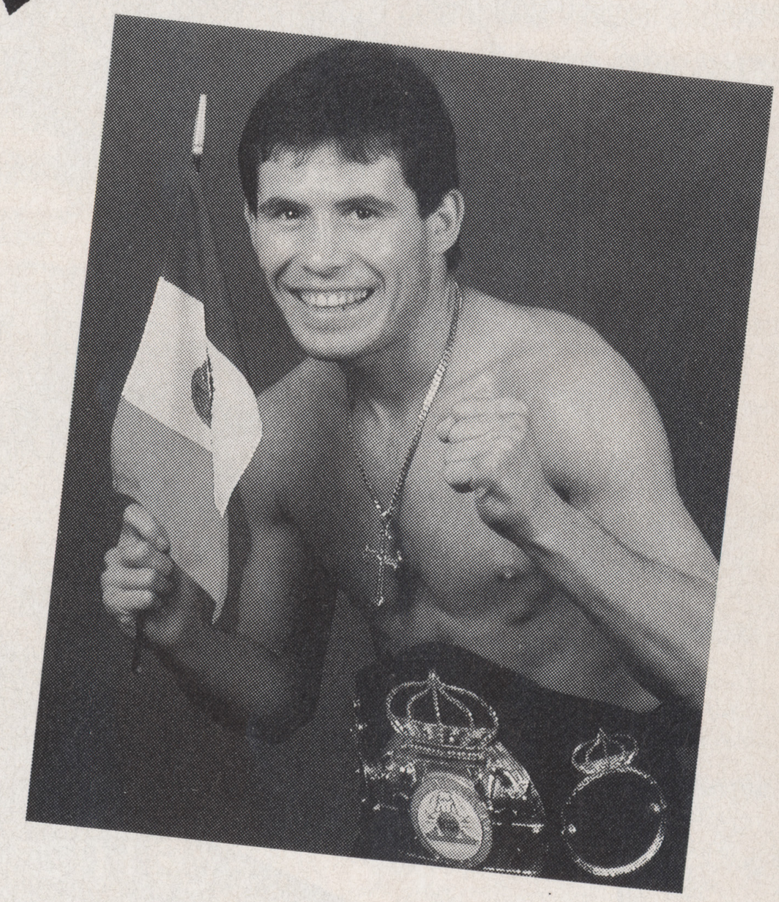

## FIGHTERS

Muhammad Ali (5 diff)
Vito Antuofermo
Alexis Arguello
Iran Barkley
Wilfredo Benitez
Riddick Bowe
Hector Camacho
Jeff Chandler
Julio Cesar Chavez
Gerry Cooney
Bobby Czyz
Oscar DeLaHoya
Michael Dokes
Roberto Duran
Wilfredo Gomez
Evander Holyfield
Azumah Nelson
George Foreman
Joe Frazier
Marvelous Marvin Hagler
Thomas Hearns
Larry Holmes
Archie Moore
Jake LaMotta (sepia tone)
Sugar Ray Leonard
Ray Mancini
Matthew Saad Muhammad
Ken Norton
Floyd Patterson
Dwight Muhammad Qawi
Edwin Rosario
Donovan "Razor" Ruddock
Earnie Shavers
Leon Spinks
Michael Spinks
Mike Tyson

## FIGHTS

Ali—Spinks
Holmes—Tyson
Mancini—Arguello
Camacho—Rosario
Arguello—Pryor
Hearns—Benitez
Duran—Leonard
Holyfield—Douglas
Holyfield—Holmes
Bowe—Holyfield

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# THE STORY

# OF "RUBY ROBERT"

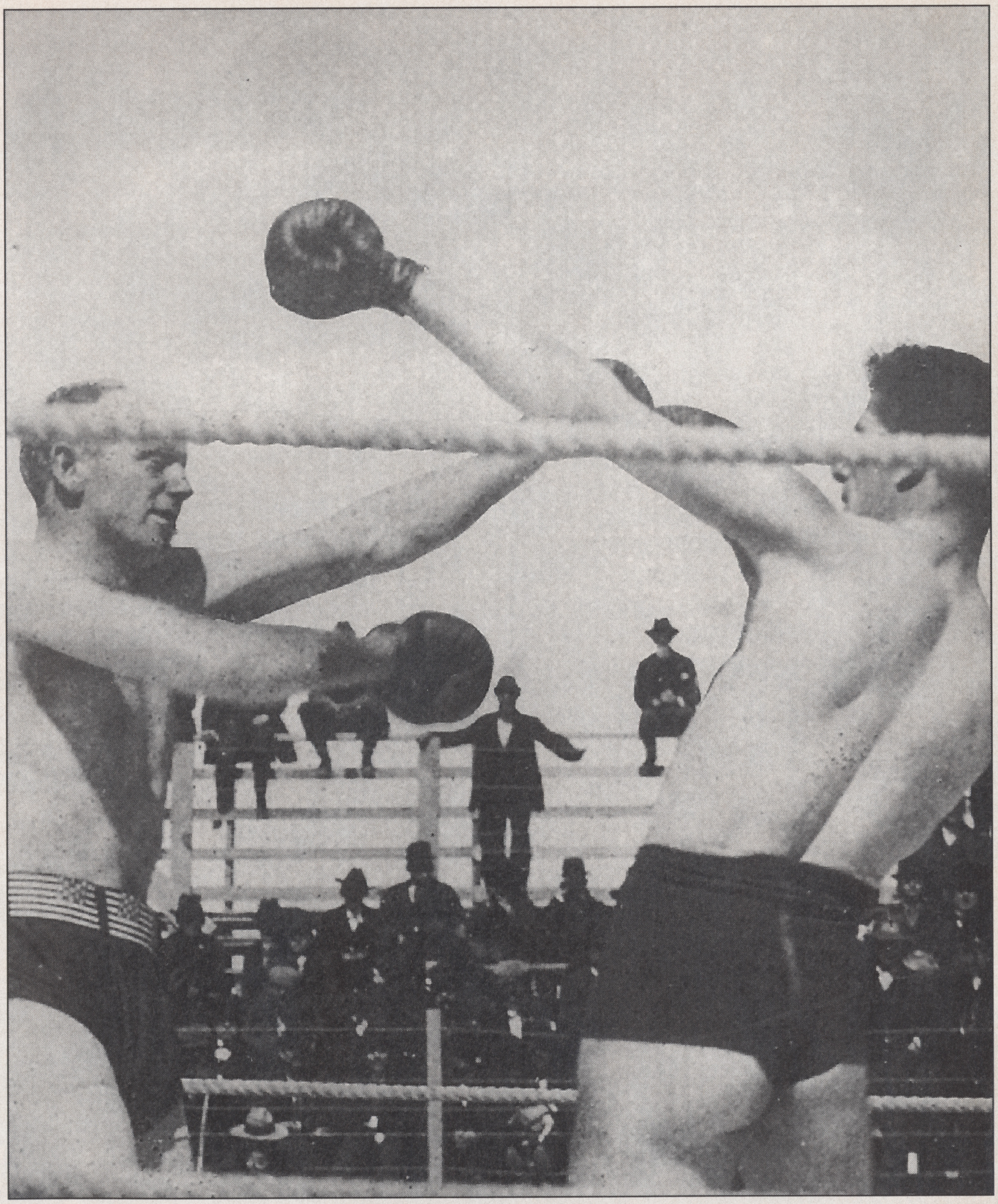
By Rex Lardner

Few prize-fighters have been so jeered at as Bob Fitzsimmons. His appearance was the chief cause for merriment. He was gangly, knock-kneed and walked with a shambling gait. He was freckle-faced, bald except for a fringe of pale reddish hair that circled his small head like a tonsure and had whitish skin that looked as though it had been decorated by a pointillist. After being in the sun his skin became one huge freckle. His spindly legs thrust him to a height of six feet; with his barrel of a chest he looked top-heavy in the ring. His weight was a problem; he was fighting professional heavyweights when he weighed as little as 150 pounds.

He was known by a dozen nicknames, few of them flattering. One was "Ruby Robert," because of the general impression of reddish ocher that his hair, brows and freckles gave. "Lanky, freckled freak" and "knock-kneed crane" were epithets accorded him in the newspapers; "a fighting machine on stilts" was John L. Sullivan's thoughtful description of him; "bald-headed kangaroo" was the way a few rival fighters referred to him.

When he stepped into the ring, some fans seeing him for the first time laughed; others started worrying about the wagers they had risked on him.

Fitz had several attributes working for him, however. While nowhere near the boxer James J. Corbett was, nor close to Jack Johnson as a defensive fighter, and while sometimes given to wild, ineffective swings, he was rugged, determined and, above all, crafty in the ring. He had enormous shoulder, back and arm development. And he could hit. How he could hit! He could punch effectively with either hand from long range or short and while off balance. Jack Johnson, who defeated Fitz in their only bout (when Fitz was forty-five years old), rated the Cornishman over Jim Jeffries and Sam Langford as a puncher. He recalled one left-hand blow—which he narrowly got out of the way of—that "hummed past like a swarm of bees." For his weight Fitz was probably the hardest puncher who ever lived.



Fitz and Corbett in the early milling.

**He was known by a dozen nicknames, few of them flattering. One was "Ruby Robert," because of the general impression of reddish ocher that his hair, brows and freckles gave.**

Guarding his chin with his raised left shoulder, he was willing to accept punishment patiently for rounds on end if eventually he could find an opening for one of his paralyzing blows. When the climax of a bout came, with both fighters tired and hurt, he found in himself a drive to hit harder and last longer than his opponent. Like the great Tom Cribb, he was gifted with tremendous powers of recuperation; after absorbing a thorough battering, he would return to battle refreshed from his single minute's respite. Sometimes he would lure a foe into becoming careless by pretending to be hurt and then lash out with a stiff right or left which would change the course of the fight.

Gene Tunney told the story of an unusual training technique that Fitzsimmons made use of. He would go off alone somewhere and, concentrating his utmost, would close his eyes and imagine himself to be drowning in the ocean. At the moment when in his mind's

eye he was about to perish, he would quickly thrust out an arm and pretend he was being saved by seizing a plank on the surface. Desperation gave his thrust great power, and he attributed his ability to punch hard, from every position, to his constantly practicing his escape from death.

Ruby Robert was born on June 4, 1864, in Elston, a town in Cornwall in southwest England. When he was nine his family migrated to Lyttleton, on the east coast of New Zealand's South Island. At the local school Fitz showed himself to be a star sprinter and soccer player. Occasionally poked fun at because of his frail appearance, he had informal sparring matches with his schoolmates and began to feel that his vocation, when he grew up, might lie in this direction. At an early age he was apprenticed to a blacksmith and earned his muscles by pounding a sledge on an anvil to shape sizzling sections of iron.

When Fitz was eighteen, Jem Mace visited New Zealand to supervise an amateur boxing tournament. In a bout a short while before, Fitz, weighing 140 pounds, had shocked his neighbors by knocking out Tom Baines, a blacksmith known as "the Timaru Terror." Now he informed Mace that he wanted to enter the tournament as a heavyweight. Mace told him he should enter as a lightweight, but young Fitzsimmons stubbornly refused. Mace let him have his way, certain that he would suffer at the hands of the first brawny competitor he met. But Fitz knocked out four large opponents with ease and became amateur heavyweight champion of New Zealand.

The next year Mace brought Herbert A. Slade, "the Maori," to Fitz's island and made the mistake of letting him enter the ring with the local hero. Fitz attacked him

so viciously that in the second round Mace scrambled through the ropes to stop the fight before his man lost his memory.

Turning professional, Fitz beat three local fighters and then looked about for greener pastures. Having no money for frivolities, he stowed away on a two-masted schooner and landed in Sydney. There he got a job as a blacksmith and spent his spare time trying to locate opponents. He found two, beating one and losing to the other in a four-round knockout. (The latter was Jem Hall. Fitz later claimed—such is the pride of champion boxers—that he had thrown the fight at the request of gamblers.)

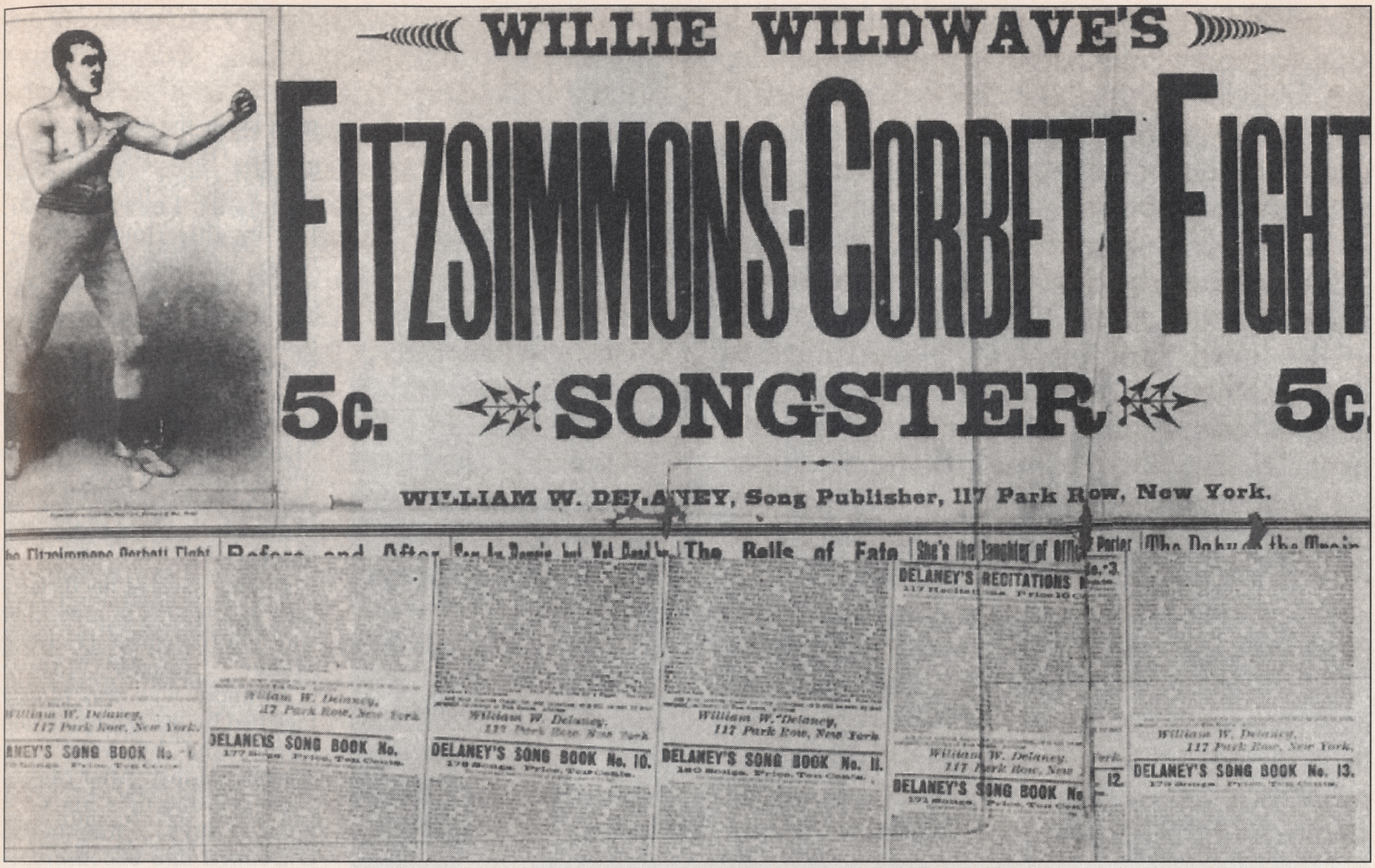
He had enough money now to book passage for San Francisco and even greener pastures— specifically, the California Athletic Club. There his request to officials to be given a fight met with nothing but polite chuckles. Insistent, he was matched in an informal bout with a hard-hitting middleweight named Frank Allen, highly respected in the locality.

Fitzsimmons, eager to please, stepped onto the gym floor and jabbed Allen into a state of confusion for a few moments, then threw a short right that sent him rolling across the gym floor. Not only was Allen knocked out, but his wrist was broken when he landed. And the blow had shattered to bits a dental bridge he wore. Allen was an early attester to the power of Fitz's punch. An official fight was promptly arranged for Fitz at the C.A.C.

His first formal victim in America was an Australian named Billy McCarthy, considered the second-best middleweight in America (after Jack Dempsey, The Nonpariel). McCarthy made the mistake of poking fun at Fitz and found himself reeling around the ring under a fusillade of short, savage punches. Repeatedly knocked down, he lasted nine rounds before being counted out.

Fitz's five-round demolition of Arthur Upham at the Audubon Club in New Orleans on June 28,1890, so impressed the sports of Louisiana that he was matched with The Nonpariel, one of the greatest middleweights of all time, at the same club for the middleweight championship. The purse was twelve thousand dollars, the highest ever offered for a fight up to that time—and very tempting to Dempsey. Fitzsimmons would have fought for nothing

**Fitz in training for Corbett.**

Courageous, popular, tricky, Dempsey was somewhat overconfident for the Fitzsimmons bout and did not train as hard as he usually did. He wished he had when he saw what faced him at the weighing-in—a perfectly conditioned fighter, wasp-waisted and all sinew, with the legs of a welterweight and the upper body of a heavyweight. Fitz was three pounds heavier than Dempsey, at 150½, and a

few inches taller. More of a boxer than a slugger at the time, when the bout began Fitz toyed with Dempsey, skillful as The Nonpareil was, for twelve rounds. Dempsey was badly cut and nearly out on his feet. Had Fitz wanted to end the bout earlier, he could have. When he was informed by his handlers that Dempsey's men were about to throw in the sponge, he saved them the trouble by dashing out for the thirteenth, driving The Nonpareil into a corner and slamming a right to the chin that knocked him out.

As middleweight champion, Fitzsimmons found pickings so slim and purses so small that he cast a longing eye on the heavyweight title.

The Cornishman's first impressive heavyweight victory was over the Irishman Peter Maher, on March 2, 1892, at the Olympic Club in New Orleans.

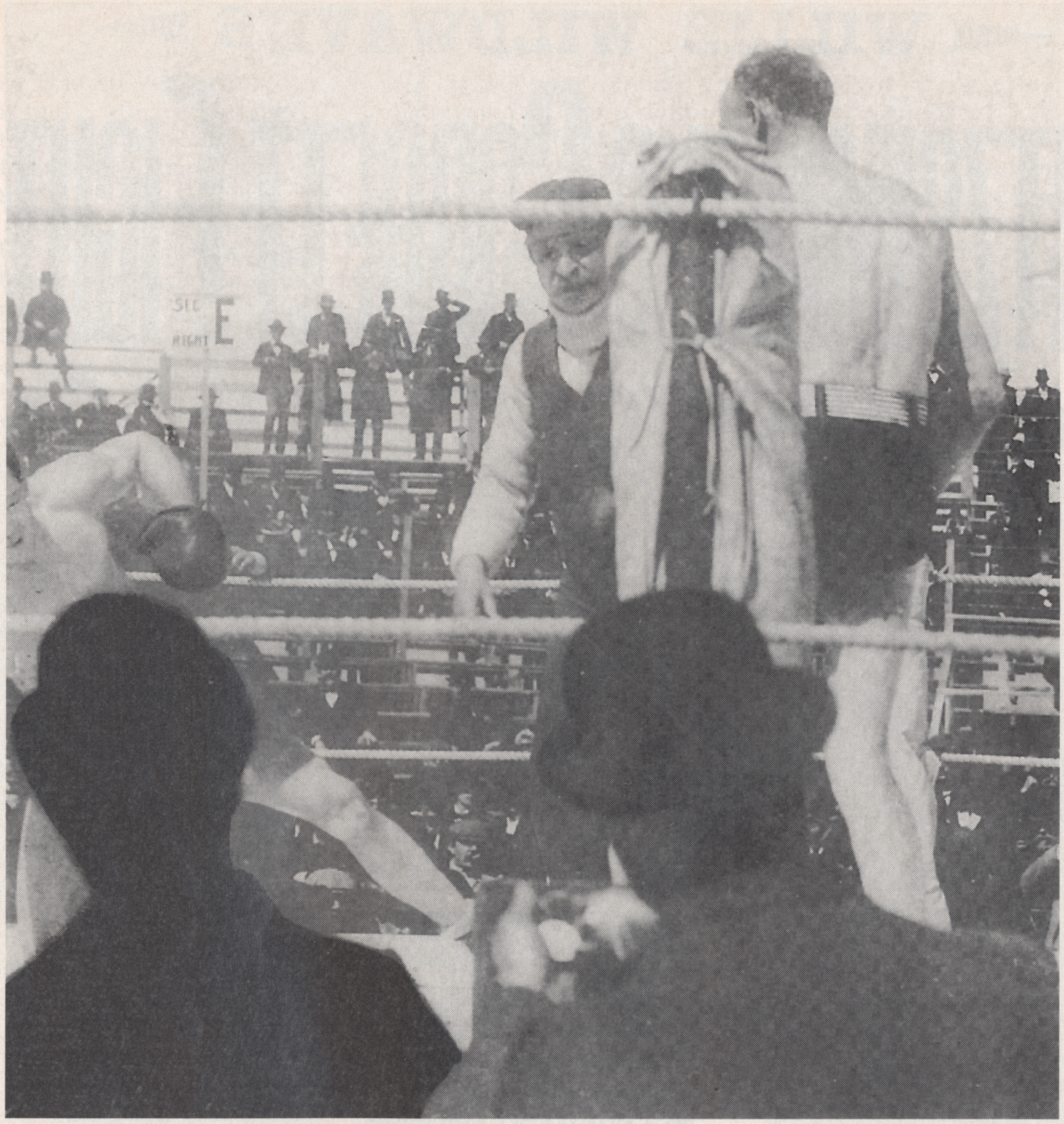
Fitzsimmons, though outweighed by thirty pounds, chose to slug with Maher—a tactic which the Irishman at first welcomed, since he did not wish to chase Fitzsimmons around the ring. But it soon became apparent to the crowd and to Maher that Fitzsimmons was landing the heavier blows and with finer marksmanship. In the twelfth he cornered Maher and knocked him out with a left hook to the jaw and a straight right to the body.

Fitz's ability to flatten a man quickly was demonstrated in his bout with George Godfrey, whom he put away in one round. (Not discouraged by his loss to Fitzsimmons, Maher did the same thing a short while later.)

The Cornishman next took on hard-hitting Joe Choynski in Boston on June 17, 1894, the same year that squat, muscular Tom Sharkey, discharged from the Navy, began his cumbrous fighting in San Francisco. According to the best sources, Fitz and Choynski had made an agreement beforehand to box six fast rounds but not to do significant damage to one another—a discreet move, since both had reputations for punching power. The match was friendly until the third round, when Choynski espied an opening and uncorked a terrific right to the point of Fitz's chin. Fitzsimmons fell down in a heap, a look of surprise on his face, and barely got up before being counted out. His powers of recuperation and ability to clinch were all that allowed him to finish the round. In the fourth he charged at Choynski, forgetting the agreement, and launched a barrage of blows that soon had the Californian reeling. Fitz was getting set for the knockout in the fifth when the police leapt into the ring. The fight was declared a draw.

**As middleweight champion, Fitzsimmons found pickings so slim and purses so small that he cast a longing eye on the heavyweight title.**

For reasons he could not quite explain, heavyweight champion James J. Corbett detested Fitzsimmons. Yet pressures grew stronger on him week by week to accept the Cornishman's persistent challenges. Newspapers demanded that Fitz be given a title shot. Whenever Fitz could assemble a group of sportsmen around him, he asserted that Corbett was afraid to fight him. When Corbett performed in *The Naval Cadet*, members of the audience were apt to heckle him with, "Why don't you fight Fitzsimmons?" Sullivan's admirers—who remained legion even with the passage of time—wanted to see Corbett get his block knocked off. There has always been something distasteful to the fight fan about the champion who continually



**Corbett, poleaxed and solar-plexed, goes to the floor in the 14th.**

avoids his most eligible challenger, and sportswriters are always willing to take up the cudgel for that challenger.

Sensitive to the signs of the fans' dissatisfaction and seeing box-office receipts falling off, Corbett's manager, theatrical agent William A. Brady, in the great tradition, told Fitzsimmons to go get a reputation. The procedure was to be this: Fitzsimmons was to fight an Australian named Steve O'Donnell, in whom Brady had a financial interest. If he beat O'Donnell, he would fight Corbett. To build up O'Donnell, Brady arranged a match for him with Jake Kilrain. Unfortunately for Brady, Kilrain, though old and shaky, beat the tar out of O'Donnell. In this he was helped spiritually by John L. Sullivan. Screaming insults and threats at O'Donnell from Kilrain's corner, the ex-champion so upset the Australian's concentration that he became an easy mark for some of Kilrain's elephantine swings.

Resigning themselves to the caprices of whatever muses run prizefighting, Corbett and Brady finally accepted Fitzsimmons's challenge. Articles were signed on October 11, 1894, at the New York *Herald* Building for a side bet of ten thousand dollars and the largest purse that any club might offer, the winner to get it all. Fitzsimmons and his manager, Martin Julian, were present, as was Brady. But Corbett refused to come. At the meeting, Fitzsimmons began to rail at the absent Corbett. Brady threatened, quite daringly, to throw him out the window if he didn't shut up. Brady reported the incident to Corbett, and Corbett fumed. There was no dissimulation in the notices given to the public that this was a grudge fight.

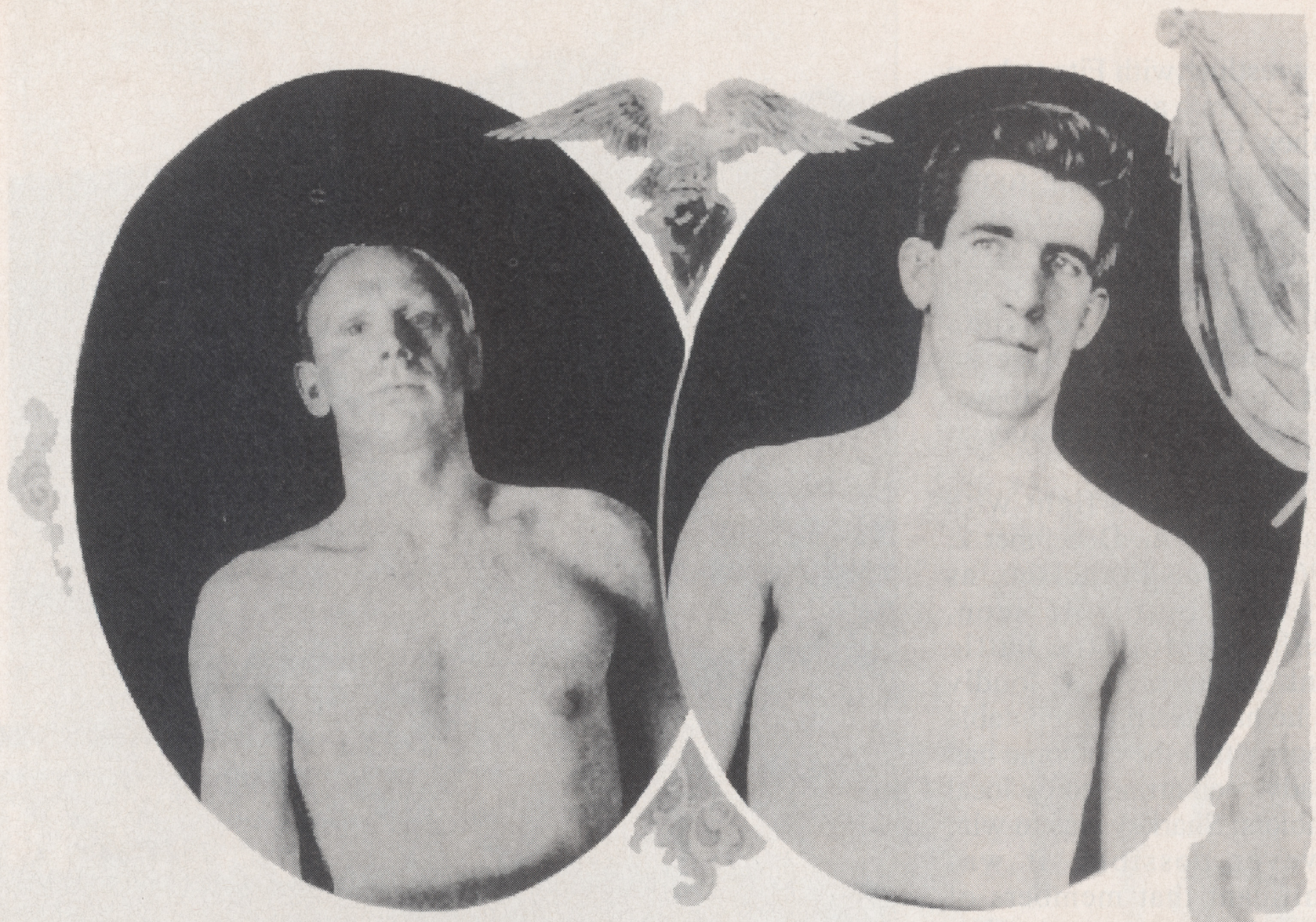
Curiously enough, it was nearly two and a half years before the two fighters were to meet inside the ring

The fight was put off several times—for all the principals knew, forever. During this time Corbett, rather disenchanted with the boxing game, acted in his play and fought an out-of-shape four-round brawl with Tom Sharkey, which was declared a draw. Fitzsimmons was more active. He had a rematch with Maher—the preparations for which resembled those for the siege of Sevastopol—and an extremely strange fight with Sharkey.

Corbett showed his distaste for Fitzsimmons in a peculiar way. On Noyember 11, 1895, Maher fought Steve O'Donnell, who was highly regarded by the champion and often used by him as a sparring partner. After Maher, enjoying one of s his very good days, hammered O'Donnell into unconsciousness in one round, Corbett leapt into the ring and publicly announced his retirement. Since that left a kind of vacuum in heavyweight ranks, he declared that he was awarding the title to Peter Maher. The proffering of titles is something a champion has no right to do, but some of them make the gesture anyway.

Fitzsimmons thereupon challenged Maher, and promoter Dan Stuart signed the two to fight "in or near" El Paso, Texas. Governor Culberson averred that he would not permit the fight, but Stuart paid no heed. Fitzsimmons trained in Ciudad Juarez, just across the border from El Paso, and Maher trained at Las Cruces in New Mexico. The shrewd Stuart became very interested in films and arranged, after some experiments, to have motion pictures of the fight taken.

The attorney general of Texas moved in with a dozen stalwart Rangers. The governor of New Mexico arrayed troops at the Texas-New Mexico border to prevent the fight from taking place in New Mexico. Bat Masterson, a loyal friend of



**Picture from "The Fight of The Century" program.**

Stuart's, swept into El Paso with his personal army, a small one, all of whom were bound by oath to aid Stuart in whatever enterprise he engaged. Stuart kept selling tickets for the fight in his office in El Paso.

Then, on February 20, the resourceful promoter posted a notice outside his office announcing that anyone who wanted to see Maher versus Fitzsimmons was to report that night either at his office or at the railroad depot. The destination was a secret; the entire package was twelve dollars. Hundreds boarded the train Stuart had chartered, including Rangers and Masterson's army. During the all-night trip, the passengers amused themselves by drinking, speculating on the outcome of the fight and playing cards and shooting dice.

The next day the train arrived at Langtry, Texas, 350 miles to the southeast of El Paso and close to the Mexican border. The town, dusty and without vegetation except for sagebrush and tumbleweed, normally had a population of one hundred. It was named after Lillie Langtry, the actress whose taste in fashion half the social world slavishly imitated. She had smitten Judge Roy Bean, "the Law West of the Pecos," as he liked to be known, who held court in his saloon. ( The saloon was called "The Jersey Lily" in Mrs. Langtry's honor.)

Stuart ordered the passengers to detrain, and then he and Judge Bean had a talk with the U.S. marshals and other officials who had been instructed to keep the peace and prevent the fight. Bean convinced them that the passengers were merely "tourists" and should be allowed to cross the Rio Grande. Finally, the officials acceded, and Stuart led the tourists across a pontoon bridge into Mexico. The Rangers had no jurisdiction on Mexican soil, and the Mexican federales were too far away to make their presence felt. The ring was pitched on a flat area between two hills, with the spectators scrambling up the slopes to find the best view. The kinetoscopic cameraman set up his machine and signaled he was ready.

A short time before, Fitzsimmons, noting the cinematographic preparations, had asked Stuart if he could have a share of the film rights. "No," Stuart told him. Fitzsimmons accepted the reply in silence, but presumably he decided there was going to be damn little film for anyone to enjoy the rights to.

Referee George Siler tossed two pairs of five-ounce gloves to the contestants, gave them their instructions and the fight started. Fitzsimmons, his eyes ominously narrowed, moved to the center of the ring and accepted a right thrown by the Irishman. Clinching, he took another right, and Siler warned Maher about hitting in the clinches. On the break, Fitz snaked out a left that jarred Maher and followed it with a right and left to the body. Maher struck back with his right and once more they clinched. Fitz broke and backed off. Advancing, Maher swung a long left at Fitzsimmons's head. Fitz moved out of the way, pawed with his left and slammed a right to Maher's jaw. Maher toppled over onto his back, and Siler counted him out. The round had lasted a minute and a half. The kinetograph operator shrugged and started to disassemble his camera.

Elated at the quick result, Fitz's manager, Julian, stepped into the ring and pompously announced that Fitzsimmons, as the new champion of the world, was ready to defend his title against any and all challengers. The oration was interrupted by the frantic announcement that the bridge over the Rio Grande was being swept away by the torrential current. The crowd rushed down the slopes and to the riverbank and safely scrambled back across to Langtry and the judge's saloon.

Fitzsimmons was realistic about the status of his world title, however. He realized that he was champion only of Peter Maher, and that to gain glory, the money coming to him and personal satisfaction he must get Corbett into the ring.

An incident that occurred in Philadelphia sharpened his resolve.

Shortly after the Maher bout, Corbett happened to be staying at the Green Hotel in Philadelphia with his brother, Joe, when Joe pointed out Fitzsimmons talking to the room clerk at the desk.

Corbett, putting on his boldest front for reasons of psychology, strode over to Fitz, slapped him on the back and said in a scathing way, "Here, you! You can't register just by making your mark." As Fitzsimmons looked up, startled, Corbett turned to Joe. "Joe," he ordered, "you take the pen and write Mr. Fitzsimmons's name for him. He doesn't know how to."

Fitzsimmons grew extremely upset at this, but whatever he might have replied was cut short by Corbett's next speech. In *Roar of the Crowd*, Corbett relates that he cannot recall his exact words, but they were something like this "When you come down here, under the circumstances, you show you're inviting trouble. There's been a lot of talk in the paper about punching faces and pulling noses and all that; and it's time someone had his nose pulled at least."

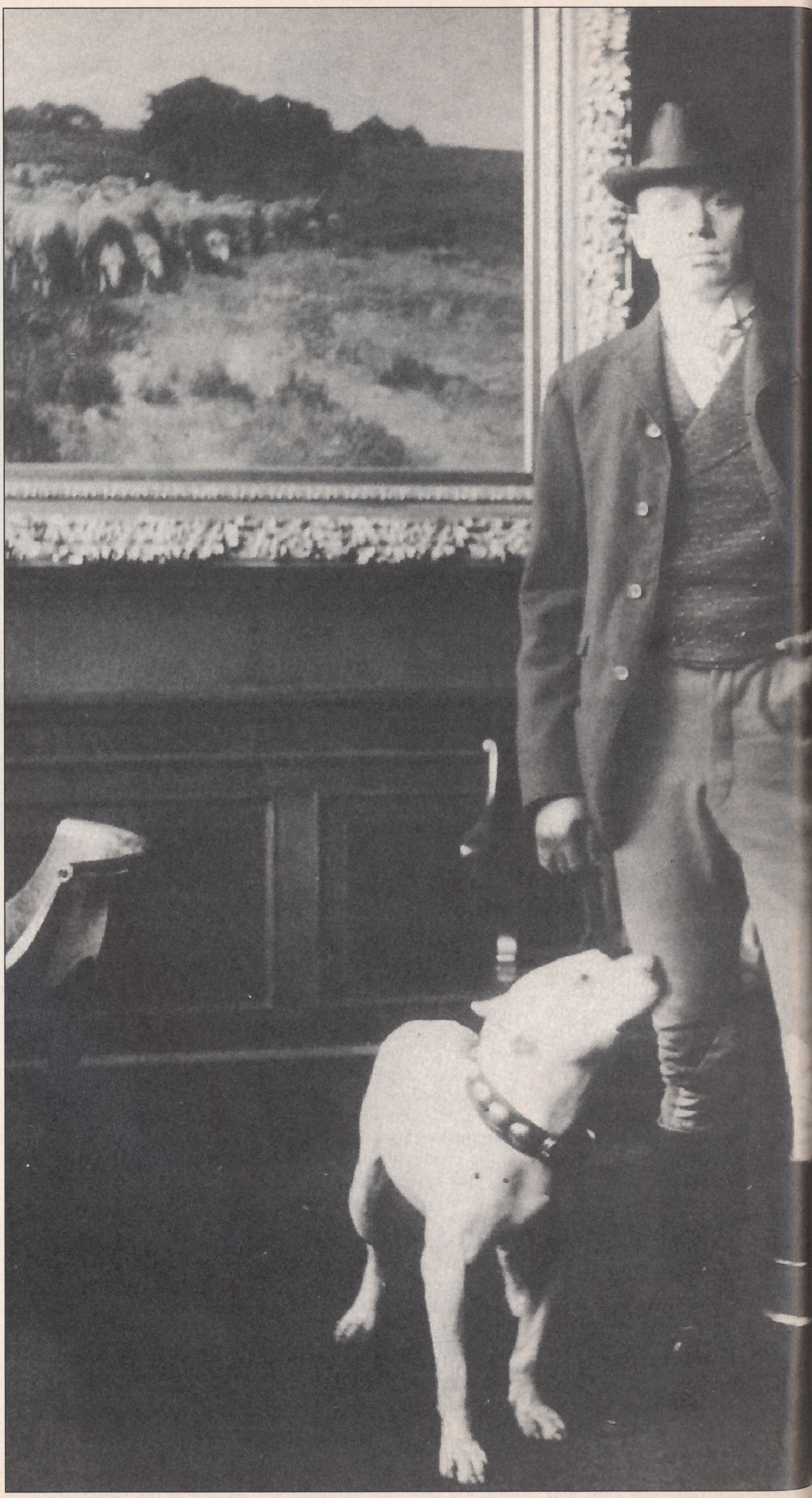
And so saying, Corbett reached over, seized Fitzsimmons's nose between two fingers and gave it a monstrous tweak. A riot followed, with Corbett's friends holding him back and

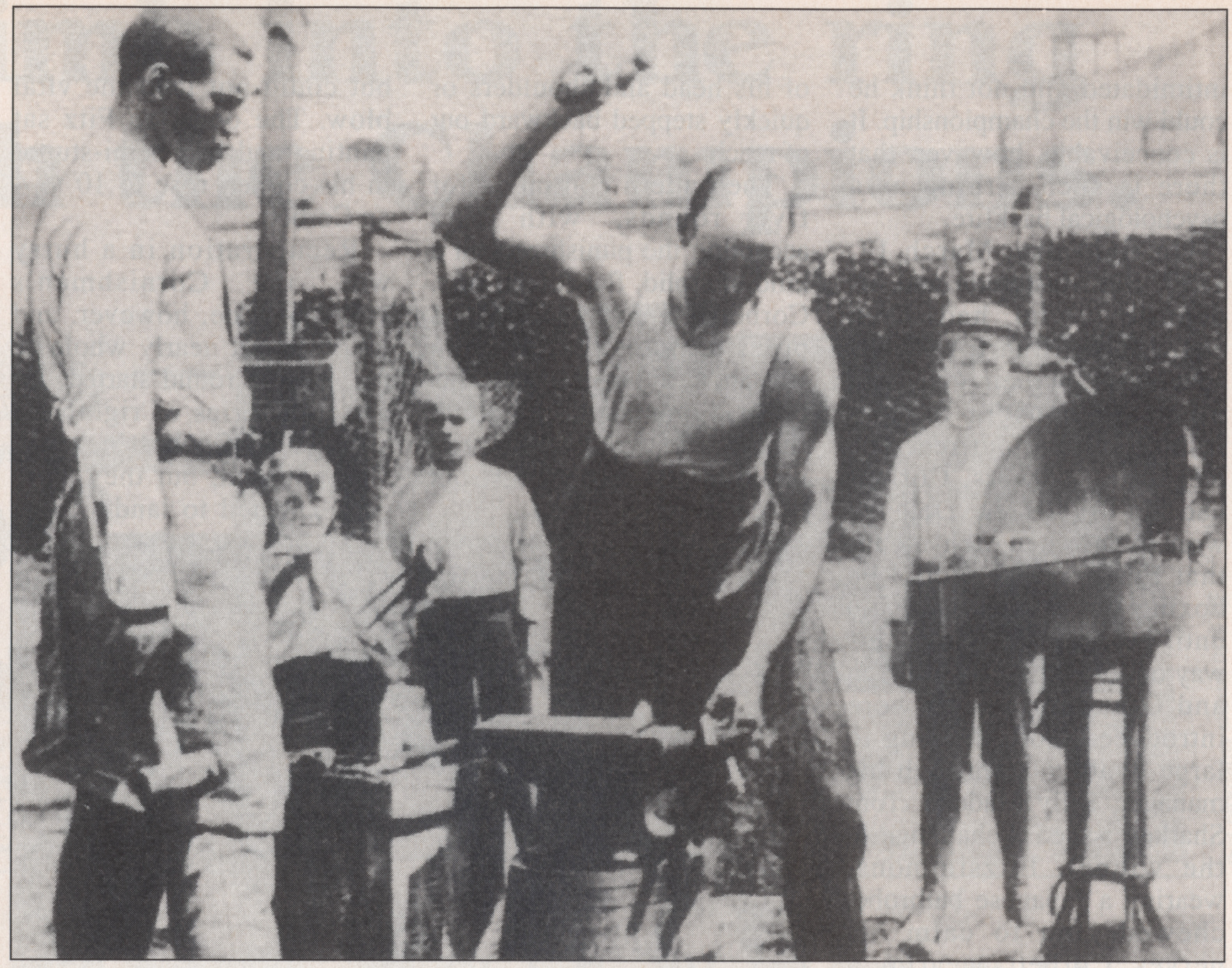
Joe wrestling with Fitz to keep him from attacking his brother. Fitz broke away and, darting into the dining room, hurled a caster full of bottled condiments at Joe. Joe ducked and it splattered against the wall. The manager then appeared and quieted everybody down. Fitzsimmons did not stay at the Green Hotel.

Fitzsimmons's fight with Tom Sharkey on December 2, 1896, in San Francisco, as they say in the lexicon, smelled. Before the battle Frank Julian claimed loudly that he had heard on reputable authority that the outcome had already been arranged by local gamblers: Sharkey was to win, however possible. It was significant that members of the press were not seated at ringside but farther back. Wyatt Earp, the hero of Dodge City and a man who stood for no nonsense, was the referee.

Fitz easily outboxed the clumsy ex-sailor for several rounds, though he could not knock him out. In the eighth round he drove home a powerful body punch that sent Sharkey to the floor. Sharkey writhed and Earp promptly disqualified Fitzsimmons, asserting that the blow had been low. Fitzsimmons went for Earp, who wisely drew a revolver, and that was the end of protesting from Fitzsimmons's side. All witnessses not involved in the fix maintained the blow was not a foul, and evidence supports the contention that Earp had been bribed to end the fight in this manner if Sharkey found himself in trouble. It was a blot on Fitzsimmons's escutcheon but a worse one on Sharkey's .

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons bout has been called the Battle of the Century, and in many respects it was. It was characterized by many firsts. No fight in history had the advance publicity of this one, nor was coverage of any previous fight so massive. Both Corbett and Fitz were hired—by the New York *World* and the Hearst papers, respectively—to write their





**The former smithy takes time off from training to pursue his favorite pastime.**

own daily reports of training procedures, stratagems and so on. (Presumably, like later athletes so engaged, they had help.) George Siler, the referee, doubled as chief correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*. It was the first fight of which motion pictures were taken for showing by projectors on screens. It marked the first time a woman (Rose Fitzsimmons) shouted advice to a principal from that principal's corner. It was the first time an outdoor arena was completely erected especially for a prizefight.

This time the site chosen by promoter Dan Stuart was Carson City, Nevada (named after the famous Kit), overlooked by the majestic, snow-capped Sierras. The purse was fifteen thousand dollars, winner take all, and the side bet was twenty-five hundred dollars. Constantly reassuring the fighters' managers that the bout would take place (Governor Sadler proved to be extremely cooperative), Stuart constructed the arena in the middle of a racetrack about a third of a mile from the city.

Inevitably the excitement attracted hoboes, grifters, loafers and small-time con men, most whom were locked up. Special trains from the country's major cities began arriving a week before the fight. Fitzsimmons's supporters included copper and tin miners, late of Cornwall, who bet their combined resources on their countryman. The best odds they could get were 4 to 5, with Fitzsimmons the slight underdog.

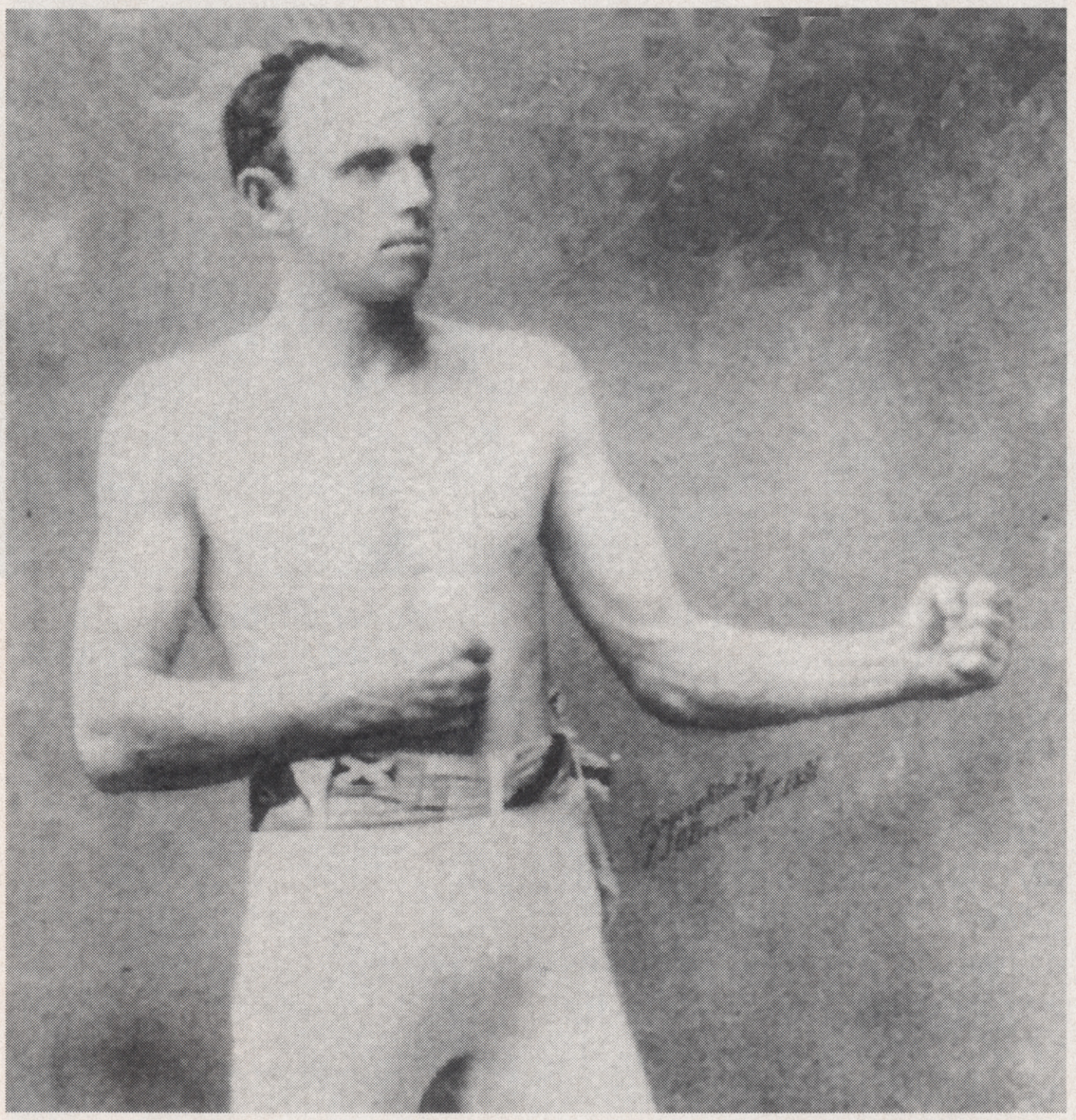
About a week before the fight Corbett went for a stroll with Brady and Delaney to have a look at the arena, a huge structure built to hold twenty-five thousand people. Delaney spotted a cloud of dust, which it turned out was being raised by Fitzsimmons and his retinue, who were jogging toward the Corbett party. Fitz's great dane, Yarum, accompanied them. When Fitz reached Corbett, he clapped him on the shoulder, smiled and offered to shake hands. Ever the tactician before a battle, Corbett growled, "I'll shake hands when I meet you in the ring." Fitz looked nonplussed. Corbett added, indicating the dog, "You'd better bring along that fellow, too. You'll need him!" Fitz quietly turned on his heel and walked away. When his party had jogged off, Corbett told his friends, with some satisfaction, that he was sure that Fitzsimmons, thus

intimidated, did not think he could win the championship. It is conceivable, however, that there is such a thing as a psychological backfire.

On fight day, March 17, 1897, Bat Masterson and his deputies, who had been engaged by Stuart, relieved spectators of their guns and other weapons in orderly fashion, giving out receipts. Regarding corners, Corbett had his usual luck. Delaney won the toss, which meant that Fitzsimmons would be boxing while facing the sun until he could maneuver his way out of it. John L. Sullivan and Governor Sadler were introduced from the ring to large ovations. Through his manager, Billy Madden, Tom Sharkey issued a challenge to the winner. Fitzsimmons, wearing a Japanese bathrobe, chewed gum to calm his nerves. Corbett, wearing a gray robe, showed the poise of a champion by calmly waving to his friends and family members at ringside. The weights were announced as 183 pounds for Corbett and 167 for Fitz. After the fighters received instructions from Siler in the center of the ring, Corbett extended his hand. Fitzsimmons, remembering past slights, ignored it.

At the bell, both fighters moved forward cautiously, Corbett aware that he was pitted against a crafty foe who was never more dangerous than when hurt, and Fitzsimmons knowing that he was fighting the most scientific boxer in the history of the sport. Corbett shot out a light left jab, then transformed another jab into his favorite left hook, which Fitzsimmons took in the stomach. Corbett drifted backwards to avoid Fitz's counter. Corbett kept jabbing at Fitz's face, keeping him off-balance, and maneuvering easily out of the way when Fitz sought to retaliate. At long range, Corbett was clearly Fitz's master. The Cornishman's face began to grow red from cuts and his swings became wilder as Corbett jabbed, hooked, neatly avoided punches by slight movements of his head and shoulders or quickly stepped backward out of reach.

The pattern continued for five rounds, with Fitz accepting the punishment in a kind of stolid, flat-footed way. Corbett seemed to sense the precise moment when Fitz was about to launch one of his blows. Committed, Fitz would throw it, but Corbett, wraithlike, would be just out of reach.



In the sixth round, Corbett saw an inviting opening and slammed a hard left hook at Fitzsimmons's chin and knocked him down. Bleeding from the nose and mouth, dazed and nearing exhaustion, Fitzsimmons clutched Corbett's legs with his arms for support. Corbett tore himself away and Siler began the count. Rose Fitzsimmons, a rather Brunhildean figure, leaned over the ropes and loudly pleaded for her husband to get up. "You're counting too slow!" Corbett said angrily to Siler. (Both Corbett and Brady later claimed that Fitz had been down at least thirteen seconds before he got up.) At Siler's toll of nine, Fitzsimmons struggled to his feet and went into a peculiar defensive stance, wrapping his arms around his head. Corbett tried to finish him before the bell but could not land the vital blow. The odds, as Fitz sat panting and in a semi-stupor in his corner, rose to 10 to 4 on Corbett.

Recuperation in a hurry was the Cornishman's stock-in-trade, however, and he came out nearly whole as the seventh round started. He aimed a series of righthand swings at Corbett's head. They missed, but they were not expected to land; it was part of Fitz's stratagem. Corbett, becoming weary himself, began to raise his guard to block these blows. It was then that Fitz hurled his potent left into the pit of Corbett's stomach. Hurt, losing some control over his reflexes, Corbett tried to disguise the effects of the punch by some rapid footwork and jabs, but the knowledgeable members of the audience were aware of the damage inflicted. In his front-row seat, Brady borrowed a bottle of whiskey from a patron and attacked it in frantic gulps, but the alcohol did not elevate his spirits any.

In the following rounds the change in Corbett was apparent. He was moving more slowly and with less eclat, even though he had transformed Fitzsimmons's face into a scarlet mask and was keeping Fitz from getting close with his precise hitting. Fitz continued to swing for Corbett's head, stoical about the blows he took and the blood he shed.

Then, in the fourteenth round, with Corbett's guard once more raised to ward off a high blow, Fitz landed a left hook with immense force behind it to Corbett's stomach. This was the famous "solar plexus punch." Corbett collapsed to the ring floor, conscious but unable to control his lower limbs.

Corbett heard Siler count up to eight, growing frantic over his inability to rise from the floor. He groped for the middle rope to try to haul himself to his feet, missed it and fell on his face. Again he reached for the rope—but too late. "Ten!" cried Siler, signaling the knockout as the gong repeatedly clanged the message.

Fitzsimmons' backers tossed their hats in the air and yelped and pounded one another's backs in exultation. Corbett struggled to his feet, wild with rage. He rushed over to Fitzsimmons, who was surrounded by his handlers and friends, and would have continued the battle had he not been restrained. Corbett shouted wrathfully over the tumult, "That was a lucky punch! You'll have to fight me again!"

"I'll never fight you again," Fitzsimmons said.

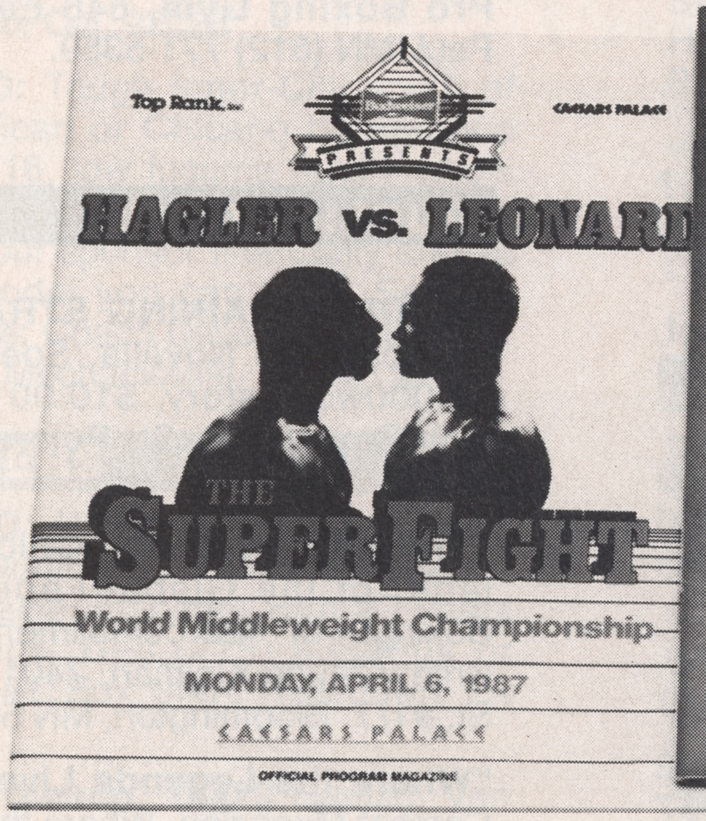
"You'll have to fight me," Corbett shouted. "Or I'll lick you every time I meet you on the street!"

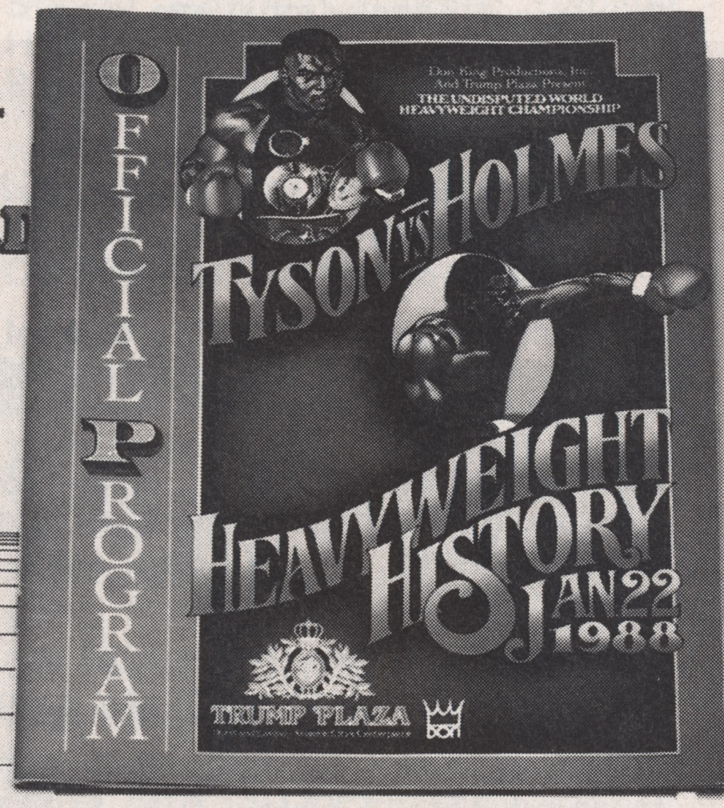
"If you ever hit me again," Fitzsimmons said, "I'll shoot you!"

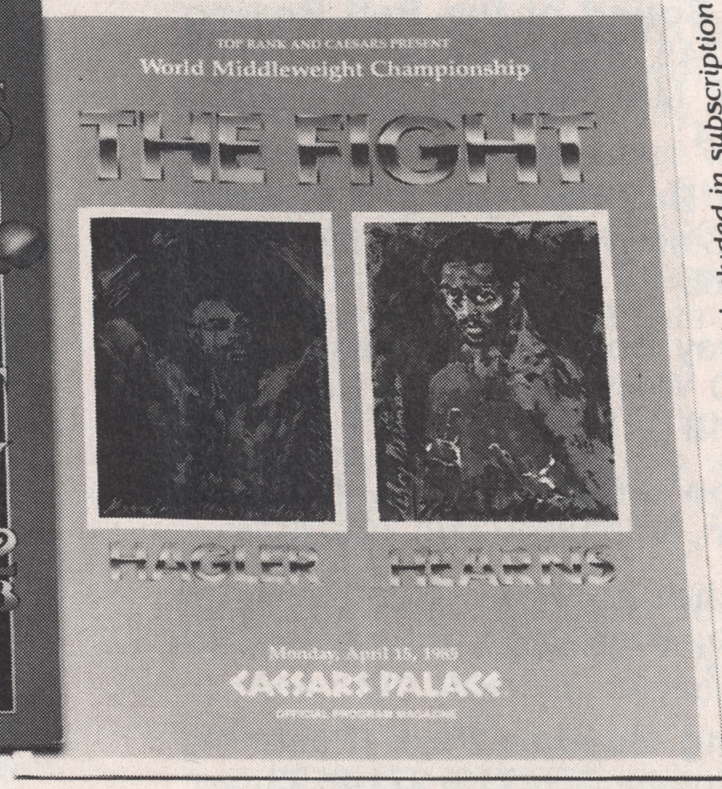
In the locker room, Fitz told Governor Sadler, "He outboxed me completely those first seven rounds. His speed was incredible. I never believed any man could hit me as often as Corbett did."

In his locker room, Corbett (like Sullivan before him) could not understand how he had lost. "It was a lucky punch," he kept telling himself, his voice somewhat choked.

# Climb into the ring with the Champions.

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# Tommy Almost Brought Down the Bomber

**by Jack Wilson**

To the country that started boxing, the heavyweight championship of the world has always been a sore point. From 1907, when Gunner Moir fought Tommy Burns in London, direct British participation in the greatest fistic prize in the sport was notorious by its absence. Billy Wells and Phil Scott fell by the wayside, but in 1937 a quiet, unassuming Welsh miner went to America and took the great Joe Louis, then at his zenith and only nine weeks world's heavyweight champion, the distance in one of the greatest title fights in the history of the division.

Few gave Tommy Farr much chance of relieving the Brown Bomber of his newly-won laurels. Yet Tonypandy Tommy not only made Louis travel fifteen rounds (and only two other challengers achieved that distinction in Louis' twenty-five title defenses), but Tommy was so popular in the States that he stayed for four other bouts, two against previous champions, Max Baer and James J. Braddock.

The fight: taking the fight to Farr, Louis quickly demonstrated that he possessed a left hand out of the English copybook. Tommy backs away, shooting long rights to the head and keeps out of range as Louis attempts to get his distance and set Farr up for his right.

It is a battle of lefts for two rounds, but Louis sneaks the honors for his aggression. In the third Farr decides to have a go and mixes it with both hands in several mid-ring exchanges.

The Lion that is Louis is rampant in the fourth. Farr cannot stem the champion's left hand and Joe's target is Tommy's injured eyes. Farr has little defence against Louis' stabbing left hand and for every counter that the Welshman sends out, he is rocked back by yet another cutting, damaging left.

Tommy starts to bob and weave in the fifth. He makes the champion miss repeatedly and it is fast becoming a battle of wits.

Farr is still troubled with facial wounds and Louis pounds away with both fists to make them worse. The Brown Bomber ducks a right from the Britisher, but fails to get clear of two quick lefts, the last of which has Louis wobbling a little unsteadily.

Tommy opens up again and, although conceding ground continues to catch Louis with

both hands and the champion is puzzled.

And so it went through the 14th, Louis driving the Welshman back behind a hail of lefts and Farr, his face in bad shape, banging away with both hands. Then came the 15th and final round...

Farr leaves his corner for the fifteenth and last round in do-or-die fashion. He is off his stool several seconds before the bell and parades anxiously as he waits for Louis to come up.

Immediately they meet in the center of the ring. Farr makes Louis mix it up and for several furious seconds they trade punches wildly. Tommy stands up to all the champion's hooks and swings and gives back punch for punch.

It is all Farr now. He is forcing the fight and although Louis is catching him with straight lefts, the Welshman drives the champion back under a fierce volley of left and right smashes to face and body. Louis responds to Farr's swinging fists and gets the worst of it at close range. It is a great last round worthy of a championship bout and Tommy does not give Joe a moment's respite.

Amidst the tumult of encouraging shouts Farr fights like a tiger for those last desperate seconds and when the bell finally sounds it is Louis who appears most relieved. Both men are bleeding badly from facial cuts as they go to their corners.

There is an anxious hush as the announcer collects the judges' slips and then over the loudspeaker comes the winner and STILL CHAMPION—Joe Louis. The last two words are drowned in a mixed roar of booing and cheering.

# BI'S Q&A

## with The Answerman, Herbert G. Goldman

Q. What were the records of Holman Williams and Charley Burley, and when did they retire?

MARTIN DANN
Dagenham, Eng.

**A. Burley, a top welterweight and middleweight contender, had 98 pro bouts from 1936 to 1950, winning 83 (50 via stoppage), losing 12, with two draws and one no contest. Williams, a high-ranking middleweight contender, had 187 bouts from 1932 to 1948, winning 144 (34 inside the distance), losing 31, with 11 draws and one no contest. He was stopped three times—by Burley, Archie Moore and Jose Basora. (The "no contest" in both records was against each other—10 rounds in Hollywood, May 14, 1943.) Neither fighter ever got a shot at a world title.**

Q. Was Owen Moran ever world bantamweight champion?

HENRY DAVIS
Cranston, R.I.

**A. Yes. Moran won the vacant title by outpointing America's Al Delmont over 20 rounds in London's National Sporting Club on April 22, 1907. Jimmy Walsh had given up the title and Moran's claim was recognized, not only by the N.S.C., but by many authorities the world over. Moran, however, soon outgrew the bantamweight division, and the throne was vacant once again.**

Q. How tall is Mike Tyson?

CURTIS JOHNSON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**A. Do you want the real answer? Publicity sheets and "official tales of the tape" list Mike at anywhere from 5 ft. 11 to 5 ft. 11 3/4. In truth, he's no more than 5–10. (Mike's real height, or so I'm told, is 5 ft. 9 1/2.) Twelve years ago, the idea that a man that short could wipe out the division would have been dismissed without comment.**

Q. Did Rocky Graziano ever fight Archie Moore?

THOMAS CATSOS
Cliffside, N.J.

**A. No.**

Q. What is the smallest-size professional ring?

JOSEPH GROSS
Gibson, N.Y.

**A. The smallest I've seen used have been 16 sq. ft. A ring should be at least 18.**

Q. Certain books say Billy Plimmer won the world bantamweight title by outpointing Tommy (Spider) Kelly in 1892. Others say he knocked out Kelly. Which is correct?

WILLIAM ETTING
Sioux City, Iowa

**A. Plimmer knocked out Kelly in the 10th round of a scheduled 20 at the West End Casino, Coney Island, N.Y., May 9, 1892.**

Q. What was the last world title bout scheduled for more than 15 rounds?

DAVID WEST
Billings, Mont.

**A. Joe Louis' 13th-round TKO over Abe Simon at Olympia Stadium, Detroit, Mich., March 21, 1941, was scheduled for 20 rounds.**

Q. Who was the last universally recognized world featherweight champion?

JAY HASTINGS
Ithaca, N.Y.

**A. Vicente Saldivar in 1967.**

Q. Have there been any "finish" fights since World War I?

HORACE DENHAM
Garden City, Ks.

**A. No.**

Q. What is Prince Charles Williams' real name?

JAMES DOWNING
Provo, Utah

**A. Charles Douglas Williams.**

Q. Is Bert Randolph Sugar on the Stetson Board of Directors? Is Boxing Illustrated just a tool to get men back to wearing hats?

JESSE SILVER
Yonkers, N.Y.

**A. No. (We get these letters all the time.)**


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# THE MAN WHO BEAT CHAVEZ

## By Ron Borges

Frankie Randall agreed With the plotline for Julio Cesar Chavez's return match with Meldrick Taylor. He just didn't think much of the cast of characters.

"It's a bunch of b.s., to tell you the truth," said the only man to defeat Chavez about his exclusion from something promoter Don King has titled "unfinished business." Randall, a normally docile type unless he hears bells ringing, lost the World Boxing Council junior welterweight title in May—some five months after he won it from Chavez—in a controversial rematch. He appeared to be doing to the great Mexican warrior what he had done in their first bout—befuddle and blast him—when the fight was suddenly stopped after an accidental head butt split Chavez's forehead.

PHOTO BY ROSS RIVERA

**Randall celebrates his victory, the first-ever defeat of Chavez, at the final bell.**

It was clear that Chavez voluntarily quit, and under the laws of boxing that should have allowed Randall to retain his title. But the laws were rewritten, as they often are, by the WBC at ringside, and just like that three judges had undone the belt around Randall's waist and handed it back to Chavez.

That ruling has been excoriated by Nevada State Athletic Commission executive director Marc Ratner, who said, during a July 21 hearing, "Randall should have retained the title with at least a draw or a victory if the eighth round was scored correctly." Ratner went on to say the commission supported Randall; but "we can't do anything about an immediate rematch."

This was hardly a news bulletin to the 32-year-old Randall, who endured many hard times along boxing's unpaved back roads before he suddenly blossomed when he got his chance against Chavez. That night of victory and the defense that followed remain his proudest moments in boxing, and he perceives his second match with Chavez as a mugging by rule book

"I feel like I'm still the one who's been misused in my boxing career," Randall said. "it seems to me the unfinished business is between me and Chavez.

"I think it should have been a no contest at the worst. I didn't cause the butt. I was on my way to knocking him out. His attack wasn't as strong anymore. I was starting to walk through him. I was done unjustly. These kind of things need to be stopped in boxing to give the sport a little more credibility.

"I gave him the [rematch] opportunity when he lost his title to me, and now I'm not even ranked by the WBC. I've been on the back burner since I beat Chavez."

The idea, King claims, is that to set the stage for a third Chavez-Randall fight, both men had to meet other opponents in between. The people, King believes, are not yet clamoring for a third fight, although he thinks they will now that both fighters are holding world titles.

King is probably right on that score, but in boxing, as in any sport, there are certain accepted conventions, rules within rules. Brutal as the occupation can be (both in the ring and outside it), there remains a code of conduct a fighter—especially one who aspires to greatness—must follow. Randall will tell you that Chavez has not done that, and not even his 90-1-1 record can change that until the two meet a third time to settle their grievances.

"When I beat him, he cried like a little baby," Randall said. "He asked for the belt back, and we sent it to him [which is the normal etiquette once you leave the ring after dethroning a champion; your own belt shows up later in the mail]. He took my belt and he never sent it back. They sent me a new belt, but it wasn't mine. If he's a man, he should give mine back.

"When is the guy going to stop crying? He's had his day. He should let other's have their just due. I've got one thing, I'll always be recognized as the guy who beat Chavez...and beat him again. I'll carry that in my heart."

Randall was willing to carry that feeling back into the ring against Chavez anywhere in the world, including Mexico, which has been proposed as a site for the third fight because Chavez has already put more than 135,000 people into Estadio Azteca for a far less intriguing bout with Greg Haugen.

Few opponents would relish walking into such a den, even though Chavez was booed there by 112,000 people when he flipped the coin at the first National Football league game ever played in the stadium. The people, it seemed, have grown weary of his excuses and disrespect for opponents like Randall and Pernell Whitaker, both of whom beat him—even though Randall is the only man to get credit for it.

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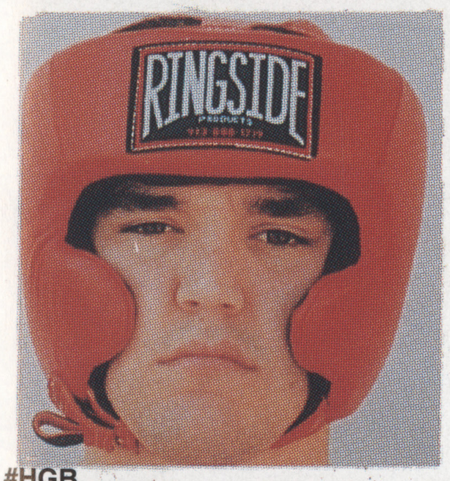


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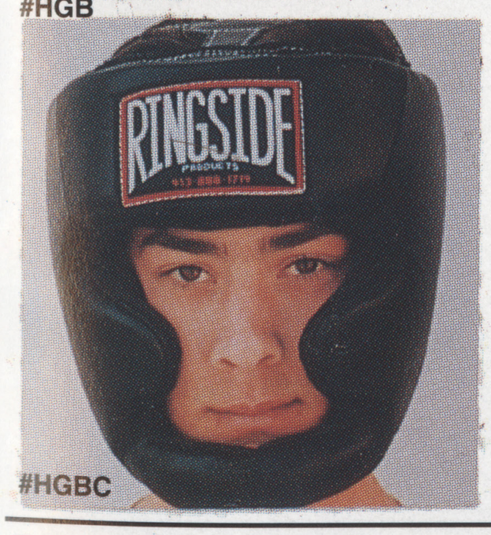


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| **#RP-16E** | (16 Oz.) | **$137.00** |
| **#RP-18E** | (18 Oz.) | **$142.00** |

- Lace and Elastic Style Available in Red or Black.
- Mexican Style Available in Red only.
- International Style Available in Light Blue Only.

**Mexican Style**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **#RP-14M** | (14 Oz.) | **$120.00** |
| **#RP-16M** | (16 Oz.) | **$125.00** |

**International Style**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **#IGT-14** | (14 Oz.) | **$115.00** |
| **#IGT-16** | (16 Oz.) | **$120.00** |
| **#IGT-18** | (18 Oz.) | **$125.00** |

## No-Foul Protectors

Traditional Style
**#RPNF** ..... **$47.00**

Mexican Style
**#RPNF-2** ..... **$40.00**

**Both styles come in S,M,L,XL (Red Only)**

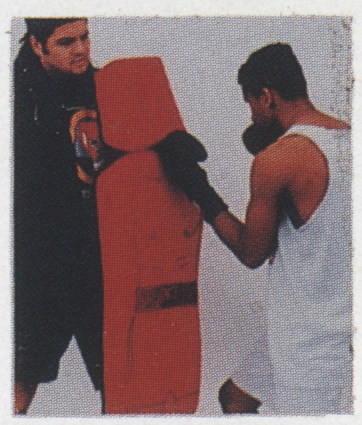
## Rib Protector

Don't let sore ribs slow down your sparring!

**#BRP**

**$22.00**

## The Sparring Partner



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**#ETSP**

**$59.00**

## Handwraps

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **#HW** | (Red) | (170") | **$4.50** |
| **#MHW** | (Gold) | (180") | **$5.50** |
| **#JRHW** | (Blue) | (120") | **$4.00** |

## Mouthpieces

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **#BBMP** | (Black) | **$4.50** |
| **#SGMP** | (Clear) | **$4.50** |
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